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### Canada's Shipping.

THE DOMINION NOW THE FIFTH MARITIME COUNTRY.

An interesting blue book is the List of Shipping issued by the Dominion Government. This report contains information regarding the dimensions, date when built and port of entry of every vessel in the Dominion, as well as comparative statements showing where Canada ranks in the mercantile marine of the world.

#### BRITAIN RULES THE SEAS.

That Britain still rules the seas is evident from one of the first tables given. This shows that out of a total of 2,469 steam vessels in the world, 5,937 by the flag of Great Britain or that of one of her colonies, and that out of a total of 10,000,000 representing the net tonnage of all steam and sailing vessels, eight and three-quarter millions are owned by British subjects.

#### CANADA STANDS FIFTH.

Even when separated from the rest of the empire, Canada makes a most creditable showing, standing fifth among the mercantile nations of the world in the point of tonnage, those above her being Great Britain, the United States, Norway and Germany, while France comes after.

The total number of Canadian vessels of all kinds is 7,153, of which 1,348 are steamers, and the net tonnage of the whole is over one million tons. The number of vessels belonging to each province in the Confederation is as follows:

Nova Scotia	2,855
Quebec	1,455
Ontario	1,353
New Brunswick	1,013
P. E. Island	224
British Columbia	176
Manitoba	77
Total	7,153

Trade within the Empire: The aggregate of Canada's trade last year with other portions of the British Empire was as follows:

With Great Britain	\$91,743,935
British West Indies	2,710,913
Newfoundland	1,655,378
Australasia	693,103
British Guiana	405,238
British East Indies	191,964
British Africa	80,300
Other British possessions	67,773
Total	\$97,551,694

The proposal to saddle this trade with differential duties ranging from 30 to 60 per cent. in favor of the United States is the very "liberal" policy of some who claim to be statesmen—and British statesmen too.

#### PETROLEUM IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Dr. Selwyn, director of the geological survey, has returned from a visit to the Crow's Nest Pass, whither he went to investigate the petroleum deposits there. Dr. Selwyn says he saw oil in various parts of that region. "In some places," he says, "I saw it coming out of rocks, and in others I scooped several samples with my hands off the water, whither it had flowed from the rocks. I have not assayed these samples yet, but from a general test I find the quality to be excellent. As to the quantity and value of the discovery, from a mercantile point of view, I am yet unable to speak. While the oil is flowing in considerable quantity from the rocks, there is no visible evidence that it flows in sufficient quantity to be of any use for mercantile purposes. Boring would have to be done to ascertain the extent of the find." Dr. Selwyn has brought samples of oil back with him. Two of the samples are dark, like that found

in Ontario, and smell very strongly. One was quite light in color and was found on the British Columbia side of the Rockies, in the old Cambrian rocks.

#### CONFEDERATION.

Confederation of the Provinces of Canada may not have been a panacea for all the ills of life, but it has given an impetus to business, and we believe has been an important factor in improvements and increase in trade. We may also assert that in other respects we would have been far behind our present position and our people would have grown up with narrow views accustomed to isolation and with their horizon bounded by the narrow limits of the province. Now a Canadian knows that he belongs to a country which rests on both great oceans. He knows that he can traverse the continent from Halifax to Victoria without touching any other soil but that of Canada; that he can remove from here to a point 3,000 miles distant and still remain a Canadian and under the same flag. These things lead to a higher national life and to nobler aspirations than it is possible to feel among a people who are small and insignificant and without hope of any increase of growth. Confederation can never be broken up unless the people of Canada in some moment of madness conclude to change their allegiance and join that nation which has been the life-long enemy of Great Britain. But such a contingency is too remote to be taken seriously into consideration. We firmly believe the present Confederation is but the prelude to a much greater one which will embrace the whole British Empire, and that fifty years hence, when Imperial Federation is accomplished and when the people are celebrating its anniversary, the enemies will be as thoroughly silenced and as contemptible as the enemies of the Canadian Confederation to-day.

#### LEVEL-HEADED.

London, Aug. 33.—Since the lynchings at New Orleans many Italians have returned to their native country from the United States, and in some localities their presence has caused a serious overstocking of the labor market. With a view to relieving this congestion, Premier Rudini, some time ago sounded Lord Salisbury on the question whether Australia would be a suitable field for the settlement of Italian immigrants. It was thought that possibly Australian local governments might offer some inducements for the immigration of Italians who could be proved to possess some means and to be of good character. The British Government sent inquiries to the Australian authorities, and has received responses which will hardly be welcome news to the Italian Premier. The Australian agents generally state that Italian immigration is not favored by the people of that country, and that whatever inducements are to be offered to intending settlers will be preferred, be extended to British and German immigrants.

#### MEAT FOR THE BERMUDAS.

The Imperial Government is advertising for a supply of animal food for Bermuda Islands, and is asking for tenders for the same. So far New York has had a monopoly of the business, which must be a profitable one. Some years ago Ald. Frankland tendered more than once to the Imperial Government, anxious to introduce Canadian beef into the islands, but New York influence was of such a character that they had the "inside track," and his representations to the British Government went unheeded.

Surely the time has come, in the face of the McKinley bills and Behring Sea seizures, when a country so hostile to British Imperial and to Canadian interests should cease gaining by Imperial patronage at the expense of Canadian loyalty. Canada can supply the British garrisons at the Bermudas with both live and dead meat equal to anything shipped from the United States and quite as cheaply. If some of those interested in the meat trade of Canada would draw the attention of the High

Commissioner of Canada and the Minister of Agriculture to the necessity of making an effort to secure this trade to the Dominion, through their efforts the Imperial Government would no doubt withdraw its American advertisements and give people loyal to it a chance.—*Toronto Meat Trade Journal.*

#### Resources of Nova Scotia.

Nova Scotia is marvellously rich in natural resources. Within its limits there are more valuable minerals by far than are known in any other territory of equal size—coal, gold, iron, manganese, antimony, marble, gypsum limestone and sandstone being found in great abundance. There is scarcely a county in the province, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, from one end to the other in which valuable deposits of one or more of these minerals do exist. Its extensive forests afford the best facilities for profitable lumbering and shipbuilding; its rivers, lakes and coast waters teem with fish; its fertile valleys, productive mountain slopes and inexhaustible marshes are adapted to every variety of agriculture, and its equable insular climate, free from all extremes of heat and cold, for wet and drought, is surpassed by that of few countries in the world. The land which the New Englanders settled, and of which large tracts were freely given them, consisting of the famous dykes of the centre of the province, together with many acres of the almost as fertile uplands near. The two townships of Horton and Cornwallis, in which many located, form part of the "Garden of Nova Scotia," as fine an agricultural and fruit growing country as any in the world, stretching eastward and westward between the adjacent mountain ranges, in a soft, ever-changing, luxuriant landscape; on which, almost uninterruptedly, clear blue skies look down. The New England people who first settled in this charming region have transmitted to their descendants solid moral qualities and a high degree of intelligence. In education the county of Kings is foremost, and I know no part of the continent where purer, I had almost said so pure, English is spoken, or so few solecisms in speech are heard.

#### The "Holy Coat" at Treves.

"A Holy Coat" at Treves, in Germany, and another at Argenteuil, in France, and both genuine (?) cause a curious, international, political, and religious tangle," says the *Argonaut*. This controversy over second-hand clothing may be one of the causes that shall precipitate Germany and France into a sanguinary struggle, and embroil the nations of Europe. We are not certain that the consequences of the conflict will be in any degree less serious because it shall have been brought about by the altogether absurd and ridiculous controversy over what is assumed to be the clothing of Christ, the Carpenter of Bethlehem, who became the foundation of a church organization that pronounces belief in Him as indispensable to the salvation of all mankind from eternal torment when the torments of this life have ended.

The two "Holy Coats" work miracles, and both of them are vouched for as genuine by the early fathers of the church that organized religion into a money-making industry. There are, it is true, in the tombs of the Pharaohs, linen wrappings that are in a state of good preservation, made so by the gums used for the preservation of the human body. They are hermetically sealed, in stone sarcophagi, and buried away from air till exhumed; then the linen or camel's hair fabric comes forth in a state of preservation. But the garment, worn by the toiling Son of Man, carried with it to the sepulchre of its confinement all the elements of corruption and decay. For twelve centuries this garment had no

known existence, and if the Empress Helena brought it from the Holy Land as it came from the person of the Son of Man, for no better use than to gather pilgrims to Germany and French shrines for money making, and for arousing international jealousies and ultimate war between France and Germany, it is used for a very criminal purpose.

In this age of science and progress, the church that will pretend to prop its falling fortunes upon so absurd, ridiculous and altogether indefensible a superstition, will become the object of contempt, and its faith and dogmas the subject of derision and disbelief. Such an organization may become an object of danger to the country, because of the ignorance of the multitude who believe in it, but it can not long survive in an age of reason and an era of scientific knowledge. The Church of Rome merits nothing but contempt in endeavoring to perpetuate these monstrous superstitions. The age of miracles has passed, if it ever existed, and the church organization that can not keep abreast with science and reason will, in another century of time, be lost and its creeds forgotten.—*The Orange Sentinel.*

#### Big Facts in Little Space.

About 450 B. C., the Ionians first introduced the present system of writing from left to right. Previous to the above date from right to left prevailed.

There are at least 10,000,000 nerve fibres in the human body.

Three and a half millions of people are always on the seas of the world.

One half the people that are born die before the age of 16.

A recent survey has established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1,155, of which 49 have a length of more than four and three quarter miles.

A grain of musk will sent a room for twenty years, and at the end of that time will not show it has diminished in the least.

A grain of carmine or half a grain of aniline will tinge a hog'shead of water so that a strong microscope will detect coloring matter in every drop.

A luminous buoy has been invented, the light of which is produced by phosphuret of calcium, and is visible two and a half miles away.

The proportion of Anglo-Saxon words in the English Bible is 97 per cent of the whole.

The receipts of the French treasury are larger than those of any other civilized nation.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other. This is about 700 miles a second.

Only one person in a thousand die of old age.

An inch of rain means 100 tons of water on every acre.

The smallest known insect, the Pterotomas Putnamii, a parasite of the ichneumon, is but one ninetyeth of an inch in length.

The thickness of the human hair varies from the twohundred and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch.

Blonde hair is the finest and red hair the coarsest.

The force required to open an oyster appears to be 1,319 times the weight of the shellless creature.

It has been calculated that there are about 200,000 families living in London on about £1 a week.

#### AND STILL HE LOVED HER.

Alas, for all their ecstasy, They knew not what was best; The young man reached the front door The old man did the rest.

HOME CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—A book by a noted Aural Surgeon, describing a System of curing Deafness and Noises in the Head, by which a self-cure is effected at home. The Rev. D. H. W. Harlock, of the Parsonage, Milton-under-wychwood, writes:—"Try the system by all means, it is first-rate, and has been of the UTMOST SERVICE to me." Post free 4d.—De Vere & Co. Publishers, 22, Warwick Lane, London, W.

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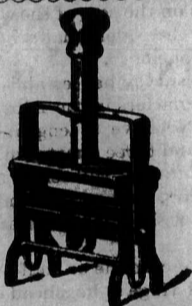
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## GOLD VS. LOVE.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Were you thinking of me?"

"No!"

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

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

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

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

"I will!"

"Did you love somebody else when grandfather died?"

"Somebody else?"

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

"Stop, Elsie! There are many questions."

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

"Yes!" was the murmured answer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Better lose her forever!"

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

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

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

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

"You have come to me?" Bert said—

"Come to share my poverty!"

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

"Oh!"

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

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

"Yes!"

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

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

## MANITOBA.

### A Grand Harvest for the Prairie Province.

#### OPENING OF LODGE NEPTUNE No. 144.

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

(Special for the Anglo-Saxon.)

WINNIPEG, August, 1891.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JUDITH ARMYTAGE.

By Julian Hawthorne.



WHEN he graduated from the theological college, Geoffrey Armytage thought he had a right to call to preach unto the nations; but after preaching to the parishioners of Marl for 10 years he suspected he was on the wrong tack. The bent of his mind was speculative and metaphysical rather than theological or religious. He flattered himself that he was too strong for orthodoxy; but, in truth, he was too weak; he could not steer a straight course. He had married meanwhile, and Judith was born; so he could not afford to quit the ministry. There he hung, between necessity and inclination—or conscience, as he called it—for nearly 10 years more.

