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BRITISH UNITY.

The public press of Great Britain—in commenting on the reply of Lord Salisbury to a deputation of the Imperial Federation League, urging the calling of another Colonial Conference, on the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country—adopt an attitude on the question, largely, if not entirely, of a sympathetic character towards the objects of the League—in striking contrast to that of a few years ago—and making it manifest that the question of Federal Union, or the alternative disruption of the Empire, is fast approaching the arena of "practical politics." We hold that every British citizen, in Britain or the colonies, is entitled to share equally, and to the fullest extent, in the *privileges and responsibilities* of the Empire—and that those privileges should be allowed only to those prepared to share the responsibilities.

This principle, applied in practice to matters of commerce and naval and military defence, would quickly solve Imperial Federation problems. Equal rights in Imperial questions, the colonists have not with citizens of the British Islands, but why? Simply because they do not pay their share of Imperial expenses, and they will not agree to pay it until they have their fair voice in Imperial councils. The colonists occupy an ignominious position, as mere sponges on the resources of the English taxpayer, and in consequence are refused a hearing on Imperial questions except as an act of grace. Let it be boldly proclaimed at all cost—that the right to secede from the Union belongs to no one part of it, and that the whole is our national heritage and birthright. Let a commercial union, on either a free import or revenue tariff basis, be adopted as may be agreed, for all parts of the Empire; discriminating against any portion electing to be commercially isolated. Let there be a Union for war throughout the Empire, upon the most thoroughly comprehensive plan, so as to be fully prepared at all times for common united action. Let every part of the Empire, enjoying the protection of the naval and military services, be bound to pay strictly its fair quota; then a Federal governing Senate or Council for the whole Empire could fittingly assume the control of a really United Empire.

DISCRIMINATIONS: The Rev. Principal Grant of Kingston attended Col. Vincent's Halifax meeting and addressed the meeting in his remarkably cogent manner. Speaking of trade preferences in Canada's markets he asked them if the 60 millions in the States and the 40 millions the British islands made a preferential trade arrangement leaving Canada out in the cold, how would we regard a deal of that kind? Imagine Canada's righteous indignation! but it is infinitely more unworthy action that Canada is asked to perpetrate towards the Empire by some of our political guides, when she is asked to allow the imports from a nation declared (by the Hon. O. Mowat) to be "hostile" to us, to be admitted free while we taxed British exports to this country,—from our Motherland,—and under whose fostering care and protection we enjoy every blessing we proudly boast of to-day. Possibly when Britain slaps our face and spits on us, as the Yankees do, we shall learn to evince the same respect for and servility towards her as we do to the Yankee Republicans.

ON APPROVAL.

"What on earth d'ye call that thing?" I asked, poking with my stick at a bunch of grapes poised airily upon a brass stand.

"That thing," replied my cousin proudly, "is the very latest Parisian fashion in bonnets."

I sank back into the little lounge that ran along the side of the room—you couldn't insult anything so daintily with the name of "shop"—and gazed upon its owner with an exclamation more profane than appropriate.

It must at once be confessed that she was a charming object to gaze at. There was an expression of wicked amusement in her large gray eyes, and the black gown she wore in mourning for her husband—poor Jack Henderson, who was killed in the Sudan—set off the lines of her slender young figure, and threw her golden hair and fair skin prettily into relief.

"Pull yourself together, my dear boy," she continued, opening the door of an old carved oak cabinet, "and I will show you something that even your crude male intellect will appreciate. If you don't say it's lovely I'll never let you inside the shop again. You may flatten your nose against the window, or stroll disconsolately up and down the street in vain! No more chais, no more teas in the back room!"

So saying, she lifted gingerly from the shelf a large hat, and planting it upon her pretty head, turned triumphantly towards me. It was lovely—quite lovely—a sort of arrangement in amethyst velvet and feathers to match. Being only a miserable and ignorant male, of course I can't describe it, but it was uncommonly becoming, and indeed Nina looked like a Gainsborough picture. I told her so and gushed over it sufficiently to satisfy her.

"It's my own idea, shape and all, and there isn't another like it in the world. I may possibly copy it, but I am not sure. It depends upon who buys it. How I wish you were a woman, Ronald!" she sighed regretfully, "and I would make you buy it for Ascot to-morrow."

"I wish I were, my dear. But why don't you go and wear it yourself?"

"Gracious! and leave the shop for a whole day at this early stage of its existence! You gentlemen have no more idea of business than a baby. No, I can't go; but I hope you'll have a lucky day and a good time, and, Ronald, dear, if you were nice you'd just look in one day soon and tell me what sort of day you had. Oh! and be sure you don't forget to notice what hats and bonnets people wore."

"I promised to do my best and took my leave."

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Ronald?" asked my mother, three days later.

"I wish you to come and call with me on the Vanderdeekens."

"Can't, my dear mother. Promised to go and see Nina."

Visions of Miss Vanderdeeken, rich as Croesus, but oh! so deadly dull, hastened my movements, and I was half way to Oxford street before my mother could call me back. I found Mme. Destrier, as my cousin calls herself, just parting with a customer. The hat was in her hand.

"I've sold it," she cried gleefully; "just sold it to that nice girl for five guineas."

"Awwfully glad, I'm sure. But, my dear girl, I've a shock in store for you. I saw the very model and marrow of that hat at Ascot the day before yesterday."

"You couldn't, you couldn't! Who was wearing it?" she cried sharply.

"One of our reigning professional beauties—Lady Loddington."