A stranger by the name of Belzibo came to Marl one summer (it was a pretty, mountainous spot, and sat in Armytage's church for six Sundays in succession. Mr. Belzibo was hard to make out. He was about 65, shabbily clad, with a ragged, grizzly beard and glowing eyes, set under shaggy eyebrows. He was of unusual height, very lean, and walked with his hands clasped behind him and his grotesque visage thrust forward. His head was high above the ears and conical, covered with short gray hair. The top of his right ear had been cut off.

Nobody liked him, or knew what to make of him, and everybody feared him, except Judith Armytage, who was then eighteen. She treated him with a sort of unceremonious indifference, as if he were neither peculiar nor important. This was noticeable because, ordinarily, Judith was courteous, shy, and highly impressionable. She seemed to regard Belzibo not as a human creature exactly, but rather as a kind of animal—a thing without a soul—not a thing to be respected.

Belzibo came to dine at the parsonage one day. Mrs. Armytage had died some years before. The clergyman and Judith sat opposite each other at the small, square dining table, Belzibo at Judith's right; the fourth side was, of course, empty. After Judith had poured out the coffee, Belzibo abruptly said, "Armytage, have I your leave to make that girl my wife?"

"You? Your wife? Why—Judith?" stammered Armytage, amazed.

"I have money, plenty of it," the other added.

"Do you know anything of this, daughter?" asked the clergyman.

"It is not worth heeding," said she, quite composedly. "There is your coffee, sir."

"I was a fine man 40 years ago," Belzibo rejoined, staring at the vacancy across the table.

Judith looked at him and smiled.

"You don't believe it? Look!" said he. He lifted his bony finger and pointed across the table. Armytage and his daughter both looked there. Armytage saw nothing. Judith turned pale, half rose from her chair and sank back again with a low cry.

"What is the matter, my dear?" inquired her father.

Judith shook her head and moistened her lips.

"What are 40 years?" ejaculated Belzibo, with a dark glance at her.

"I knew you had lost it," returned she, commanding herself to speak.

"What is it?" repeated Armytage, blankly.

Belzibo grinned. "Metempsychosis," said he. After a pause, he added, addressing Judith: "You will meet him again; and I will have you after all."

She had now recovered herself and said: "I don't believe in those things. At any rate it would make no difference. You are what you are and I am I." With this she rose from the table and went out.

"Really, this is most extraordinary," exclaimed the clergyman.

"Let us change the subject," said Belzibo. "I take an interest in you. You have no business in a pulpit. Your brain was built for other business. You want to burrow into the obscurity of things. The philosopher's stone—or Hermetic philosophy? What is the soul? What the body? What their connection? Is nature soluble and to be comprehended? These are the kind of problems for you. Quit the church and take them up."

"It can't be," answered Armytage, with agitation. "I have no means of support but from my calling. We cannot do what we would."

"Fshaw! We can if we will. That's it. When I was 25 I killed a man—murdered him."

"Mr. Belzibo!" protested the clergyman, his jaw falling.

"There, there! It may have been a case of suicide. And I shouldn't mind repeating it now. How would you like ten thousand a year and a fine house and grounds of your own?"

"I fear you are talking at random, Mr. Belzibo."

"Listen to me. Promise me to leave the pulpit and take up philosophy and you shall have them. Is it a bargain?"

"Come, come, Mr. Belzibo. I really must!"

standing in grounds 100 acres in extent on the sea shore. The house was completely furnished and contained a valuable library, particularly rich in works on the occult sciences and speculative philosophy.

Armytage had said nothing to Judith about the "bargain" he had made with Belzibo; indeed, he had supposed the man must be jesting or crazy, and had tried to forget the affair. The news of the bequest gave him a shock, only partly disagreeable. Here was a future of luxury and ease, his favorite but hitherto unenjoyed pursuit. Nothing was said in the will about conditions, but the whole looked as if Belzibo had gone off and killed himself in order to keep his engagement. But why? To suppose that he cared for Armytage was absurd, and as for Judith, had she not refused him with scorn? This was uncomfortable, but then, there was the fortune.

"An unlooked for blessing, indeed!" remarked he to Judith.

"I think it would be better not to accept it," replied she.

"My dear, money is not to be sought to the exclusion of higher things, but neither are we to reject fortune when it comes. This bequest puts the world at your feet and leaves me free to study and meditate."

"You might, perhaps, do some good with it in the church," said Judith.

"I—it has been my intention—I have for some time determined to take the first opportunity to retire from the ministry," returned her father.

She looked at him with a startled expression. "Don't do it, father!" she said earnestly. "No good will come of it. If you must keep the bequest, sell the Cedars and the estate, and live here; use the money in the parish."

"Perhaps, I will think it over. But I am getting old, and—there are other reasons. I will think it over, and decide," said Armytage, uneasily.

The next morning he came down to breakfast with a ghastly look. "I must accept the legacy and give up the fight," were his first words to his daughter.

Judith glanced up at him and her face darkened. But she made no reply, and for several minutes there was silence. At length she said, in a quiet tone: "How did you sleep last night, father?"

"Did you see it, too?" returned he, drawing in his breath.

"If it will make you more comfortable," she rejoined, evading a direct answer, "I am willing to go to the Cedars. The mischief has been done, and we will make the best of it."

So to the Cedars they went. Indeed, almost any one would have done so in their place. Mr. Armytage's sudden abandonment of the pulpit caused some gossip, as a matter of course, and superstitious old women declared that Belzibo was no other than the great Prince Beelzebub himself, and that he had bought the clergyman's soul and paid for it in real estate and cash. But this was absurd; for Mr. Belzibo was a retired shipowner, who had made his fortune years before, in the East Indian trade; and, assuming that he has a soul of his own, what should he want with anybody else's?

III.

The library more than made good the account given of it by its late owner; it contained everything in literature that could aid in making a man a modern man. Mr. Armytage spent nearly all his time there, reading and writing. The change in his habits and pursuits seemed to make a change in his character. A certain cheerfulness and playfulness of demeanor disappeared, and he became grave and retiring and averse to company. But he was evidently growing profoundly learned, and one cannot do that without making some sacrifices.

On the other hand, it is difficult for society to dislike wealthy people, especially when one of the people is a beautiful girl living in luxurious surroundings. Accordingly the Armytages had a great many visitors, or in other words, Judith had plenty of admirers. She showed a talent for managing things, and the household affairs proceeded in an orderly and handsome manner. Each guest was made to feel comfortable and as if careful attention were being shown him or her; at the same time no one was distinguished above the rest. Mr. Armytage was uniformly produced upon fitting occasions, and middle-aged gentlemen and ladies were on hand to ask him about his studies and to express interest and appreciation for all he said to them. Altogether it appeared to be a successful ménage.

Among the guests who turned up with a certain persistence that showed a liking for being there was John Revell, a man of 30 and upward, who had been in the army. He had lived a nomadic and adventurous life on his own account, and had sojourned several years in India. He was dark, quiet and massive, with a large square head, and eyes habitually introspective, but sometimes gleaming out in a look of exceeding penetration. He would pace up and down the veranda with his hands in his pockets and his head bent; he would sit motionless for hours in a corner with a book; he would often converse with Armytage, betraying an extraordinary familiarity with occult subjects; he spoke little to Judith, but he watched her quietly.

One summer afternoon, as she was walking along on a path bordering the shore, he came up from among some rocks on the beach and joined her. "Who is this Mr. Noel Mar?" he asked her after some general conversation. "Is he an old friend of your father's?"

"We have known him about a year," said she, turning her head away.

"He resembles a man I once saw in India," continued Revell. "He is much younger than that man would be now, but there is a strong likeness. He called himself Sartane. He was a rich man, engaged in trade of some sort, but he was not in very good repute. He had an unusual familiarity with the life of some of the native people, and it was said of him that he was an adept in black magic. His end was rather odd."

"What was it?" asked Judith, who had listened with interest.

"He was found dead in his bungalow one morning, with a knife between his ribs. At the inquest it was in doubt whether he had committed suicide or been murdered. The

body was nailed up in the coffin and left in charge to be buried the next day. But when they lifted the coffin to put it in the hearse it was unexpectedly light, and they opened it. The body was gone, and was never found."

"It had been stolen."

"It would seem so. But the seals were unbroken. The natives said he had come to life and got out by arts known to himself and the evil one. I was reminded of the story by your Mr. Mar."

"He is not my Mr. Mar," said Judith; and, after a pause, she added, "You never saw the former owner of our house, did you?"

Revell shook his head.

"He was a retired merchant in the East India trade. He told us that he had once killed a man. He, too, resembled Mr. Mar very much; only he was a great deal older."

"What became of him?" asked Revell.

"He died here. His body was found lying in that clump of cedars. There was no apparent cause of death. But he seemed to have known that he was about to die, for he had executed his will only the day before, and had left directions that his body was to be buried where it was found."

They walked on in silence and presently came to the cedar grove. It stood on a sandy knoll near the water. Beneath the largest tree there was a low headstone, marking a grave, though there was no inscription on it. But as they approached they saw a figure stretched upon the mound—the figure of a man. It was, in fact, Mr. Mar, who now rose and advanced to meet them with a smile. He was a fine-looking personage, still young, with deep-set eyes beneath thick, dark brows and a narrow but lofty forehead. He was tall and slender and his bearing was graceful and insinuating.

"The gentleman who rests there has chosen his place well," he remarked. "On a fine moonlight night one might expect to see his ghost there."

"Ghosts sometimes walk by daylight," said Revell.

"And do I look like one?" rejoined Mar, laughing. "In that case I suppose the proper thing to do is to vanish and leave the living to their own desires. But, be on your guard! for though I become invisible to the eye I may haunt you still!" So, saying, with another laugh he turned off amidst the shrubbery and was gone.

After a moment Revell turned to Judith and held out his hands.

"I love you," he said, in a deep voice. "Will you be my wife?"

She looked searchingly in his eyes. "But—can you save me?" she asked.

He only nodded and threw his arms around her.

IV.

Meantime Mar returned along the shore towards the house, throwing roses at the waves as he went, and talking in an undertone to himself. On arriving at the house he went direct to Mr. Armytage's study, and entered without knocking. Armytage, seated at his table, looked up with a pale face.

"I can waste no more time, Geoffrey," said the younger man. "It must be now!"

"She will never have you," returned the other, querulously. "You might at least do something to overcome her antipathy."

"Her antipathy is half her charm. Besides, I don't like that fellow Revell round her. He has been spying on me, and means to make trouble."

"It would be more trouble after than before."

"Not for me!" said Mar, smiling. "Come, I have waited a year, and that's enough. I have fulfilled my part of the bargain. You are very comfortable here. Do you want to be kicked out into the wilderness, to starve to death? Do you think I would let up on you?"

Mr. Armytage groaned. "Why don't you tell her yourself, then?"

"It will come more gracefully from you. She might think I was romancing."

"I wish you were dead!" said Armytage, helplessly.

Mar laughed again. "Is there not a grave under the cedars?" said he.

Armytage rose from his chair and walked to the window, which looked out across the sea. After standing there a few moments he said, without turning around, "I will attend to it." When, soon after, he again faced about, he was alone.

V.

Late that evening a great bank of clouds that had been gradually accumulating in the west rolled up over the Cedars and burst in a thunderstorm, which raged furiously until far into the night, and raised a surf that sounded upon the shore like the explosions of cannon.

The study was lighted by a lamp pendant from the ceiling, moderated by a screen of silken gauze. Armytage and Mar were conversing in low tones at the table. "I shall take her away tonight," said the latter, "as soon as the ceremony is over. I don't like the looks of that fellow Revell. Do you take care to play your part straight. You know what I can do with you!"

"Are you a man or a devil?" said the clergyman.

"A distinction without a difference, father-in-law! But I am so far different that I am fed by souls, as other men by flesh and wine; without them I perish. But woe to him who cheats me of my chosen meal! I pay a fair price and I will be served!"

"She is coming!" exclaimed Armytage in a whisper. "Oh, my daughter!"

Mar stepped behind the curtains in the window as Judith entered. The clock struck 11. The reverberations of the thunder and the waves filled the room with heavy, muffled murmurs.

"Do you want me tonight, father?" Judith asked.

"One more experiment that I wish to try, my dear," replied he, in a deprecating tone. "I can promise you that it will be the last. You have already helped me to discover secrets known to no one else. Your clairvoyance is without parallel. One more voyage into the ether world and we are done."

"Father," said Judith, "I am your daughter, but I am a woman, too, with an immortal soul. I have given you a power over me by which you might destroy me if you

would. If you were to betray me, do you think that any gain it might bring you would make you happy? I have a right to my own life and love and happiness. Will you not stop here? Let us live an open and honest life among human beings and let these subtle mysteries go—for your sake as much as mine! It would be better to starve so than to live with anything between us and truth. Think, father!"

"My dear, your distrust hurts me! What can I desire but your well-being? And I am a better judge of what will secure that than a girl like you can be. Why should you hesitate now more than at another time? Do you doubt my love for you?"

Judith remained gazing at him a few moments, with a strange smile on her lips. He avoided her glance, affecting to be occupied with some papers on the table. In those few silent moments a great stake was won and lost. Presently she said: "I am ready, then," and seated herself on a low, reclining chair, a little removed from the table. She seated herself at ease, folded her hands and closed her eyes. He father stood up and looked at her.

The light of the lamp became fainter till the room was very dusky. A sound like the low, mellow note of a distant bell came to the ear in monotonous regularity. Judith lay motionless, save for a slow, inward respiration. The pulsations of the bell were like the beating of a heart, gradually becoming less and less. The cheeks and lips of the girl grew colorless. She lay like one dead, for even her breathing had become imperceptible.

Armytage made a sign, and Mar stepped forth from behind the curtain. He trod noiselessly to the side of the girl and contemplated her with a peculiar grimace, in which a sort of burning hunger was mingled with an expression of malice. But presently he shook his head and frowned.

"After all," muttered he, "it is not Judith that I shall get, but another woman. What is a soul? What will become of her whom we call Judith? Well, no matter! Make your conjuration. I will find means to reach her through the veils of identity."

Armytage now seated himself beside Judith and laid his hand on hers. "Judith," he said to her in a husky voice, "You love Robert Mar. You will always love him. You will be his wife and do his bidding. No one else can ever come between you and him. Waking or sleeping, you will be his. Body and soul, you will be his till your life end."

He paused and they heard the roll of the thunder, the booming of the surf and the rush of the rain.

"That will do," said Mar. "Now, rouse her and let us finish."

Armytage struck his hands sharply together. "Wake!" exclaimed he. "Wake, Judith!"

But not an eyelash quivered; not a breath stirred her bosom. She lay like one dead. Was she dead, indeed?

"What does this mean?" demanded Mar, suspiciously. "Are you trying to play me a trick? You might as safely play with that lightning!"

"I don't understand it!" returned Armytage, in a voice of alarm, as he made renewed efforts to arouse her. "My God, what can have happened! Have we murdered her! Judith! Judith!"

"You cannot deceive me," said Mar, with a sneer. "Unless she awakens at once, you must suffer the consequences. You know what they are!"

"Oh, God—Judith—mercy—save me!" cried the other, falling in agony on his knees beside his daughter. There was no response. After a moment of dead silence, while even the voice of the storm seemed hushed, Mar slowly raised his arms. Armytage started wildly to his feet, uttering a piercing scream that died away in a guttural quaver. With his hands before his face, he appeared to be striving to fight away some enemy that clutched at his throat. He staggered backward, stumbling and reeling, till he was caught in an angle of the wall, where he crouched down, a chuckle of imbecile laughter dribbling through his lips. Then an iron hand fell on Mar's neck. "What are you doing, Bolzito Sartane?" said the deep voice of John Revell.

Mar turned with a savage cry and struggled furiously to free himself. He was strong and lithe as a serpent, but he was held by the strength of a lion. The struggle lasted but for a few breathless minutes. Revell forced him down, and with his knee upon his breast, disarmed him of the knife concealed in his side. Then he flung him off and confronted him sternly.

"I know your history," said he. "This is not a safe place for you. God sent me to protect this girl. I fought you and your wretched victim there with your own weapons. Now, be off, or I will show you no more consideration than you meant to show him—and her!"

"But she is dead!" snarled the other, gasping and shivering.

"No, she lives," replied Revell, "and her life in future will be safe from any influence except what comes from her own heart and will. Awake, Judith," he continued, beckoning to the sleeping girl. "The trouble is past. You are free."

She sighed, moved, unclosed her eyes and slowly raised herself on one arm. Her glance, at first bewildered, finally rested on Revell, and with a smile she rose and came to him. He put one arm round her shoulders and so faced the defeated enemy. But he, by whatever name he might be known, seemed to dread the regard of her eyes more than the power of man. There must have been the remnant of something human in him. He covered his face and slunk back into the shadow of the room. They did not see him pass the threshold, but when Revell revived the light of the lamp he was gone.

The storm passed away during the night, and the morning was as fresh and pure as a maiden's soul. Walking along the dimpling margin of the blue sea, Judith and her lover came to the grove of cedars. The largest of them had been struck by a lightning bolt and was split from summit to base, and the headstone of the grave was shattered.

And there lay the body of a man, seeming to wear the features of Mar. Yet the face was that of an aged man, with grizzled hair and furrowed skin. He was dead but there was no mark of death upon him. Perhaps he had died long before, or perhaps the vision of an unattainted love had smitten him with the death to which comes no hereafter.

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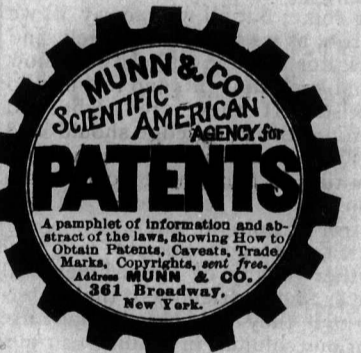
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**OUR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.**

With this issue of the ANGLO-SAXON we begin our fifth year of publication. During that time we have passed through the usual experiences attendant on such modest attempts at journalism, with too limited resources to make the paper all we would wish to our readers.

As an Englishman's newspaper we occupy solely this field and we see no reason why what we have begun should not grow—if Englishmen are true to themselves—into a mighty power in Canada, to the great benefit of us all. It is intolerable that an Englishman's feelings and desires should be voiced only through writers of other races with the result that, in all public affairs, our dearest feelings and interests suffer or are woefully misrepresented.

We have in years past received some fostering care from the Grand Lodge of the S. O. E. Society, for which we have given value in our advertisements, and we have loyally endeavoured to serve their best interests by giving a large publicity to its affairs, and unceasingly proclaimed our devotion to the noble principles embodied in its constitution and ritual; and we heartily commend them to all Englishmen. We have, however, at times ventured to criticize adversely the society's inaction on matters that should be of vital concern to this society, having such aims and objects as are set forth in its constitution and ritual, and in doing so it is just possible some simile or adjective might wisely have been politely toned down or omitted to suit the tastes of some; but all we can say is, we wrote as we thought and felt, and it is for those in authority to know that such thoughts and feelings do exist. If they are right and proper the knowledge should lead to a wise and timely attention, resulting in permanent good to the Society; if erroneous, let the error be pointed out.

St. George's Society and any other society of Englishmen will ever find us friendly to their interests if they only care to make use of our columns in sending us timely notices of their meetings and doings.

When we think of the great number of Englishmen in Canada we are not satisfied with the status of this paper, but we are thankful that the year finds our subscribers increasing, and many kind assurances reaching us expressive of the good-will felt towards this paper. We especially feel grateful to those subscribers who have, so devotedly; given of their valued leisure hours to contribute suitable matter for our columns, adding interest to our pages and letting their brother Englishmen know their minds on whatever deeply concerns them.

In sending out this issue we do so in the confident hope that many Englishmen will be prompted to take a willing hand in helping to make the ANGLO-SAXON all its friends could wish. We renew our pledges of devoted loyalty to the great principles of the Protestant faith and its resultant liberties and our steadfast adherence to the cause for which the United Empire

Loyalists died, or suffered the loss of almost everything—an United Empire—as the cradle and home of all that is brightest and best for human happiness throughout the world. Mentally and lovingly we hoist afresh the Union Jack of Old England, and joyfully and loyally say God bless our Queen.

**TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.**

Premier Abbott's notice of motion in the Senate for a joint address of both Houses of Parliament to Her Majesty—calling on the Imperial Government to denounce the existing trade treaties between Great Britain and the German Zollverein, Belgium, etc.; which contain a *most favored nation* clause, preventing any one part of the British Empire discriminating in its tariff in favor of other parts of the Empire or any foreign country—is the most refreshing piece of statesmanship during this long weary and dreary session of Parliament. These treaties are a most odious yoke around British necks, which happily are terminable in 1892, after due notice. The offensiveness of the treaties could not be well exceeded, for not only are we prevented making trade discrimination between a *friendly* foreign nation and a *hostile* one, but one part of the Empire cannot favour the other parts without allowing these foreign nations the same trade advantages, thereby robbing us of our fiscal liberty; at the same time it is saying practically that although we are one Empire politically, yet for purposes of commerce we are to be treated as separate foreign nations; for no nation with any political vitality will allow foreign nations to dictate in its internal affairs. These same foreign nations retain their full liberty, with the only condition that we shall get access to their markets at their *lowest* tariff rates, at the same time their whole tariff, even then, is hostile and virtually prohibitory. As a move towards clearing the decks, for action in the direction of closer political and commercial relations with the Mother Country we hail this action of the Government with profound pleasure.

**POLITICAL IMMORALITIES.**

Mr. Fitzpatrick in his address to the Committee on Privileges and Elections in defence of Thos. McGreevy, styled that gentleman "a political scapgoat" for his party, and fully admitted that his client had received large sums of money "but it was for political purposes" and so applied, although not shown in the evidence. This fault in the defence Mr. McGreevy could have removed by exposing party secrets—"betraying the trust his political friends reposed in him"—the Counsel stating he preferred "to stand for McGreevy as it is than if he had revealed the political secrets (rascalities) of his friends." We are also told McGreevy "did not make any corrupt bargains and never received one dollar for his personal benefit." After our readers have read daily the nauseating details of the utterly unscrupulous plundering of the public purse by politicians in Federal and Provincial administrations it is disgusting and loathsome to have to listen to such a brazen-faced defence of crime. Again, if this model man of virtue is properly designated as the "scapgoat" of his party, we would like to ask and know what further depths of villainy has the party been guilty of, that he should be the Jonah to be sacrificed to save the party ship? It seems that now the political party rogues are fighting and devouring each other the sole comfort the public have is to watch and encourage the fight, trusting it will result in the extermination of the whole brood.—if so, honest people will breathe a while more freely.

As we hold that fidelity to the political party machines can only be at the sacrifice of all honest principles and actions, we are not at all surprised at these revelations knowing of a certainty that these malpractices must be existent although not exposed to the public gaze as now. There can be little doubt that D'Alton MacCarthy would have been in the Cabinet to-day if he had not pinned his reputation to the maintenance of certain righteous principles in the Government—and he will be received into the Cabinet when he is false to them. At present he is a party outcast—no good to them, a crank, a fanatic and everything bad, until he is ready to swear black is white, and vote for evil as readily as good, whenever the

needs of party demand. Hence it is that righteous men, owing to numerical inferiority, grow weary of the contest, retire from public life feeling their powers for usefulness in such a sphere are practically *nil* unless they can resort to practices they would scorn in private affairs. Thus, with the least amount of backbone of true principle rule and administer in public affairs—the party press daily teaming with evidence, charges and counter charges of every form of political corruption; and yet we suffer patiently, pay our taxes and let them talk at us about the "great principles" of parties without instantly knocking them down as a gross offense to our intelligence, to say nothing of our feelings.