"Lady Loddington!" gasped Nina, catching hold of the chair behind her. "Ronald, are you sure you aren't making any mistake?"

"I swear I'm not. She had on a frock the color of the hat, and she looked simply ripping. I paid her all the compliments I could think of in the five minutes I was talking to her."

"The cheat, the swindle of it!" cried my cousin, white with anger.

"My dear girl, calm yourself: I'm sorry for you, but great minds, as you know, will jump, and some other clever woman has had the same idea as you."

"Lady Loddington was wearing this very hat. Listen, I'll tell you the whole story. The same afternoon you called a lady came in beautifully dressed and asked to see some hats. I saw who she was, though I've never met her—I don't want to meet her," savagely; "one sees quite enough of her in all the shop-windows."

"One does," I remarked, sotto voce.

"She wanted a hat the color of this one."

so I brought it out and showed it to her and told her the price, and explained why it was so expensive. "Oh, I don't mind giving that for the hat," she said, "it is well worth it. I am quite in love with it, Mme. Destrier, but I daren't buy it without letting my husband see it. He is so very particular about what I wear. Could I have it sent around to-night for him to look at? I would let you know some time to-morrow whether I would take it or not."

"Of course I said I should be glad to send it, and she gave me the address, and the hat went round that evening. Last night she sent it back and said she was very sorry, but Lord Loddington didn't think it suited her. I thought it looked a little tumbled, but one has to run those risks when one sends goods on approval. She had determined to have that hat just to wear for one day, and she was too mean to get it honestly."

"Of course you'll have it out with her—you'll expose her!" I said.

"My dear boy, I would if I dared, but can't afford to. It would drive half my customers away from me, and I must think of Hugo and Giles. They don't cost much while they are such tinies, but I want to give them every advantage, the darlings, and I was left so badly off, and the business is just beginning to pay so well. I daren't run the risk of exposing Lady Loddington's meanness."

"I had forgotten your children. No, I see it wouldn't do. Trust me to give her a mutton quart d'heure if I get the chance."

"Promise you'll be careful. Think of the boys!"

"I won't injure the dear little chaps, you best of mothers."

"Well, in that case I only hope fortune may favor you."

Fortune did favor me at last, but she kept me waiting until the Autumn, like the tickle jade she always is. My chance came in this wise:

My uncle asked me up to his place in Scotland for shooting; and I went. The old gentleman is a very connoisseur of beauty, and every pretty woman of note is bound to be asked up to D. sooner or later. I got there in time to dress hurriedly and appear in the drawing-room just as my uncle was telling every one whom they were to take in.

I was introduced to some girl—I haven't a notion who she was, but I gave her my arm and took her down to dinner, murmuring commonplaces on the way. The truth is, I was half-famished with my journey and my one idea was dinner. It was not till I was well on with the fish stage that I looked at my left hand neighbor. It was Lady Loddington herself.

"I haven't seen you since we met at Ascot," she remarked pleasantly.

She certainly is a most lovely woman, by the way. I stared blankly and she went on, with an air of well-acted reproach:

"I believe you have forgotten we ever met there."

Here was my chance; I seized it.

"Forgotten! Why, I remember every word you said, the color of your gown and even the very hat you wore—the loveliest and most becoming hat I ever saw in my life."

The compliment told.

"I don't believe you do," she pouted.

"Upon my word I do. It was a sort of big affair of amethyst velvet and feathers to match. I remember it with double force, because I made a cousin of mine quite angry with the mere description of it. I don't know if you have ever met her. She has gone into millinery, like everybody else. She calls herself 'Mme. Destrier.'"

I looked Lady Loddington full in the face, and laid a peculiar emphasis on the name.

"I never saw any one so thoroughly caught in my life. I knew in a moment that she knew I knew, as Punch would put it. She turned perfectly scarlet to the roots of her hair, and then quite white, and didn't speak for at least a moment. Then she pulled herself together as only a woman can and adroitly changed the subject."

But she has been monstrously civil to me ever since, much to the surprise of my friends. I am plain and uninteresting; I am not a personage; I haven't a farthing—not even expectations—and they can't make out where the attraction lies. They had better ask Mme. Destrier, of Oxford street, to enlighten them.

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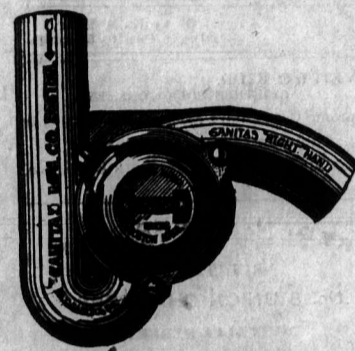
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SALLY.

By Albert Fleming.

IT was a hot day in August, one of those reeking hot days that begin to be hot early in the morning and go on getting hotter and hotter till nearly midnight.

In the year 1870 Cow court and its unwholesome cluster of neighbors still clung to the skirts of Holborn and festered round St. Alban's church, stretching from Gray's inn road to Leather lane. The fine shops and warehouses, that now adorn Gray's inn road then only existed in the brain of some city architect.

On this August evening a young man was passing through Leather lane in search of Cow court. He was dressed in the latest West End fashion; but even the hideous chimney pot hat, pointed shoes and rigid collar could not disguise his comeliness.

Kenneth Gordon was down from Oxford, and had been calling on one of the clergymen at St. Alban's, who had asked him to take a letter to a dying girl in Cow court. He strode through the dingy street, sometimes asking his way of one of the residential ladies of Leather lane, and always winning a civil answer by the force of his genial smile.