We take no stock in Premier Abbot's proposed remedy of appointing a Comptroller or Inspector of the Civil Service—it is only one more appointment to give to party adherents, so much more money wasted; for until politicians are allowed to devote their minds to the solution of the great problems of the State by having the power of making civil service appointments, awarding of public contracts and authorizing of extra thereto, removed from their control, the political life of the country will be corrupted by foul practices of all kinds. Our solution would be to appoint for life (like Judges of the Courts) a Board of say, three Commissioners, whose decisions should be sole power to appoint or remove any civil servant.—Any appointment to the Service to be the reward for highest merit amongst competitors in examinations, to fill specific vacancies or new posts created under Law in it; such examinations to be advertised and held periodically and the number of vacancies to be filled announced. Any dismissal from the Service to be only possible after the Commissioners had adjudicated on the case and authorized it. In same manner all contracts awarded and extras authorized, could be officially done through and only under such authority, leaving the executive or technical officers of departments the duty of advising thereon and seeing the contracts carried out properly and faithfully. As the fate of a Minister or a party would not then hang upon how many followers he can cram into office, nor upon who obtained this or that contract, the disposition and power to buy up votes would gradually diminish, and elections then would be the reflection of the intelligence and patriotism of the electorate instead of, as now, of its meanness and unscrupulous greed.—Ministers then would have no interest to keep in departments a host of good-for-nothings, whose prime functions to the country are to have their names appear on the monthly pay lists—and the bare-faced robberies by petty officials, so abundantly shown in the evidence before the Public Account Committee, would be reduced to the lowest possible minimum.

**OUR CRITICS.**

Our correspondent's letter—"Winnipeg Free Lance"—appearing in another column, is published to afford Englishmen who differ from us to have their say—we have had ours. It is only by calmly and fairly exchanging views that the high road to wide-spread harmony, and unity of sentiment can be attained. We ask our readers to weigh his utterances in the light of their own experience and common sense. Our correspondent's experiences of the average morality of the electorate of Canada differ widely from our own, and we think the court trials of contested elections, to say nothing of the official scandals around us everywhere—indicate a widespread corruption of which the general public will never hear or know of the one twentieth part.

He tells us the Equal Rights movement failed because of its "extreme" measures, carried out "by fanatics disappointed politicians".—Nobly "extreme" indeed in insisting rigidly for perfect equality before the law, for every race and creed amongst us; nobly "extreme" in bravely opposing the harbouring in this fair land and endowing them with public funds, a so-called "religious" sect of the most brutal and hellish fanatics that have ever darkened the earth, and who are making an asylum here after having being hunted out and driven away as vipers by those who had fondly nursed them; nobly fanatical (?) were men who claimed even for these vipers the protection of law in this land, but who in their mad frenzy refused to vote them public money that would be promptly refused to any Protestant sect; "disappointed politicians" indeed they are, when they found the party machines had so debauched public life that so few, out of the many, were willing to jeopardize the

loaves and fishes of the party cupboard for the sake of honest, manly expression of sober judgment. Before our correspondent hurls the charge of fanaticism at such men 'as D'Alton MacCarthy we advise him to consult a few of the millions of Catholics in R. Catholic countries who have for moral and political reasons expelled the Jesuit Society from amongst them. Evidence in abundance can be supplied him and sufficient to prevent him hurling unworthy epithets at sane men who can give a reason for the faith that is in them.

His peculiar views of the privileges and rights of Members of Parliament "in its wisdom" has not seen fit to legalize such privileges as free railway passes, etc, such as he advocates doubtless for good reasons; and until it does so, we hold our charge is sound of it being an illicit receipt of what is virtually bribe from a private corporation equally with those received by Mr. Senecal of the Printing Bureau fame—it being a slight instalment of fat things to be had whenever railway interests are to be served in Parliament. As to "enemies" of railways, no one is unless a fool; but we are not all so ready and willing to be fleeced as tax-payers by hoodling contractors and politicians. We think fully one-half of our politicians would serve their country infinitely better if employed at breaking stones in gaol than posing as legislators, making speeches with parrot-like similitude to the utterances of party leaders and voting with dummy-like precision on any questions directed by the party whip.

**CANADA'S ROUTE TO ASIA.**

The recent rapid transport of the mails from Yokohama to London in 21 days over Canadian Territory is causing legitimate astonishment and satisfaction; especially is this so when we know Mr. Van Horne made no idle boast when he stated in reply to congratulations that "we hope before long to do regularly what we have just done experimentally." To the citizens of the British islands it is being discussed chiefly as to the advantages the route affords from a military point of view—but to colonists its chief importance is in the boundless possibilities of increased trade with the world which this route renders possible and probable. The success of this trip makes the day appreciably nearer when we will be in connection by ocean cables and direct steam-ship with our Australian fellow citizens, thereby placing a British girdle around the globe, which the patriotism and power of an United Empire would make unbreakable. We have only to think of the grand future awaiting Canada and Australia commercially and politically to readily grasp the vital importance of these great modern arteries of commerce to both countries.

**THE COAT OF TREVES.**

Papists in Europe have been recently feasting their eyes on some old tattered garment reputed by those who exhibit it, to those willing to pay to see it, as having been worn by the Lord Jesus when on earth. The success of the exhibition only proves the old adage that "fools and their money are easily parted." As the Montreal Witness remarks:—

"The devotion of the Holy Coat will probably do more to bring ridicule upon Romanism than it will to bring either faith or money to the church or business to the good people of Treves. By late accounts this venerated relic has been so ill-preserved that it can no longer be seen together and has had to be pasted together with gum. It is a pity they could not keep it as well as the custodians of the same garment have kept it in other countries. Very large quantities of this garment of our Lord have been sold in shreds here in Montreal and the threads are said to have appeared in very good condition. The story goes that when the supply imported from Rome by Bishop Bourget ran out, it was replaced by portions of the garment of a former bishop which sold just as well as the imported article until misfortune befel them. A servant of the palace being conscience stricken at the fraud carried the story to Mr. Chinquy, who lost no time in publishing it over the signature of his informant, and the sale of the relics was immediately stopped. Threads of this garment are abundant all over Christendom and have freely sold in all ages. This is easily accounted for by a miracle of multiplication. No equal miracle would seem to have been wrought upon the holy coat of Treves, whose tissues are now so mixed up with those of the tissues to which it has been attached for the purpose of holding it together that it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other."

The bare-faced imposture of this reputed relic is startling in this so-called enlightened age,—prejudices are still stronger than reason. Further, for the votaries of this creed to have baptismal regeneration and other saving ministrations of priestly functions, and finally for the 'successor of St. Peter at

Rome' to unlock heaven's door to them admitting them to paradise, all is not sufficient to prevent them trusting in the virtues of an old coat, which from its decayed condition does not possess apparently the power to hold itself together, much less to cure any one by looking at it, of bodily infirmity, etc.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

**S. O. E. HOSPITAL BOARD:** Our notes of this Society this month report the re-organization of the Hospital Board, in order to secure proper care and attention to sick members in hospital. Our cordial sympathy is with these efforts which have the true stamp of fraternal and national brotherhood—dignifying to the Society and ennobling the hearts and lives of those who unselfishly and lovingly care for the sick and sorrowful. "I was sick and ye visited me" &c. are words the Lord Jesus applied to such service.—Why could not United degree or District Lodges have this gracious work as part of their special duties?

**DEAD MEAT TRADE:** ex-Ald. G. F. Frankland—a worthy member of the S. O. E. is in print in the *Empire* with an excellent letter against making the town of Three Rivers a slaughter place for Yankee cattle for export to Britain. We congratulate him and others that their opposition has resulted in the Government disallowing the importations, thereby helping to maintain our privileges in British markets.—Let the McKinley tariff slaughter its own products—and keep them from the hated British.

**S. G. P. IVENS' TOUR:** We heartily congratulate the Grand President upon the success of his very timely visit to the Maritime Provinces. The new lodges started in such important centres cannot fail to be the parent of numerous progeny. We would draw his attention to a correspondent's letter in this issue pointing out the urgent need of something being done officially in the N. W. T., etc., to get the thousands of Englishmen flocking into that territory into organized national harness—as a potent force for good in the future of Canada. We heartily commend the S. G. President's suggestion of the need of District Lodges to meet the growing wants of the organization—to decentralize executive administration of the society's constitution. We do not believe in provincial jurisdictions with a supreme body over all—but rather, in the words of the Grand President we believe in carefully mapping out the whole country according to locality of the lodges, in a way so as to group lodges suitably for district lodges and work. We believe in districts instead of individual lodges being represented at Grand Lodge, to avoid Grand Lodge becoming unwieldy, and that the District Lodge should deal with local interests (with right of appeal therefrom) and that the White Rose degree should be called to occupy this field of usefulness to the society, instead of being as now a somewhat ornamental degree without according any additional authority or status in the society. We also regard his statements that the society is primarily an embodiment of patriotic national thought and feeling, and secondarily a Benefit Society, as being very timely and should be laid to heart by all. His references to the faults of the ANGLO-SAXON are made in such generous terms that almost make us feel inclined to plead guilty, except that we have the knowledge and conviction that a zeal, not less than his own for the maintenance of the principles of the society prompted our writings.

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**SONS OF ENGLAND!**

Notes by the Supreme Grand President

OF HIS TOUR IN THE PROVINCES OF

New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

FOUR NEW LODGES OPENED.

"We trust that, if possible, the Order may this year be extended to the Maritime Provinces."—Page 62, G. L. Report, 1891.

"We commend the ANGLO-SAXON to our members, and trust they will render it a very liberal support."—Page 62, G. L. Report.

It is a trite saying, but none the less a true one, that "after all the world is very small," and nothing in life, to my mind, is so convincing proof that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends" as the "singular coincidences" and the strange fatalities that seem to bring men together just at the opportune moment, or cause a succession of circumstances—of their own volition apparently—to work out some desired end. Thus it is with the quotations from the Grand Lodge Report which head these notes. It is somewhat remarkable that immediately succeeding the recommendation of the committee, that efforts should be made to extend the Order to the Maritime Provinces, should appear the commendation of the ANGLO-SAXON. This will be more fully understood when I inform the members of our society that the establishing of the Sons of England B. S. in the Maritime Provinces, which is now *unfaintly accomplished*, is largely due to the ANGLO-SAXON. I cannot always agree with the sentiments of the ANGLO-SAXON, and am somewhat inclined to think that a paper which dubs the Supreme Grand Lodge, which has recommended its circulation to the members of the Order as "The Ancient Order of Patriarchs" is, to say the least, not as considerate or kindly, nor as willing to give the majority credit for having a modicum of brains, as it would be if it fully understood the true feelings that actuated the body as a whole. Whilst I am of opinion that this paper has a habit of somewhat antagonizing both the executive and the members of the Order, rather than existing their sympathy and support, yet I have hopes that we may all better understand each other and that the captious criticisms cease; and, as a consequence, the ANGLO-SAXON become a greater power for good than ever.

**But to my Subject.**

Some months ago a letter was received by the Grand Secretary, asking for information about the S. O. E. B. S., from Mr. J. H. Bell, of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; who stated that he and Mr. Laphorn, had been taking the ANGLO-SAXON for some time, and had, in consequence, become interested in the society, and anxious to establish a lodge. The necessary papers were forwarded and, as a result, an application for a lodge at Charlottetown was received.

Within a few weeks we had a letter also from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia; this time the Society was brought to the notice of the writer by certain reports appearing in the Toronto Empire.

The Grand Secretary gave them all the necessary information and I also wrote to both places, suggesting that regular meetings should be held, the aims and objects discussed and every effort made to make a good start, when the time and opportunity arrived for instituting the lodges. The executive officers were conscious that the opportunity now presented itself for planting the banner of our beloved society in what, was to us, officially, a *terra incognita*—affording immense opportunities for doing good—an enormous district in which to operate with assured success, if a good beginning was made.

In accordance with these views, I felt it incumbent upon myself that I should seize the earliest opportunity to visit the Maritime Provinces, and should take with me such assistance as the importance of the trip warranted.

We might here say that, with the exception of Charlottetown and New

Glasgow, at no place we visited had the Sons of England ever been heard of.

The third of August, therefore, found Bro. Swait, P.S.G.P., and myself en route for Prince Edward Island. Going by the C. P. Railway we reached Montreal next morning, and, as we had some hours to wait in that city, we occupied the time in visiting up some of the brethren. The District Deputy, Bro. Edwards, we found hard at work and full of enthusiasm, making arrangements for opening a new lodge at Lachine. Bro. Richardson was seen too, warm-hearted, loyal and just what a Son of England should be. Many other Montreal brethren were interviewed, and much to our satisfaction. Reports were favorable and the order making rapid progress in the city. We regretfully bid farewell, at the station, to the brethren; promising that upon our return, we would attend a mass meeting of the united lodges. A promise we were unfortunately unable to keep, owing to lack of time. Resuming our journey, we arrived at St. John's, New Brunswick, where we had a few hours to wait. The time was occupied in doing missionary work in the interest of the order, of which more anon.

At St. John's we entered the comfortable Intercolonial Railway and reaching P. E. I. the next evening via Point du Chene, and thence by boat to Summerside, thence to Charlottetown. Here we were met and welcomed with genuine warmth by the officers elect of the new lodge, escorted to the hotel, and arrangements were made for opening the lodge on the following night.

Friday morning saw us sitting behind a spanking team of trotters, Bro. Bell as coachman, and genial Bro. Laphorn as guide. Never shall I forget that drive. It was just sixteen years since I had such another drive and that was in dear old England. As we drove along, on splendid roads, gazing upon the fertile fields, the undulating landscape, the Hawthorn hedges, the comfortable well built homesteads—embowered in trees and flowers; the cattle and sheep lazily taking shelter, from the summer's sun beneath the great trees, grass and crops having a fresh and vivid green, it made "a finished scene"—another England—and only lacked the song of the lark to make me think myself home again. A drive across the Island to a sandy beach, a plunge into the clear waters of the broad Atlantic, one longing look at that mighty stretch of water that alone separated us from the Mother-land, a pleasant drive of eighteen miles, and we were back to Charlottetown and work. The same evening Lodge Eton, No. 148, was instituted—Bros. J. H. Bell and Laphorn were elected to fill the offices of past president and president respectively. Thus Eaton has the honor of being the premier lodge in the Maritime Provinces, and Bros. Bell and Laphorn, the founders, may justly congratulate themselves upon the results of their efforts.

Bro. J. H. Bell, who is Provincial Grand Master of the Orange Society, accepted the appointment of District Deputy, much to my satisfaction, and has already laid out his plans for extending the Order in his district. After spending the whole night in instructing the brethren in the mysteries of the Red and White degrees—and partaking of the hospitality of Bro. Bell—we left our newly made friends, and, taking boat in the early morn, we crossed the Straits of Northumberland.

And reached New Glasgow about noon, where we were heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained, in true English style, by the prospective brethren, who had already put matters in shape for organization. Accordingly, on Saturday evening the 8th ult., Lodge Kenilworth, No. 149, was instituted, with the following brethren in the principal chairs:—Past President, D. Lamont; Worthy President, A. S. Dodson; Secretary E. W. Thurston; Treasurer, Rd. Maynard.

Kenilworth is the first lodge established in Nova Scotia, and will be the forerunner of many others. Bro. Thurston possesses sufficient energy and enthusiasm to make any lodge a success; Bro. D. Lamont is a marvel in the matter of ritualistic work and would put to shame many of our most experienced past presidents; and Bro. Maynard has had considerable experience in secret society work.

Bro. Dodson will act as District Deputy, a work for which he is well qualified. He is an enthusiastic loyalist and a born organizer.

**Halifax, N. S.**

The fortified city of Halifax, N. S., after a seige of nearly a week—capitalized, and we had the pleasure of instituting Lodge Halifax, No. 150; Bro. John Naylor, being elected president; Bro. Robt. Theakston, secretary; Bros.

Morgan and Davies, past-president and president respectively. Under the able management of Bro. Naylor, probably the best known gentleman in Halifax, and who appears to carry, the master key that gives him the *entre* to every house in the city, with the assistance of Bro. Theakston, the treasurer of St. George's Society; with the active co-operation of such brethren as Bros. Morgan, Davis, Smith as first committeemen. *et al.* Halifax, must be a success, and has an immense field to work upon. Bro. Canon Partridge, of St. George's Church, to whose great influence and kindly assistance the formation of the lodge was largely due, and who so generously gave us the use of the school room of the church in which the lodge was opened, accepted the office of District Deputy, and assured me that, within a reasonable time, there will be three lodges in Halifax alone. Did time and space permit I would fain speak of the beauties of Halifax, of its fortifications, its citadel of the red coated soldiery of England marching with Imperial tread, of the beauty of its park and garden, of the glorious drive Bro. Naylor took us, of the fishermen's cottages, each with flower garden and hundreds of cod fish spread out to dry, of the magnificent harbour, the trout streams, and the splendid beach at Cow Bay, but I must pass on.

We left Halifax regretfully but tired. It had been a hard week's work; tramp, tramp—talk, talk, from morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve; sometimes sick of heart, sometimes buoyed with hope, but our efforts were crowned with success. It now only remains for the brethren of Halifax Lodge to continue the work we so feebly begun, full of hope and confidence. Speeding along through the heavenly land of Evangeline—immortalized by the master mind of Longfellow—through

"Vast meadows stretched to the eastward Dykes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant  
Shut out the turbulent tide  
and aloft on the mountains,  
Sea fogs pitched their tents,  
and winds from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley

We were enraptured, and enthralled by the beauty of the scenery. Soon we were again afloat, steaming across the bay of Fundy, and, calling at Digby, watched the cod fish being hauled out at, I dare not say how rapid a pace. I have attempted to tell some fish stories, but have never yet had an opportunity to tell the truth as my fish stories have always been cut short by loud exclamations of, oh!

**New Brunswick.**

In New Brunswick we met with unexpected difficulties, owing to the fact that a number of American wild cat insurance enterprises, and almighty dollar producing societies, have lately "gone through" their too confiding members. However, fortified with a copy of the favourable report of the Ontario government, it was no difficult matter to prove the sound financial position of the society; and, after sailing up the beautiful river St. John's—the Rhine of Canada—we found congenial soil and Fredericton, the capital of the province, was to the fore. Bro. Fred. Edgcombe, the leading merchant of the city, a captain, proud to wear Her Majesty's uniform, did yeoman service, and were rewarded by seeing their labors result in the formation of the first lodge in New Brunswick—Islington, No. 151—with Ald. Parker as Past Pres.; Bro. Fred. Edgcombe, Pres.; Bro. Captain Cropley, Vice-Pres.; A. D. Thomas, Sec.; Chas. Davenport, Chaplain; Bros. Cannon and Clywick, first and second committeemen. I was glad to find that in this lodge, as indeed in every case, the members realized the fact that our society is first and foremost, loyal, patriotic, and national in its character—the main sentiments I opine, that, actuated the founders, were Loyalty and Unity, and the benefits were an after thought, a very good, necessary, and important addition to the objects of the order; but the individual who joins only for the financial benefits, we may divine is no true Son of England.

We worked hard in St. John's, N. B., several meetings were held, and arrangements were made for organizing a lodge in that city on September 2nd. Messrs. Harold Gibbert and Pullen have taken the matter in hand and are determined that the lodge shall be worthy of their busy and prosperous city.

Ald. Parker, of Fredericton, District Deputy, for N.B., has received instructions from me to institute the lodge when ready.

The trip has, on the whole, been a grand success. There is not the shadow of a doubt but the order will rapidly extend in the Maritime Provinces, and

will be the means of encouraging and educating the people to the grand idea of closer union with the Mother Country, a more intimate knowledge of and, in consequence, a greater faith in the ultimate destiny of Canada as an integral part of the British Empire.

On our way back we called at Sherbrooke, when that earnest worker, Bro. Avery, D.D., met us at the station, and we also had the pleasure of an hour's chat with Capt. Rawson and a number of the brethren. We appreciated the visit all the more as it was the middle of the day, and it was no easy matter for brethren, who were engaged in business, to get away even to meet the S. G. P. Satisfactory progress was reported, both from the Sherbrooke and Capelton lodges.

In conclusion let me remark that, as our order grows larger our responsibilities are greater; we are becoming a power in the land. A large army requires careful handling, and this matter is of paramount importance to our society, and will have to be decided soon as to what arrangements can be made for handling successfully an order such as ours is destined to be. Certainly the districts will have to be carefully mapped out, the lodges consulted as to the appointment of District Deputies, and to do this District Lodges will be necessary.

May God guide us aright is the prayer of

RICHARD IVENS.

**Correspondence.**

While we give full publicity to the views of our correspondents, we wish it to be distinctly understood, we do not hold ourselves responsible for them.

**Official Corruption.**

To the Editor of the ANGLO-SAXON.  
SIR,—Under the heading "Official Corruption," in the last number of our paper, there are several statements which are certainly questionable, and it might be well to look at them from another point of view.

That "to the victor belong the spoils," a quotation from the classics, first applied, I believe, by General Jackson, is from some points of view very objectionable; but, in a representative government, drawn on party lines, there is apparently—say what we may—no other way of running the machine. If there is, so far, no one has suggested it.

In respect to the statement that the "average" elector holds his hand up for a \$10 bribe. I deny it in toto. Any one, with experience in the conduct of election matters, knows full well that there is not three per cent. of those who have a vote, to whom he dare offer a bribe. Again with the ballot system of voting, bad as it is. Where is the inducement? For any agent must know that he who would sell his vote for a bribe would have little scruple in voting on that side on which his own personal interests were concerned, irrespective of the bribe.

Then again as to Mr. Dalton McCarthy's statement about "importing rattles-nakes." We, old Canadians, pretty well know where the sore place is on that gentleman. He is an extremist, and a clever and earnest as he is, it is surely to the best interest of all concerned, he should remain on the shelf till he is really wanted. Where is the use of taking a club to kill a butterfly?  
Once more, we are asked, "what right have members of parliament to affect to be moralists, when they deliberately accept free railway passes all the year round, from the railway companies." There is certainly no bribe about this. If Parliament in its wisdom saw fit, this could easily be made a matter of compulsion, and considering the absolute necessity of free access to constituents, and other parties, in the interest of those constituents, I see no reason why both railroad, telegraph and postal services should not be thrown open to them by law. That the railroad companies have long seen the advantage accruing to themselves by the privilege of a free pass is self evident. Surely we may give those astute men, at the head of such great enterprises, the credit of knowing that by giving a free pass their enemies might have free access to and concoct plots with their enemies. Yet their friends would have the same privilege, and that the rearrangement would benefit the country as a whole and to benefit their particular line.

As regards a member's mileage, it is a paltry charge, not worthy an Englishman's notice. In a country like this where the time of a man, with intelligence enough to get the suffrage of a constituency, is worth at least a fair living competency, it would be hard indeed, if we inquired how much or in what way his cab hire was paid down to the House; in point of fact the people do not care whether he walks or drives in a coach and six, so long as he gets there and does their business; and they are quite willing to allow him a fair sum for so doing, over and above the miserable pittance they pay for his labour as a member of parliament.

As to the Equal Rights movement, it failed because of its extreme measures, promulgated and carried out by fanatics and disappointed politicians, not on account of the corrupt political morals of the electors of Canada. Such a change places the ANGLO-SAXON in the position of the Knight of Las Mancha, when he tried to tilt at the windmills a long time ago.

WINNIPEG FREE LANCE.  
Winnipeg, Aug. 26, 1891.