When Kenneth left No. 7, a child was lying in a doorway just opposite. Dirt, famine, and ill-usage had effectually obscured the bloom of youth in her. Her face was so dirty that he could only see two large eyes flashing from a tangled mass of hair.

"What's that?" cried a woman from an inner room. "Oh," said another, "it's only Tim awaking up his gell."

As Kenneth left No. 7 he saw this kick and heard Sally's scream. He instantly strode across the court. Tim was girding himself up for more kicks. For the first time in his life he found this simple pastime of his interfered with.

turned on him like a wild beast, the veins in his great bull's neck swelling like cords. "Who the—-are you! Can't a man kick his own gell? Get out of this, or I'll kick you, too!" Then, in mere bravado, he lifted his foot to give the girl another refresher.

"Blood'll tell," she said oracularly, as she saw Kenneth straighten himself for the fight; he had boxed at Oxford, and was in fair condition, sound in wind, above all temptations and cool. The first round resulted to him that Tim fought in a very effective but utterly unscientific manner.

When they got home Kenneth carried the tired girl in, and seeing that she was not fit for the drawing room, placed her on the mat in the hall, where she lay—a little heap of rags, dirt and towzled hair. As he entered the drawing room he heard Aunt Hannah reading in her very emphatic voice the summary of a paper she intended to deliver at a charity organization conference next day.

"Ah, blood has told!" When Kenneth pulled down his shirt sleeves and turned to the crowd to demand his coat and waistcoat they were not forthcoming—they had vanished. Then Kenneth flashed out, called them curs, sneaks and thieves. Cow court being accustomed to language of far greater pungency, preserved an unbroken calm.

"Just then he felt something at his feet. He had almost forgotten the girl he had fought for. She had crawled to his feet and kissed them; there was a pathetic and dog-like fidelity in her look and gesture.

Kenneth lived in an old-fashioned house in Kensington, fenced from the outer world by well grown trees. His father and mother had lived there before him, and had died there. Kenneth then asked his two aunts to live with him.

Next morning Kenneth surveyed the position. Of course he could send Sally to a workhouse school, or to a refuge, but he did not want to let the girl he had won by his bow and spear drift away from him.

"Has the devil broken loose?" The door was flung open, and the servants dragged in Sally. She resisted violently, kicking, plunging, and swearing like a trooper.

"What on earth does she mean?" "Why, sir, after breakfast James began to clean your boots as usual, and she flew at him like a tiger, tore them out of his hands, broke a plate over his head, and swore she'd kill him. And as for her language—

"I thought I saw tears in her eyes," said Mattie. "And what handsome eyes!" said Kenneth. "Now, just answer me this," said Hannah. "What on earth made you bring this vagrant here? You plunge into some filthy court, get your head cut open and have this creature flung on your hands. If it is sentimental rubbish, you are a bigger fool than I thought you. If you flatter yourself it's philanthropy you have begun at the wrong end."

"It's a little of both. You do your philanthropy in a scientific, wholesale way; I am beginning mine with a small retail sample. And it is sentiment, too, for I feel rather like a knight who has rescued a maiden and is forbidden by the laws of chivalry to abandon her."

"Then, by the laws of the Round Table, the knight is bound to wed the maiden, and—I wish you joy of your bargain." "Well, aunt, let Sally have a month under your supervision and then we will hold another meeting upon her." The aunts at last reluctantly agreed to give her a trial.

The month passed and even Aunt Hannah owned that there was "good stuff" in that girl. Mattie had her baptized and called her Sarah Hope. Hope was a name of good augury. She quickly fitted herself to the ways of the house, never forgot anything, never shirked her work and only had two outbreaks—but they were bad ones, and crockery flew about so freely that Aunt Hannah tied her hands behind her back and locked her up till Kenneth returned.

Six months after Kenneth's memorable fight there was no little commotion in Cow court one afternoon, for Biddy announced her intention of "looking up that gell." Out of a dirty receptacle she produced Kenneth's card. It had changed to a dull yellow, for whenever the famous tale was told of how the "young swell licked Tim" the card was handed round to finish off the story.

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"I have been thinking about Sally," he began. "I am sure, Aunt Hannah, you will help me." He was interrupted by a sound of crashing china—a scuffle, accompanied by piercing shrieks and the sound of hurrying feet. Aunt Hannah made a dash at the bell, exclaiming:

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"A perfect little savage!" said Hannah. "Two years at a reformatory might do good; but I doubt it." "I thought I saw tears in her eyes," said Mattie. "And what handsome eyes!" said Kenneth. "Now, just answer me this," said Hannah. "What on earth made you bring this vagrant here? You plunge into some filthy court, get your head cut open and have this creature flung on your hands. If it is sentimental rubbish, you are a bigger fool than I thought you. If you flatter yourself it's philanthropy you have begun at the wrong end."

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unchanged in one thing—the true wild heathen heart had gone out to Kenneth when he fought for her, and remained his ally. Her love had grown with her growth—education and refinement were as sunshine and dew to it, fostering and feeding. At first it was arranged that she was to be trained for service, but her wonderful development altered their plans. Then she was to be apprenticed to some first-rate shop; and, lastly, trained as a teacher. So she was sent to Kensington high school, and spent her holidays at Bedford lodge. She was gardening one June morning soon after Kenneth's departure, and Aunt Hannah watched the tall, lithe figure moving about among the flowers.