BEATTY'S TOUR OF THE WORLD.  
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Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

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Sons of England Society.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

- Almonte. Nelson No. 43, Almonte—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays at their hall, Mill st. Visiting welcome. Jas. Hy. Bennett, Pres. Wm. J. Shaw, Sec. Box 98. 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. H. Harris, President. A. J. Elliott, Secretary. Barrie. Southampton No. 28, Barrie—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month in the Foresters' Hall, Dunlop st. J. W. Kemping, Pres. Geo. Whitebread, Sec. Allandale, Barrie. Belleville. Oxford No. 17, Belleville—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month at their hall, Front st. H. Tammadge, Sec. A. Wensley, Pres. Bellevalle. Bowmanville. Wellington No. 19, Bowmanville—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, in the Sons of England Hall, Boushall's Block. Visiting brethren always welcome. E. C. McDowell, Pres. W. E. Pethick, Sec. Brockville. Suffolk No. 87, Brockville—Meets every 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month in Sons of England Hall, 506 King street. W. R. D. (1st) first Monday in each month. Visiting brethren made welcome. Arthur C. Bacon, Sec. W. H. Grace, Pres. Box 75. Chatham. Thames No. 101—Meets every Monday evening at Foresters' Hall, Chas. F. Chanter, Sec. Warren Lambert, Pres. Collingwood. Canterbury No. 84, Collingwood—Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in Union Hall. Robt. Nash, Pres. V. M. Durnford, Sec. Collingwood. Cornwall. Victoria No. 12, Cornwall—Meets alternate Wednesdays in Colquhoun Block. Visiting members welcome. E. Hunt, Sec. John Sugden, Pres. Cornwall. Exeter. Plymouth No. 63, Exeter, Ont.—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays every month in the I. O. O. F. Hall, Main st. W. Sanders, Sec. Daniel Davis, Pres. "Advocate" office. Galt. Royal Oak No. 26, Galt—Meets on alternate Wednesdays in Foresters' Hall, cor. Main and South Water streets. Chas. Squire, Sec. Chas. Brett, Jr. Pres. Richmond Ave. Guelph. Royal City No. 73, Guelph—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays every month, in the hall in Tovell's Block. W. M. Stanley, Sec. Harry Bolton, Pres. Box 210. Hamilton. 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. Wm. Hunt, Pres. 195 James St., W. 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. 268 King st. W. Hearts of Oak No. 84, Hamilton, meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, in Wentworth Hall, corner of Wellington and King William streets. Visitors welcome. Harry Marshall, Pres. 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. Huntsville. Croysden No. 85, Huntsville, Ont.—Meets the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in each month, in Temperance Hall, Main street. Visitors welcome. J. R. Reese, President. C. Peacock, Sec. Huntsville. Kingston. 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. Ed. Scrutton, Pres. Albert St., Williamsville. Byne No. 79, Kingston—Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month in the Prentice Boys' Hall, Market Square. John Davis, Sec. John Porter, Pres. Kingston. Lakefield. Exeter No. 89, Lakefield, Ont.—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the S. O. E. Hall. Visiting brethren made welcome. John C. Baidson, Edmund Sellens, Sec. Pres. Lambton Mills. 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. James Ashman, Pres. J. T. Jarvis, Sec. London. Kensington No. 66—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at Albert Hall, F. G. Truivill, Sec. 131 Dundas st. British Oak No. 82—Alternate Thursdays, Foresters' Hall, Visiting brethren welcome. W. J. Anderson, W. B. Geach, Sec. President. 77 Clarence St. Piccadilly No. 88—Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at Labor Hall, Dufferin Ave. J. Hook, Sec. 280 Maitland st. Midland. 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. Smith's Falls. Guelph No. 124—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays of every month in S.O.E. Hall. A hearty welcome extended to all visiting brethren. G. T. Martin, Pres. Geo. W. Baker, Sec. Box 185.

- Montreal. Yorkshire No. 39, Montreal, meets every alternate Monday at the West End Hall, Chatham street at 8 p.m. R. Whiting, Pres. B. T. Sellars, Sec. No. 132 St. Gabriel street, Turcotte Ville, St. Henri. Excelsior No. 36, Montreal (R.R.D.)—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month at 5 Place d'Armes Square. Visitors welcome. J. Field, Pres. Chas. Chappas, Sec. 102 St. Felix st. Victoria Jubilee No. 41, Montreal—Meets every alternate Friday at the St. George's Hall, cor. Wellington and Richmond sts. F. Brown, Pres. J. A. Edwards, Sec. 201 Magdalen st. Denbigh No. 96—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, in Sons of England Hall, No. 6 Craig Street. Chas. H. Beckwith, Pres. F. W. Cardwell, Sec. 5 Parthenais Sq. Oshawa. 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. John Holmes, Pres. Box 249, Oshawa. Orillia. Hampton No. 58, Orillia—Meets alternate Mondays at Sons of England Hall, Missessauga st. W. H. 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Mistakee No. 88, 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. 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. Rich. Waram, Pres. Box 277. Peterboro' No. 64—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays, at S. O. E. Hall. A. E. Dixon, R. Sec. F. L. Sommerville, Pres. Peterborough. Qu'Appelle Station, Assa. Royal Standard, No. 112—Meets on alternate Thursdays at 7 p.m. A. H. B. Sperling, Sec. G. Purches, Pres. Sault Ste. Marie. Leamington No. 85—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 Friday (W. R. D. 3rd Friday) of every month in Emutinger Block, cor. Talbot and Elgin sts. W. T. Hollins, Sec. J. C. Gilby, Pres. Box 1003. Truro No. 62, 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. Yearseley, 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. Edwin Avery, Sec. Box 16, P.O., Sherbrooke. Stratford. Queen Victoria No. 78—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays in Shakespear Hall. A.H. Hirst, Stratford. Toronto. Albion No. 1, Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen street West. S. Howard, Pres. 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. 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 Oddfellows Hall, cor. Spadina Ave, Queen street, west. J. Baylis, Sec. T. Steele, Pres. 212 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 Weeks' Hall, Parkdale. H. Worman, Pres. W. P. Parsons, Sec. Soraura 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. A. Riddiford, Sec. John Gunter, Pres. 38 Yorkville Avenue. 346 Huron street. 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. C. Meech, Pres. 542 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. Geo. Tylor, Pres. 11 Clarence st. London No. 31, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays at Masonic Hall, Queen st. East. F. W. Ingram, Pres. J. W. Haynes, Sec. 126 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. Malton 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 368 West Toronto Jen.

- Cambridge No. 54, Little York, Toronto—Meet alternate Fridays at Little York Fire Hall. W. H. Clay, Pres. H. Field, 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. F. W. Brown, Pres. Wm. Miles, Sec. 85 Argyle street. 994 Queen st. w. Amalgamated W.R.D. of Norfolk & Birmingham Lodge, 3rd Friday in each month. F. Wooten, Pres. C. Cashmore, Sec. 680 Parliament st. Shaw street. Preston No. 67—Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, A. Room C, Shaftesbury Hall, Queen st. J. J. Pritchard, Sec. 326 Markham st. Birmingham, No. 69—Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, in Dominion Hall, cor. Queen West and Dundas streets. C. M. Cashmore, Sec. H. Fox, Pres. 660 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. Mitchell, Pres. 74 Saultier st. Mercantile No. 81, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Saturday at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen st., west. J. D. Young, Pres. H. E. Johnson, Sec. 42 Yonge st. 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. J. H. Jewell, Pres. A. C. Chapman, Sec. 300 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. Leichfield, No. 146, Toronto—Meets in Prospect Park Rink, corner Prospect and Ontario sts. every second and fourth Tuesday in the month. E. J. Cashmore, Pres. C. M. Cashmore, Sec. 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. F. 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, Sandwich street. Visiting brethren are welcome. Thos. G. Denech, Wm. J. Turner, Sec. 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. P. Coombes, Thos. C. Andrews, Secretary, Box 303. 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.

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

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

This story might with very good reason have been called, "The Crock of Gold." But had he given it that name, the writer feels he would have done an injustice both to the narrative and himself; the only part not original about it, would have been in the name. Hence its present title. Andrew Thoms kept a Sign and Decorative Art establishment in a very ambitious, thought not very flourishing city, in that vast and vague territory known as the Northwest, for cities like individuals, are often ambitious in an inverse ratio to their amount of success in forming themselves into commercial centres. Andy Thoms was a peculiar genius; sometimes his conversation would lead his hearers to suppose that he must at one time have moved in the highest circles, and that he had been personally well acquainted with most of the great people of England from a very remote period in the past. Though not a young man, he still was far removed from senility, but to hear him as occasion might require, fight over again England's battles, from that of Worcester to the great day of Waterloo, one could form no other inference than that the years of his age must be numbered by centuries, and his personal experience as a general or an admiral, have indeed been immense; for in no other way save by inspiration could the knowledge of the details of the engagements which he described have been obtained.

The thoughtless and unread, doubtless put Andy down as a well, remorseless prevaricator; but those better informed, often wondered at the extent of his knowledge of individuals and events which had long since been buried out of mind by the busy throng of every day people, but out of whose earthly career had been evolved, and grown up, the power and wealth of the present English speaking humanity. It may naturally be inferred from this introduction that Andrew would gather around him a strange mixture of acquaintances. Keeping a kind of paint shop on a public street, where it, the shop, not the street, was at all times warm in winter; 'too much company was his greatest bane. Distant, and somewhat morose in manner to strangers, he kept the rank and file of his followers at a distance, while with a few, all in different walks in life, he would unbend and "lay his heart upon his sleeve," in his moments of leisure and confidence. Amongst this class, latterly had come an individual of somewhat gentlemanly carriage, though it must be admitted of a somewhat shady appearance. As he fills a rather important position in this narrative, it may be well to spend a few words in giving a more full description of his personelle. In height, he stood a trifle above the medium, but appeared taller on account of the spareness of his frame, his head which was rather flat, projected at the back, bulged out as it were, over the collar of his coat. His face though peculiar in expression, was not unpleasing save for the eyes, which were sunk deeply in their sockets, and which though clear and bright, it was impossible to define either color or expression, for they were never still a moment, but scintillated and flashed in every other direction save square into the orbs of his interlocutor. Though not to say either dark complexioned, sallow or swarthy; there was what artists call an under tone, though which his otherwise fair complexion appeared of a smoky hue to the observer. His hands were long and somewhat attenuated, hanging pendant from the arms which apparently during the course of years, dragged the latter forward so that he had a kind of stoop. When discussing any subject of interest on which he could get excited, he would flourish his hands and shrug up his shoulders like a Frenchman, having at the same time, a singular habit of pointing with his thumb in all directions, to emphasise his statements. He was evidently a man of leisure, for he would stay for hours in the painter's shop, watching him mixing and laying on his pigments, and when the latter was busy or indisposed for talk, would observe a most rigid silence; though open at all times to enter into discussion when the artist felt so disposed. By some means it had leaked out that this gentleman's name was Mandeville, for formal introductions were certainly not common amongst our hero's circle of acquaintance, and it not infrequently happened, men would become habitués of the shop, who were utterly nameless as far as Andy was concerned, until by some accident he heard their appellation from an outside source. Gradually there grew from mere acquaintance at first, a feeling of friendship toward the stranger on Sandy's part, and he began to extend his confidence to him, to the discussion of his business cares and troubles; the chief one being with the poor sign writer, that which usually affects all men of really original thoughts and ideas, and whose natural independent character arouses the jealousy and ill-will of those who should be their patrons. This trouble was the want of capital in its financial sense. When such matters became the topic of conversation, it was curious to observe the searching glances Mandeville would cast upon the painter as he skillfully put some leading question bearing upon the depth of the moral tone of the latter's mind, and the disappointed look which would cross the features of the former at the honest candid answers he received; for with all his genius, all his practical knowledge upon many subjects, Andy was very simple and unskilled in the ways of the world, and though like most people of a highly imaginative temperament, he might at times draw the bow a little tight when telling a story; still in the practical matters of every day life, he was truthful to a fault—yea reader this statement is correct for we may be too truthful; it is better at times to say nothing, and those times are when telling the truth can do no good, but possibly the reverse. Andy Thoms shop was a kind of museum, picture gallery, and paint shop combined.