"Who," she exclaimed, "would ever have believed that the dirty child Kenneth brought home that memorable evening would ever look like that?"

"She might be Flora, amid her own flowers," said Mattie, gently. The very sight of the girl seemed to bring gladness into the hearts of the two old spinsters. Aunt Hannah had softened wonderfully under Sally's pretty influences, and, as for Mattie, Sally was enshrined in her heart next to her own dear Kenneth.

"Sister," said Hannah, abruptly, leaving the window, "we ought to think seriously about Sally. We love her dearly, but—"

"But what?" asked Mattie, anxiously.

"But, of course, she comes out of the gutter. Our first duty is to Kenneth—we must let him run no risk."

"He has no thought of that; besides he won't be back for five years."

"She must go to a good boarding school and be trained as a governess. She is pretty now; what will she be when she has outgrown the awkward age?"

"But, Hannah, don't let us lose her altogether."

"Men always make fools of themselves over beauty, and always will." At this moment Sally came to the open window with two posies in her hand. Her cheeks were flushed with a tender, rosy glow, her eyes sparkled with happy life.

"This is for you," she cried, pinning the posy in Aunt Mattie's dress.

"Flowers are for the young, dear, the old never want them till the end comes. Nevertheless, Mattie tucked them in prettily and glanced at the mirror. Then Sally made a dash at Aunt Hannah, but was repulsed with:

"Be off with your tomfoolery, Sally! Put your flowers in water and go and practice." But Sally coaxed till she gained her point, and the servants started to see Aunt Hannah's uncompromising left shoulder daintily adorned.

"After lunch Mattie tried to look stern, though tears stood in her loving old eyes.

"Sarah, my dear," she said (Sally started at the unusual "Sarah"), "you are 14 now and we have determined to send you to a good boarding school."

"What! leave you all!" cried Sally, turning pale.

"You will spend part of your holidays here, perhaps," said Aunt Hannah. "Remember, you have to earn your living. My nephew can't always keep you in idleness." Sally's dark eyes flashed, as she answered:

"He has done so much; you may trust me to do the rest. They said at school I had a fine voice. If I worked hard I might—"

"You'd have to toil for years to earn even your bread, but I'll see to it."

She did so and speedily. The very next day Aunt Hannah walked Sally off to a professor to give his opinion of her singing. Aunt Hannah sat upright, umbrella in hand.

"You will understand, professor, my opinion is there's been no real singing since Malibran died, and I'd have half your modern screaming women gagged. This girl thinks she has a voice, so let her sing to you and have done with it."

When Sally had finished one verse of a ballad, Aunt Hannah ejaculated, "Goodness, gracious, bless the girl!"

"At the end of the second, the professor said: "The voice is a real contralto of great beauty, but it needs training and years of hard study."

"It shall have both," said Aunt Hannah.

VI

Sally was to come at five. Kenneth wondered what she was like. He expected to find her neat, orderly and well-mannered. At five he went into the drawing room and waited. Five-fifteen and no Sally—five thirty and she came. For a moment he stared at her in silence—the years had done so much. She stood with outstretched hand—her great, soft eyes sought his. He noticed in a stupefied way that she moved with exquisite grace and lightness. He would have liked to kiss her, but that was clearly out of the question, so he warmly grasped her hand in both his.

"Why, Sally dear, my little girl grown into a tall young lady!"

Deep as any "inmost heart of rose" the young blood flushed into Sally's cheeks.

"Yes," she answered, "but still the same Sally." Then Sally took sweet count of him in one quick, shy glance. Her heart told her that never had she seen anything so goodly as this bright young Englishman, as he stood before her with gay, glad eyes. Half playfully, half tenderly, he led her to a sofa, and said:

"Now, Sally, tell me everything."

"Where shall I begin?"

"From the moment I left England. When I left, you had high shoulders and wore short frocks, and called me 'sir.'"

"I must call you 'sir' still. But look at the dear old room—it isn't a bit changed. I wonder who has dusted it since I've been away!" Then she went to seek the aunts.

"To think that she came out of Cow court!" said Kenneth, watching her cross the hall, "and that weeds can grow into such sweet flowers! But I won't make a fool of myself."

"And now, Sally, sing to us," said Aunt Hannah after dinner.

This was the supreme moment Sally had looked forward to for years. She knew she had a superb voice—knew exactly what her powers were, and felt in full possession of them. When she sat down to the piano a soft flush came to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. She chose an old Scotch ballad—a simple, tender thing, that needed perfect style and expression. Kenneth started as her first notes fell on the air. Hers was one of those thrilling, deep contraltos, soft as velvet, rich and rounded, with the strange power to stir and move that the good contralto has. The spell of her voice fell upon him, tears came to his eyes; he moved forward to see her sweet, impassioned face as she sang; he saw her soul flashing in the sweet, dewy eyes, and a great awe and love arose in his heart. The song ended in a deep, solemn chord, like the echo of an amen.

Sally turned to Kenneth.

"Did you like it? I have labored so hard for your praise."

He did not speak at first, but when she raised her eyes to his she saw there a look so eager, so ardent and sweet, that she almost wished she had not spoken. He caught her hand in his.

"Am I pleased? Oh, my dear, surely you know; it is too beautiful for praise of mine."

Sally sang no more that night, but felt she was rewarded. That song had changed the world for Kenneth. Could a man's heart be sung out of him in such fashion? Were the days of magic still with us, and had this sweet witch of 19 summers made him forget all prudence and wisdom?

Next morning he was full of content, bathed in the brightest mental sunshine; joy was in his heart, love ruled his life. Sally was in the house. Sally was his—surely all his! had he not fought and conquered for her; he sang as he dressed, breaking off to laugh at the contrast of his rough baritone with Sally's velvet tones, and it was not till he saw his aunts—the very models of family propriety—that he realized the difficulties of his position.

But little sleep had come to Sally that night. Love has divine insight, and when their eyes met after her song she knew that he loved her. But he should never marry her. Her valiant heart screwed itself up to the sticking point and settled that forever. The consciousness of his love came on her as a bitter-sweet surprise. When, finished with her song, she looked into his eyes and saw love there radiant and enthroned, her difficulties were at one stroke doubled. When her own heart was her only foe she had buckled on her armor and gone down into the fight; but now she had to face another foe, before whom she felt powerless. Flight was her only chance. At 6 she rose and packed, at 7 she went to Aunt Hannah.

"I am going away," she said. "I ought never to have come." Aunt Hannah's honest eyes searched her face in silence. "I shall never come back; it is the only way. I thought I was strong, and I was, till he was weak."

Aunt Hannah took her in her arms, kissed her, and said, "I honor and respect you, Sally. I saw it all last night. You are a good woman."

"A grateful one, I hope. After all your and his kindness, can I let him run any risk?"

"But it is terrible for you, my child."

"I can bear my own grief. I have loved him for so long my heart has got used to its ache. It is harder now, but still I can bear it."

At breakfast Aunt Hannah said Sally had slept ill and could eat no breakfast. All Kenneth's inquiries got nothing more out of her than that.

At 12 Sally went quietly out of the back door, her eyes full of tears, her heart like lead.

At lunch Aunt Hannah said: "Sally has gone, Kenneth—for your good as well as her own. She has saved us a terrible trouble by acting so nobly."

Then Kenneth lost his head, but Aunt Hannah presented a front of iron.

"It was the right thing to do, and so you will own in time. Be patient. My heart is sore for you both; but you are young, and life with its duties is before you. At any rate, don't let a girl of 19 beat you in self-sacrifice."

What awaited her and did not mind. During the last five years she had learned how to master her love, to use it as an incentive to hard work, but it was easier to fight the battle alone; to fight at all in Kenneth's presence was impossible. Day by day she plunged with feverish vigor into the work of teaching, plodding on with a pale face and heavy eyes through the long list of pupils. During the night watches she thought it was a hundred times better that she should suffer than he, better that the wretch should come now than that he should marry her, and his good name be clouded by her shameful story.

Time passed more quickly for Kenneth, for at the end of it shone hope. Sally had none.

When the month was over Kenneth said, "Today I am going to Sally."

"What! you will let the whim of a moment ruin your life?" said Hannah.

"If I followed your advice two lives would be ruined."

That very day he went to Streatham. Sally's work had been harder than usual. The everlasting exercises, the never ceasing scales, the persistent wrong notes, the enormous difficulties of teaching suburban young ladies without voice or ear to sing had worn her out.

Suddenly a pupil exclaimed, "Oh! there is such a handsome young man coming up the drive." (Sally was unmoved; no young man was likely to call on her.) "He must have come to see Miss Davison. That's four cousins in three weeks!"

Sally looked up and saw Kenneth. Her heart seemed to rush into her mouth. She dismissed the girl and steadied herself. A mirror was in front of her, and she saw her own face pale as death, with dark shadows round the eyes. She wore a dingy old black dress, but even that could not conceal the grace of the lovely young neck and the sweep of the beautiful shoulders. And now Kenneth entered, and when she saw his radiant face, full of strength and fervor, she felt that he looked years younger than she did. That sorrowful, girlish face, full of pathetic endurance, appealed to his heart irresistibly, and without a moment's thought he flung his arms around her and kissed her.

All Sally's 19 years of life culminated in that first unwarrantable embrace. As her pretty, flushed face rested for a moment on his shoulder, her heart whispered, "Why not rest there forever?" Then she wrangled herself free, and her blush ebbed away, leaving her as pale as marble and as hard.

"You might, at least, have spared me this, and left me some self-respect," she said, looking like a young Joan of Arc. He ought to have been abashed and humbled, but he wasn't.

"Sally!" he whispered, so tenderly that she drew back again, mistrusting herself and him. "Sally, I love you—you know I do." Sally tried hard to keep back the food of joy that welled up from her heart into her eyes.

"Do men in your rank of life act like that and speak afterward?" Looking down into the sweet depths of her eyes, he said:

"Oh, my love, you are wasting moments that might be so sweet. We love each other. Ere he could finish Sally flashed in:

"Who told you I loved you? Have I ever led you to think I loved you?" He gazed at her with such sweet, manly assurance that she felt, her anger melting away.

"Sally, my darling, I see it in your eyes—I hear it in your voice. Love has given me insight."

"Of course you know it." And her voice took those thrilling tones which had moved his heart so when she sang. "I dare say every one does. I have loved you for years, and shall love you always. I am not ashamed to own it. It has been the strength of my life. If you had never spoken I should have gone on loving you all the same, and gone down to my grave single for your sake; but oh, my love, I shall never wed you—never be with you."

Kenneth would once more have flung his arms around her, but she composed herself by a great effort, and said:

"Wait just a moment and I will tell you all."

"You told me all when you said you loved me."

"Not all. Let me speak once and for ever. What I am you made me. All I have you gave me; and in return I mean to guard your good name—to guard it from yourself and from me." He interrupted her with and impatient gesture, but she persisted.