The curios around on the shelves were mixed up with a heterogenous combination of paint pots, prints, pictures, and a most singular and incongruous assortment of bottles and cans—No other hand but the owners, could have ever found any one of the thousand and one ingredients and appliances necessary for the proper performance of his art, amid this confusion of matter and material. On a shelf extending the whole length of the rear wall of the shop, was a strange looking jar of a greenish hue; that peculiar tint of color known as verd antique; every one supposed it to be a tobacco jar, and indeed, for a time the painter had used it as such. It was very heavy in proportion to its bulk, a leaden weight to which a knob was attached having been added by its present owner in the days he used it as a receptacle for the weed. During the last few years it had been devoted to a very different purpose, which was as a receptacle for "skewens," the technical name given by gilders to the waste gold leaf which they brush off their finished work. Now, Andy, in the course of time had in this way accumulated about an ounce of the precious metal, and would in moments of confidence lift up the leaden plug and raising the matted mass of gold with the points of the shears from depths of its resting place, triumphantly show it to his friends, laughingly telling them he was going to have it made into a ring for his best girl, meaning his wife; the first time he went to Chicago. Andy in one of his confidential moods, exhibited his wad of gold to the shady stranger, who on his part received the statement about his visit to Chicago in his usual cynical manner; replying, that he guessed if Mrs. T— waited till her husband visited the western metropolis, she would have to remain a long time without her ring. A few days after this confidence he was working in his sanctum, a room upstairs, over the shop, when he heard the front door of the latter burst violently open, a hurried step scuffle across the floor, pause and then a thump which might have been made by a person jumping from a small elevation such as a chair; all this, which takes some time to tell, was but the work of an instant; and before Andy or his dog which was barking vociferously, had time to reach the head of the stairs, they heard the back door which led into a side street, open and shut hurriedly. Both master and dog plunged headlong down, and had scarcely reached the shop, when the front door again suddenly opened, giving ingress to two breathless policemen, one of whom in his hurried zeal collared our hero pretty roughly, before the other, a sergeant, had time to interfere. Finding his mistake, the constable as quickly let go his victim, as he had made the arrest, uttering the enquiry. Where is he, which way did they go? Andy unable to speak from the throttling he had received at the hands of the constable, pointed to the back-door, out of which the policeman rushed leaving his sergeant to make further enquiry. The officer of the law in an apologetic manner, stated that a rather serious robbery had taken place and that the thief had been seen taking refuge in the painters shop, and that he hoped Mr. Toms would not feel aggrieved if in the fulfilment of his duty he proceeded to search the premises. In the nature of things, from the simple architectural construction of the edifice, there was little chance for any place of sufficient capacity to conceal a man, to pass unnoticed, and the unavailing search wns soon over, the sergeant withdrawing, perfectly reticent as to the amount of the robbery. To be continued.

ENGLISHMEN Subscribe for the ANGLO-SAXON 50 cents A YEAR.

**The Royal Navy.**

This column will be devoted to articles, compiled and written specially for this paper by an Englishman, and we hope they will prove both interesting and instructive to our readers; in fact we are sure they will, as every Englishman takes a great interest in the means by which we have for long ages held our supremacy. Notices and descriptions of all new ships built will from time to time be given. The same gentleman has also promised to give us some descriptions of great engineering works in which Englishmen have distinguished themselves.

**WHAT THE NAVY COSTS.**

The Royal Navy costs Great Britain from \$60,000,000, to \$72,000,000 a year; this includes half pay, pensions &c. which make up \$10,000,000. Including the marines there are 65,400 officers and men on the ships books.

The pay of effective officers and seamen is: an Admiral \$17,000 to \$19,500 including allowances; a Vice Admiral, \$12,500 to 15,500 according to the station; Rear Admiral 8,000 to 13,000; the salaries range right away down to the seamen who get from \$90 to \$150 a year, and boys from \$45 to \$90. A Chief Engineer receives \$1,150 to 2,000; with extras this is about the same as a Staff Commander and Navigating Lieutenant; Assistant Engineers get about from \$550 to \$800; Stokers receive \$150 to \$180 and carpenters \$500 to \$800.

The number of ships in commission is about 210 of all classes. Very few people have any idea of the money required to build a modern war-ship. *Agamemnon*, finished in 1885 cost over \$3,000,000, the *Colossus*, 1886 cost about \$4,000,000; the *Edinburgh*, *Collingwood*, *Imperieuse*, *Benbow*, *Camperdown*, and a host of others, finished since 1886, cost from three to four millions dollars. Where this has been paid one would think they would run for a long time without needing any more spending on them for repairs, but this is by no means the case, the ratio of the annual increase is a rapid one, the first year or two from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year is all they require, but when they get from 10 to 20 years old the cost is enormous; the *Hotspur* built in 1872 cost \$800,000 and has since cost \$850,000; the *Alexandre* built in 1877, \$3,250,000, repairs since that time \$550,000; these are only a few examples, but they show that keeping ahead of any three combined navies in the world, is no easy or inexpensive matter.

Although we excel in tonnage, horse power and men of course, our ships are built in a more substantial manner, and the machinery—no small matter in a modern war-ship—is altogether more substantial and reliable than any foreign built vessels.

Of ships now building for the navy, the *Royal Sovereign*, launched a few months ago by Her Majesty; the *Hood*, which will be ready for launching this month; the *Ramilies*, *Resolution* and *Revenge* are five first-class battle ships all well on in construction are 14, 150 tons displacement and have engines of 13,000 horse power, magnificent vessels! the type will be described at a future time.

There are four first class cruisers now near completion; the *Endymion*, *Gibraltar*, *Edgar* and *Havcke*, the *Endymion* was launched on the 22nd of July, the *Edgar* is already completed and her trial trip will or perhaps has been run before this goes to print; these vessels are of 7,350 except the *Gibraltar* which is 7,700 tons caused by sheeting of wood and copper, and are all fitted with engines of 12,000 horse power. The second class cruisers under construction will be described next month.

**A WONDERFUL SHIP, H. M. S., "VULCAN."**

After a long series of delays, owing to various causes, the *Vulcan*, protected torpedo depot ship, has been successfully subjected to an eight hour steam trial, under natural draught, at Portsmouth. She was laid down in June, 1888, from designs by Mr. W. H. White, C. B., and was launched twelve months afterwards, and, though she is equipped with a complement of twenty quick-firing guns, she was specially built as a floating factory and laboratory for torpedo and mining service, and for the conveyance of torpedo craft for the use of a fleet. She is provided with two powerful swan-neck hydraulic cranes hoisting in and out torpedo boats, of which she carries six on her superstructure deck, besides a couple of countermining barges and a steam pinnace. On her main deck is a factory or workshop, well stocked with planing, drilling, shaving, turning, and

slotting machines, together with a furnace, which will enable small castings to be made on board; while on the deck below are storage spaces for submarine mining gear, gun-cotton, and other explosives, and the usual powder magazines. She is also provided with two submerged torpedo stations and four tubes for discharging Whiteheads above water. Her displacement is equal to 6,020 tons, and though her lines are exquisitely beautiful and curved throughout, the height and sweep of her cranes and the amount of top hamper carried give her an extraordinary appearance in the water. She has been fitted by Messrs. Humphrys, Tennant & Co. with a set of vertical triple-expansion engines of the same type as those supplied by the same firm to the *Royal Sovereign* and other battle-ships of the class. The cylinders are of the diameters of 46 in., 50 in., and 88 in., with a stroke of 4 ft. 3 in. Steam is supplied by four double-ended boilers with 24 furnaces, with a working pressure of 155 lbs. to the square inch. The condensers have a total cooling surface of a 11,000 square feet.

It may be interesting to point out in order to enable one to understand what a crowded box of machinery the *Vulcan* really is, that, in addition to her main propelling engines, she is provided with four circulating engines, four fire engines, one drainage engine, two turning engines, two auxiliary engines, two starting engines, one steering engine, five feed engines, 12 fan engines, one workshop engine, four ash-hoists, one capstan engine, three electric lighting engines, two hydraulic engines, and four air-compressing engines, making a total of 50. To these must be added 10 water engines, viz., four bollard, two slewing engines, and four for hoisting, besides the 33 engines of various kinds with which the small craft she carries are equipped. So that, exclusive of her complement of machines, the *Vulcan* is provided with no fewer than 93 engines worked by steam and hydraulic power. Her speed is 18½ knots an hour with natural draught, which will enable her to keep up with the fleet at all times.

**THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.**

One of the most interesting and instructive of modern exhibitions, is that now being held in England, the Royal Naval Exhibition.

There it is that we can see almost at a glance the cause and the growth of England's greatness. Models of the old wooden ships; Nelson's flagship the *Victory* is there in full size, and fitted up in exactly the same (or as near as existing records make it possible), it was constructed from the original plans. The *Victory* still exists and is used as a training ship but almost every portion of it has been renewed, and made to meet the requirements of modern ideas and conveniences, so that it is like the old man's knife that belonged to great grand-father but which had the blade renewed several times and once had a new handle put to the blade; so this model is exceedingly interesting to Englishmen, almost the greatest attraction.

Here we can see the growth of the marine engine from the time when the low pressure engines working with 5lbs of steam up to the modern quadruple expansion engines working with a boiler pressure of nearly 200lbs to the square inch.

There is a small lake in the grounds where electric launches are in working order and on which takes place a mimic battle between two models of different types of modern warships.

Electricity is well represented showing that Englishmen are not at all behind in this, one might say, new science; notwithstanding all we hear from the States.

The exhibition is a financial success and a considerable balance over work-expenses has been realized which will be handed over to charitable institutions.

**AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE NAVY.**

Details of the great naval review which took place during a recent visit of the German Emperor to England, are coming to hand, and fully explain the wonder expressed over the strength of the British fleet. The Emperor from his yacht saw a line ten miles in length of the fastest and best-armed vessels in the world file past him with the regularity and precision of a series of infantry platoons. Included torpedo-boats, there were 113 ships of war, twenty of which were heavy-armed battle-ships, twenty-nine cruisers and commerce destroyers, and the remainder gunboats and lighter vessels. Not counting the machine-guns and smaller ordnance, these vessels, carried 558 high-power guns, among them 69-ton and 80-ton guns, while the force necessary to man and

handle the ships and armament amounted to 21,107 men.

Yet while this vast naval force was parading at Spithead, the British navy was maintaining its patrol of the seas as usual, and in every quarter of the world guarding the political and material interests of the British Empire. At the same time war-vessels of all descriptions were tied up in dock yards and harbors, wanting but little to fit them for active service, while they were in process of construction a series of battle-ships which it is expected, will, within three years, double the efficiency of the navy. More than that there were sailing in the Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean British merchant fleets which, at the first note of war can be converted into commerce protectors, leaving the regular navy for more serious service.—*American Ec.*

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## Sons of England News.

## S. O. E. NOTES.

Bro. H. Evison, D. D. of Collingwood has opened a Cigar and Tobacco Store at Young Street, Toronto, next door to the Musée. On the opening day, Aug. 22nd, Mercantile Lodge brethren at the conclusion of their meeting marched down in a body to Bro. Evison's Store and gave him a surprise party much to his surprise and delight. This is the right way to welcome a brother Englishman, and make him feel that he is amongst friends.

TORONTO.—We have received from Bro. C. M. Cashmore, 660 Parliament street, Toronto, Sec. of Lichfield Lodge, No. 146, an order for the insertion of their lodge card, demonstrating to the Order the utility of the lodges putting their cards in our directory. Accompanying the order was a nicely printed card giving the place and night of meeting and the names of the officers.

On Tuesday, September 3rd, Albion lodge, Toronto, held an important meeting, when matters having a direct interest for Englishmen were discussed. During the evening speeches were made on behalf of the insurance branch of the S. O. E., which was shown to be growing rapidly in favor to the members. The Imperial Federation League has furnished all the S. O. E. lodges of Toronto, with a card giving its headquarters, 9 King street west, and the cost of membership, which is 25 cents for membership registration in Canada, and the same for England.

CALGARY.—United Roses, No. 117, of Calgary, N.W.T., on the afternoon of their anniversary spent a most enjoyable afternoon, by having a hare and hounds chase. A very interesting description of the chase was given by the *Calgary Herald*.

WINNIPEG.—A united picnic of lodges Westward Oh! No. 98 and Neptune, No. 144, which was held at West Selkirk, on August 24th. Bro. C. Connors was chairman, and Bro. A. J. Craston, sec. treas., of a very large committee. The programme contained a list of 21 events, with about 75 prizes. A most interesting event was the swimming exhibition given by Prof. Hutchinson in the afternoon.

FINMARK.—"Enclosed is \$1 for my subscription to the *ANGLO-SAXON*. I am pleased to say that I am very well pleased with the paper, and I think that every true Son of England ought to subscribe for it."—Thos. Walmsley.

LONGFORD MILLS.—Asaph Lodge, No. 139, holds a parlor social on Sept. 19, the funds to be devoted to the formation of a contingent fund. A choice programme has been prepared. The steamer *Longford* will leave Orillia at 7.15 p.m. returning after the social.