"You know what I was when you found me. You think you know all, but no one ever told you that I had been in prison for theft—that I had my hair cut short—wore prison dress and ate prison food, and—"

Her voice faltered—her face grew deadly white—her hungry eyes searched his face to see if he shrink from her. To her joy the brightness of his eyes never clouded for a moment. He took her hand with a sweet gesture of love and reverence, and holding it steadfastly between his own, he spoke:

"Dear, I know it—have known it for years. Biddy came and told me long ago, and, knowing all, I still ask you to be my wife."

Sally's blood slowly came back to her pale cheeks, slowly flooded her fair face with its tender rose, slowly the sweet light mingled with the tears in her eyes and conquered them. It was so doubly sweet that he should know all and yet love on. Her joy at first was too great for words. She moved a little closer to him, then with swift, sweet abandon she flung her arms around his neck and drew his face down to hers.

"But, dear," she whispered, "the world will know." As their lips met he answered: "You are all the world to me."

Treatment of a Cut.

For a cut, take powdered resin, pound it very fine, and spread or sift it over the cut; wrap a piece of soft linen around it, and wet it in cold water quite often. This will prevent inflammation and soreness.

Too Great a Risk.

Simpson—Why didn't you take a chance at that cake at the church fair? Were you afraid?

Sampson—Yes; it was one my wife baked.

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THE UNITED EMPIRE TRADE LEAGUE.

The visit to Canada of Col. Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., from England, to promote the objects of the above-named League—namely, preferential trading advantages to citizens of the British Empire—is an event of the very first importance to all those who are loyal to the great principle of maintaining the Unity of the Empire.

Some of the Canadian newspapers have misrepresented Col. Vincent's mission as being that of an advocate of "Protection" as opposed to "Free Trade." Those who rightly understand his proposals know, on the contrary, that they can be fully carried out with simply a revenue tariff on foreign imports and all customs' barriers removed between British countries and with absolute free trade existing within the whole British Empire, like as between England and Scotland.

The essence of his proposals consists of a full recognition of the fiscal independence of each part of the Empire to regulate its own tariff to suit its own needs,—but that, in all cases, whether a policy of levying duties for revenue on imports be adopted or making their admission free, each part of the Empire will give advantages in trade to the other portions over foreign nations.

This scheme incidentally, in relation to foreign nations, will involve that their exports to British countries will be taxed (to supply necessary revenue to the government) even where British goods going from one port to another enter free of duty.

Preferential trade within the Empire, as the alternative to preferential trade in our markets with foreign nations, is the issue before us. Canada nor Great Britain, in the presence of hostile foreign tariffs against their exports, can afford to be commercially isolated.

The British Empire with its vast areas in all latitudes, its almost illimitable resources and its abundant and magnificent supplies for every human need—the productions of each section being the complement to the others—presents to the mind the most dazzling field for carrying out a truly national as distinguished from a cosmopolitan trade policy.

The British Empire, owing to its position geographically and its vast and varied resources, is virtually independent of all foreign nations for the necessities of life. We can draw all our supplies from within the Empire, and if we trade with foreigners in our own markets it should only be on the condition of our gaining satisfactory access to theirs—fair barter only.

Such valuable markets, as we can offer the world, enable us to dictate just terms on which we will trade with them. This can be effectually done by a national policy for the Empire, in trade matters discriminating by a modest revenue tariff against all foreign nations in favor of British countries, and retaliating on such of them as, impose more than a revenue tariff on British exports, thereby also recognizing the integral unity of the Empire in matters of trade.

Some will ask if we think Great Britain will act in this direction or do anything to imperil its foreign trade? We answer that in trade we think Britain knows a good bargain when she has it offered her, and just so surely as foreign markets of civilized nations are being closed to her trade, just so surely will she realize the reciprocal benefits from this proposition.

Again she will imperil nothing by adopting it, as, even now, each year every foreign country is rigidly excluding British produce from their markets wherever it can be kept out by tariffs that are little better than total prohibition.

Every structure has a foundation—and as a permanent basis for the British Empire, it must be founded on the commercial interests and political necessities of those within it. Patriotism may supply a good cement for binding the parts together, but the solid bricks and stones of worldly comfort, prosperity and peace are the only conditions possible for a free people to tolerate. On such a foundation the structure of a political federation of the British Empire can be erected—requiring only skilled workmen to carry out the noble design of a great political architect. Our Empire is a great training ground for statesmen, and we are confident that the man for the hour will be found.

Col. Vincent's work is in the nature of clearing the site for action—removing obstructions and rubbish and excavating to find a solid rock bed for the edifice. We bespeak for his "mission the cordial support of all loyal Englishmen, whether "free-traders" or "protectionists," for the most ultra free-traders are hardly prepared to clamour for direct taxation so they cannot denounce a revenue tariff against foreign imports, with a lower duty or free imports from British countries.

Col. Vincent's proposal, so far as any duty to be levied, covers the ground of making the distinction in trade between "British" and "Foreign" by raising our revenue partly or wholly on the foreign imports.

If we only think of Britain's millions who emigrate, filling up her colonial territories—developing the untold wealth of these wild lands; each part of the Empire a blessing in supplying some want to the others; the weakest part enjoying the succour and help of the whole; this vast portion of the earth's surface occupied by a free people, and the "Union Jack" floating over us as one nation—as the symbol of our common national blessings and liberties—the thought is inspiring, enabling and well worthy to lead us on to struggle for its attainment or perish in the attempt.

An United British Empire—with freedom entrenched within its realm—would be a haven of rest to mankind. Wronging no one nor fearing any, she would be a light for God, as a great Evangelical Protestant Nation, in a darkened world.

UNIFORM IMPERIAL POSTAGE. The question of the adoption of a uniform Imperial Postage rate has recently been brought before the public by Mr. R. J. Beadon, M.A., (a member of the Executive Committee of the Imperial Federation League) in a very ably written pamphlet.

The proposal is stated to mean "nothing less than the extension of the inland rates current in the United Kingdom to the whole British Empire," and is now advanced by its supporters as a counter proposition to the international Postal Union, which it is claimed has the effect of intensifying and prolonging the subordination of Imperial interests to those of foreign nations.

The idea at the base of the proposal is that the Empire is a unit, and that our postal system should embody the fact of national unity.

It is claimed that "the adoption of a stamp common to all Her Majesty's dominions for purposes of intercommunication, would serve to mark, in an emphatic and practical way the Unity of the Empire. Such a stamp could be printed wherever issued, upon a uniform design, changing only the name of the country of origin, and the denomination where, as in Canada, there is a different currency."

It is further pointed out that favorable postal facilities are a great encouragement to trade, and that it is our bounden duty to help swell the volume of trade within the British Empire by placing all British citizens on a more favored footing than their foreign rivals in postal rates within the Empire.

The lion in the path of Postal Reform of any kind has always been the fiscal one. The so-called 'free-trade' policy of Britain has left the Chancellor of the Exchequer so few popular sources of revenue that the postal system, as a state monopoly, has been perverted into a mode of taxation instead of being rigidly confined to act as a self-supported arm of the public service—and as the tax is but little felt, it endangers no votes to the Government. For this reason British postal rates are so much higher when compared with other countries.

It is further pointed out that, pro rata, a writer of a letter to the colonies is being taxed far more for value received than the writer of a letter to extreme portions of Britain. Virtually, by the overcharge, he is thus made to relieve the rest of the community of their share of this part of public taxation.

Again the enormous subsidies paid for Ocean Packet Services, which are considered excessive, are not paid wholly or even principally for postal purposes, but for political objects, in which the whole body of the community are equally benefitted—such as the keeping open trade routes in time of war; the development of the mercantile marine as a vehicle of trade, and as a nursery and reserve of the navy; also as a reserve of ships in time of war as armed cruisers, transports and otherwise. These subsidies, a little more than 30 years ago were actually paid by the admiralty to which department they more properly belonged, but were then transferred to the post office to avoid their being recognized as portions of the naval expenditure. By the treaty obligation Britain has entered into at the Postal Union Convention of Paris, it is claimed she has placed herself in an analogous position to that under the Commercial Treaties—whereby she restricts her liberty of action to enter into any preferential inter-Imperial arrangements with her colonies, a point to be yet decided as a result of the recent convention at Vienna.

Apart from the immense advantages, commercially and otherwise which cheap postal rates between Britain and her colonies would afford, we hail with pleasure every effort calculated and tending to consolidate British power, and unity throughout the world; seeking to impart to every citizen of our great empire a lively sense of being a member of one nation with one common aim and purpose—the good of all. A postage stamp for the whole Empire would, in our judgment, be a step in the right direction—promote immense public good and would be attended with no practical difficulty which statesmen cannot surmount, where the will to do it is present.

It is gratifying to note that Canada, through her Boards of Trade, etc., has given no uncertain sound on this question, and we are confident that the requirements of our Empire will soon bring the question to the front rank for solution. It is a question allied to many others affecting the relation—and its permanency—of the mother country to the colonies—questions that at best can only be shelved for awhile, but which return on us for solution with redoubled energy. A miserable parochial treatment of such problems, instead of a true Imperial statesmanship, is the danger facing us.

A strictly National Policy for the Empire, to avoid national disintegration—is becoming daily a more pressing and felt want, by the stern law of necessity. We are further in favor of Uniform Imperial Postage on strictly national grounds. We are tired to death with those sickly sentimental cosmopolitans who act as the friend of every nation but their own, and who never fail to make mental gyrations of all sorts at the very sound of the word 'loyalty,' with added innuendo about patriotism being the last refuge of scoundrels, etc. We regard it as no crime in being justly proud of being British citizens, and determined to conserve to our children's children the priceless liberty and blessings of our nation, and therefore we wish every success to the laudable efforts to establish an Uniform Imperial Postage.

EDITORIAL NOTES. THE S. O. E. SOCIETY: Our notes of this Society's progress this month is highly gratifying—four more lodges having already been instituted than during the whole of last year. The Juvenile lodges are becoming also very numerous—and new lodges are to be started in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island as pioneer lodges. We believe the lower provinces of the Dominion will be found a ripe harvest field for the society and that many warm true British hearts are there who will gladly enroll themselves under the Old Flag with the watchwords of "United Empire." We wish the officers visiting there all success and strongly advise our readers there to use the opportunity for enrolment and initiation in support of the only organized body of Englishmen in Canada, except the charitable society of St. George. Unity amongst Englishmen—in thought, word and action—was never more a pressing want than now, in Canada and throughout the world, if we wish to cherish our national traditions and make our power felt in maintaining our peculiar liberties and blessings. As a Protestant body, we commend the society to all who realize the stealthy encroachments of Romanism and who wish to defeat our national foe. The more the society grows, so will its power to fulfill its mission, and many influential Englishmen who ignore it to-day will soon be glad to do it homage, for their own sakes if not for the higher and nobler purposes for