## Toronto.

We have received, through the office of the Supreme Grand Secretary, the names of the lodges and secretaries addresses, of the lodges opened since the publication of the last Grand Lodge Report. They are as follows:

- 134 Cambria lodge, J. H. Baxter, Gananoque, Ont.
- 135 Selby lodge, B. T. Peters, Canton, Ont.
- 136 Clarence lodge, F. S. Burge, Lennoxville, P.Q.
- 137 Gainsborough lodge, A. Ward, Box 72, Burks Falls, Ont.
- 138 Seven Oaks lodge, D. P. Caley, Waterford, Ont.
- 139 St. Asaph lodge, H. E. Pearcey, Longford Mills, Ont.
- 140 Liverpool lodge, Geo. Price, Goderich, Ont.
- 141 Ludlow lodge, A. H. Watson, Thornbury, Ont.
- 142 Chatham lodge, F. W. Chorley, 83 Sullivan st., Toronto.
- 143 Londesborough lodge, Jno. Lasham, Londesborough, Ont.
- 144 Neptune, A. H. Price, 598 Fort st., n., Winnipeg, Manitoba.
- 145 Epping lodge, Rosseau.
- 146 Lichfield lodge, C. M. Cashmore, 660 Parliament st., Toronto.
- 147 Royal Rose lodge, E. Pickering, 331 St. Joseph st., Lachine.
- 148 Eaton lodge, J. E. Laphorn, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
- 149 Kenilworth lodge, E. W. Thurston, New Glasgow, N. S.
- 150 Halifax lodge, R. Theakson, Halifax, N. S.
- 151 Islington lodge, A. D. Thomas, Fredericton, N. B.

## DISTRICT DEPUTIES APPOINTED FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

J. H. Bell, Prince Edward Island. Canon Partridge, Halifax, N. S. A. S. Dodson, New Glasgow, N. S. Geo. H. Parker, New Brunswick.

York Lodge, No. 6, met on the 13th ult. The W. P. in the chair. One new member was initiated, and two proposed for membership.

Preston Lodge, No. 67, met in Shaftesbury Hall on the 12th ult. The W. P. in the chair.

The W. P. of the lodge received a warm welcome from the members present as it was his first appearance since his long and protracted illness, which we are glad to say he has overcome and is now in his usual health.

Brighton Lodge, No. 7, met in Shaftesbury Hall on the 21st ult. The W. P. in the chair.

Bro. Ed. Poole, Barrister-at-Law, of Rugby Lodge, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture, entitled "Impressions of England by a Canadian." Bro. Poole was listened to with all the attention which a lecturer could desire; he warmly praised the institutions and people of the old country, which met with a responsive echo in the hearts of his audience. The writer would recommend other lodges in the city to avail themselves of Bro. Poole's services, as he is a lecturer of a high order. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer for the treat he had afforded the members present.

Queen Juvenile Lodge, No. 4, held their usual meeting on 14th ult. in Shaftesbury Hall.

There was a good attendance of both juvenile and adult members. The lodge is evidently in a prosperous condition. A committee was appointed to arrange for an entertainment to be given the juniors on Friday, September 11th, which, if arrangements can be made, will be continued monthly.

A meeting was held on the 14th ult. in the committee room of Shaftbury Hall, of City Lodge delegates, to reorganize the Hospital Board. The meeting was a success, and the following officers were elected:—

Bro. H. Aisthorpe, York Lodge, Chair'n  
" J. F. Johnson, Surrey Lodge, Sec'y.  
" W. George, Warwick Lodge, Treas.  
" J. Webster, Kent Lodge, Vice Chair. Trustees.

Bro. R. Patching, Mercantile Lodge.  
" F. J. Davis, Windsor Lodge.  
" R. R. Freeman, Norfolk Lodge.

A code of laws has been drawn up for the guidance of the board, and, in future, any brother who has the misfortune to become a temporary inmate of the hospital will receive every necessary attention at the hands of the Hospital Board.

A Smoking Concert was held on 18th ult. in the pavilion, Ward's Island, Toronto, by Lodge, St. Alban's, No. 78.

The W. P. of the lodge acted as chairman.

The talent was of a first-class order, and the arrangements for the comfort of visitors were all that could be desired. A special boat was retained to convey the audience back to the city at the close of the concert. The only drawback was the exuberance of spirit displayed by some of the younger members, which became demonstrative during the evening so as to cause a large number to leave earlier than they would have done, and marred, what we have no doubt would have been an enjoyable evening.

Lodge Hull, No. 104, met in Cameron Hall, Cameron St., Queen St., West on 11th ult.

The W. P. in the chair. One member was initiated and two proposed for membership. Bro. W. Barker, P. D. D. acted as P. P. during the initiation ceremony and afterwards addressed the lodge.

Bro. J. H. Jewell has proved a very active and interested President and the result is that the lodge is in a high state of efficiency. The attendance was remarkable, the lodge room being well filled and all the officers in respective positions, notwithstanding the great heat. The president is to be congratulated upon such a good showing.

The Annual Picnic and games of Stafford Lodge, No. 32, were held on 22nd ult. There were races for Boys, Old Men's race, Young Ladies' race, Member's wives' race, Three Legged race, Member's Daughters' race and Committee race, and we must not forget to mention the prizes for Children, which proved very popular. The committee, Bros. Authwaite, McNaughton and White with Bros. T. Burton Jr., T. Bailey and T. Yeomans, as Chairman, Treasurer, and Secretary respectively are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts, which resulted in an afternoon of enjoyment for all of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

The prizes which were most varied amounted in value in the aggregate to \$100.00.

The S.O.E. Naval Brigade held their usual meeting on 25th ult. in Shaftesbury Hall, Bro. H. G. Brown, Sub-Lieut. occupied the chair.

The report of the state of the Brigade in Toronto was of a most encouraging character.

Bro. Geo. Tyler, Commander-in-Chief, and Bro. W. Barker, Admiralty Paymaster were present.

Boston Lodge, No. 129 met in Ossington Hall Dundas Street on 27th ult. The W. P. occupied the chair.

One new member was initiated and three proposed for membership. Bro. W. Barker, Past D. D. was visiting and addressed the members at some

length. At the call of the President a standing vote of thanks was tendered Bro. Barker for the pleasure given to the members by his admirable speech. A scheme was commenced for the furtherance of the beneficiary department by subscribing ten cents each meeting night; each subscriber in turn will receive a beneficiary certificate for \$1,000 when the amount of \$3.00 has been accumulated. May success attend the object they have in view.

The fourth annual Tug of War and Games of the combined Toronto Lodges, was held on Saturday afternoon, 29th ult. in Moss Park Rink, Shuter Street. A large number of games were indulged in, including racing and jumping.

The centre of interest was in the Tug of War. Lodges London, Albion, Stafford and Manchester competed, with the result that London proved too much for their antagonists and came off victorious. The prize competed for was a handsome cup presented by the London Life Insurance Co.; the conditions of the contest are that before the cup becomes the property of any lodge it must be won three years in succession by the same lodge. London will have to win the contests against all comers for the next two years in order to become the happy possessors of the coveted cup. Bro. T. Claxton's band discoursed sweet music. Bros. R. Ivens, S.G.P., T. K. Skippon, P.G.P.; Dr. J. T. King and Bro. J. W. Carter, S.G.S., were present and rendered valuable assistance. A committee of management was made up of members of Albion Lodge who justified their selection by the admirable manner in which every detail was carried out. The prizes distributed for the various contests were numerous and valuable. A feature of the occasion was the large number of the opposite sex who graced the company with their delightful presence and evidently took great interest in the various contests of strength and speed.

## TO JUVENILE LODGES.

At a meeting of Secretaries and delegates from the Juvenile Lodges in Toronto and vicinity, held on 27th ult., and which was called by the order of the Supreme Grand President, it was decided to call all the Committee and officers of the Juvenile Lodges to send a delegate to our next meeting to be held at Shaftesbury Hall on the 24th of September at 8 p. m. Those lodges who may feel that they would be incurring too great expense, in sending delegates, are desired to send suggestions upon the forming of such a constitution and ritual as will obviate the necessity of lodges forming a By Law, and thus ensure unanimity in working the lodges.

Lodges sending By Laws and suggestions, are requested to forward them so that the papers may reach me by the 20th September if possible.

W. H. Syms, Sec. pro. tem.

24 Eden Place, Toronto.

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

## THE OLD FLAG UNFURLED IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

## THE FIRST LODGE OPENED BY

S.G.P. Ivens and P.S.G.P. Swait, Enthusiastically Received.

Our remarks re the prospects of opening Lodges of the S. O. E. in the Lower Provinces have been realized.

We take the following from the *Daily Patriot* of Charlottetown of August 11th:—

On Thursday evening Mr. R. Ivens, Supreme Grand President, accompanied by Mr. Swait, Past Supreme Grand President of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, arrived in this city, having come for the purpose of establishing a lodge of the above order in Charlottetown. On Friday morning in company with Messrs. J. D. Laphorn and John H. Bell they visited the places of interest in and around the city, and afterwards drove out to Shaw's Hotel, Brackley Beach. In the evening a meeting was held in Orange Hall, at which a large number of candidates were admitted to the Order. "Eton" was the name chosen for the lodge, after the famous English University. This is the first lodge that has been organized in the Maritime Provinces although it is one of the largest and most influential Societies of the Upper Provinces and is also firmly established in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia. The principal officers of 'Eton' Lodge for the present term are:—President; J. D. Laphorn,

Past Pres; J. H. Bell, who was also appointed Deputy District Officer. The remaining officers will be reported next meeting. In the course of his remarks the Supreme Grand Pres. paid a pleasing tribute to the beauty and fertility of our Island. He said, "we have often heard the Island called the Garden of America but never until to-day had he the slightest idea of the beauty and fertility of this delightful spot. The following is an extract from his remarks:—It is indeed a veritable garden. During my residence of sixteen years in Canada, in which I have travelled considerably, I have seen no place that so pleasantly reminds me of home, as P. E. Island. Driving along the grassy lanes with fragrant hawthorne hedges, and fields of the most beautiful green on either hand, one could easily imagine himself back on the soil of Old England herself. To-day has been to me one of the most enjoyable for many years.

## Calgary, N. W. T.

About fifty sat down to supper in the S. of E. Hall on the anniversary of Lodge. The tables were loaded with good cheer, in both solid and liquid form and those present did not fail to appreciate and do full justice to the same. The President, G. C. King, Esq., presided with his usual ability, the vice chairs being filled by Messrs. E. Cave and A. Sheldon. The president rose and proposed the toast of The Queen, which was enthusiastically drunk, all joining in singing the National Anthem; after which the following toasts, interspersed with singing, recitations, etc., were given. The President, was proposed by Mr. Shelton, and was replied to by Mr. King in appropriate terms. Mr. Shelton also proposed The Anniversary, which was drunk amid great cheering, Mr. Shelton offering some suitable remarks. Mr. Doughty proposed the health of the worthy Vice President, Mr. Cave, and that of his estimable wife, who had contributed in so large a degree to the success of the paper chase in the afternoon. The members present showed their appreciation by drinking their health amidst much applause. The toast of Our Visitors resulted in calls for Messrs. Nolan, Bra-

den and West, who all responded most suitably. The toast to the Whippers in and the Hares, in the paper chase, was coupled with the names of Messrs. Topp, Doughty, Winters, Thompson, The Ladies, brought Messrs. Shelton, Nolan, Topp and Thompson, to their feet, who also spoke feelingly on the subject. The following gentlemen contributed heartily to the evening's entertainment, by songs or recitations, Messrs. Slingsby, Winters, Rawlinson, Turnock, Allen, Henderson, Whitmee, Roy and George. It was an evening of unrestricted enjoyment, all present having thrown aside the cares of life for the time being and entering into the spirit of the fun with a laudable desire to make the evening a memorable one in the history of the Society. The boys came out strong in the choruses and fairly made the building tremble. The Sons of England know well how to entertain their friends and as hosts are unequalled. The rain, no doubt, prevented many from attending who otherwise would have done so, and when they come to know what they missed they will regret it for many a day. We trust the S. of E. will repeat last evening's entertainment at no very distant day.—*Calgary Herald*.

## CANADA AND ANNIHILATION OF TIME.

What the future has in store for use in their way of time-annihilators is uncertain, but while the annals of rail-roading last the tremendous feat that has just been accomplished in bringing the Yokohama mails across the North American continent in a little over three days will command admiration. Twenty days from Yokohama to Liverpool! The Pacific, the continent of North America and the Atlantic traversed in less than the time which it took the first steamer to cross the Atlantic alone. We are already comparing the records for the Atlantic passage in hours and minutes. How long will it be before the records for the still more magnificent distances will be similarly compared?—*Philadelphia Times*.

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