which it seeks a patriotic support. We think the Executive of the Society would do well to give its affairs the widest publicity in our columns to matters of public interest; and while we shall applaud the good done, our right to do that much is dependent on our fair criticism of anything we judge to be wrong—any other course would not save us from gaining a reputation for servility and flunkeyism that would disgust even the best friends of the society.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN: The resignation of Sir Hector from his post, as Minister of Public Works—apart from the very unpleasant circumstances which have led up to it—is a matter of real satisfaction to us, feeling as we do that in his person he simply represented the French race and the Romish religion. His personal abilities, to our mind, have never been such as to entitle him to a position in the cabinet, and as we object on principle to any man being put into office by political parties because he represented a race or a creed we do not feel sorry at his leaving it. Our only regret is that we fear his position will be filled, in all likelihood, by another of the same brood. Political evils seem to be all headed. Common fairness however, in so far as his name has been mixed up with the public scandals in the Tarte-McGreedy matter, leads us to sympathize with him in his defence, complaining that the charges were not brought directly against him in Parliament instead of over the head of another—especially as there can be no doubt that he was the prime object of attack.

PRINCE OF WALES: The baccarat scandal, at Tranby Croft brought an unusual amount of attention to the doings, good or bad, of the heir to the throne of our mighty empire. This has been followed by apologies on his behalf, representing the Prince as a man of many abilities and virtues—which are lacking opportunity (owing to official restraint on his actions) to manifest themselves in useful public service—that in fact his faults are an illustration of the old saying of the devil finding use for idle people. Be that as it may, it has often occurred to our mind, when reading of Princes of the Royal family visiting European countries, to ask what is there to prevent even Her Majesty and especially the Royal family making it a part of their life-work to visit often, and spend profitable and prolonged periods in the colonies, so as to be thoroughly familiar with the conditions of colonial life and current thought and feeling? Facilities for doing so now-a-days are easy, and it could not have but the best effect on the millions outside the British Islands, from whom personal loyalty to the ruler of the Empire is expected. The imaginary republicanism of our colonies would appear then at its true measure—besides the morals of princes would be vastly improved by it. Again when royalty passed its time visiting all parts of the Empire, we should have in its train thousands of wealthy fashionables doing so also, and instead of spending their money in continental hotels and gaming houses, they would put it in circulation where it would do far more good.

NATIONALISM: The marvellous growth reported in our columns of the Sons of England Society is cause for a sympathetic pride to Englishmen, and also a source for congratulations to its officers and members who are zealously labouring for its success. National pride, to Englishmen, does not mean a narrow contracted feeling or regard towards our fellow citizens—but it represents the sentiment of devotion to the great principles and institutions which have made Britain glorious throughout the world. We can never make a mutual admiration society out of Englishmen—they will rather, in bull-dog fashion, bite and devour one another when there are no other foes to fight. The flag of Old England has sheltered under its fold refugees from all nations—from all forms of oppression and tyranny—it having been for centuries in the van of the movements for the freedom of mankind; and, in its mighty energy has built up an Empire more glorious than any the world has known. Societies, like the one we refer to, are well calculated to stimulate the most healthy forms of national feeling and character, and to give us a power, in organized formation, to make its impress felt effectively on our local surroundings,—in short to make every thing wear a British stamp or character, and that we may indeed realize this is a Briton's home, that we are no strangers in a foreign land, but that the foreigner who comes here may imbibe our spirit and share our blessings.

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION: The newspapers have been filled almost daily with reports of the official corruption and irregularities in the Government departments at Ottawa. The most insatiable appetite for scandals must have been more than satisfied—in fact we imagine the public has been almost over-fed with disgusting details so that a revulsion of feeling is possible, to the advantage of the guilty parties. Those familiar with the modes of securing political support for the party machines in Canada are not at all surprised at these disclosures—they know fully what the "great principles" of either party represent when power and emoluments of office are the prizes. They know further there is an immense amount of hypocrisy over these revelations of political immoralities. The average elector readily holds his hand up for a \$10 bribe at election times resulting in corrupt men sitting in Parliament, and corrupt men in Parliament will corrupt and spoil any honest attempt at purity in public affairs.

When the country was being robbed of \$400,000 by Mr. Mercier to buy up the ecclesiastical Jesuit influence—where was the morality of political parties then? As Mr. Dalton MacCarthy said we might as well have applied the money to importing rattlesnakes into the country, but for fear of offending Rome, both parties hushed the matter up and acquiesced in one of the greatest robberies of the public purse known for a long time—and cried "fanatic" at anyone who indignantly protested against it.

Again 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—at the same time they charge the public mileage rates, for travelling to and from Ottawa in attending Parliament? The humble offending clerk in being guilty of receiving payment in some irregular form for work actually done is not to be

We hope to see all classes of Englishmen more equally represented in this growing and prosperous society.

WITHIN THE EMPIRE: The readers of the ANGLO-SAXON, who have carefully perused the chapters on Imperial Federation, under the title of "Within the Empire," which have for some months past been appearing in our columns, from the very able pen of Mr. Thos. Macfarlane, F.R.S.C., will be glad to learn that a published reprint thereof, in book form, has appeared. Booksellers have it on sale at 50 cents per copy.

We heartily commend this work to the calm perusal of all Englishmen—to everyone with British sympathies—as the fruit of most careful thought and preparation by the author, and who, by his long and steadfast devotion to the cause of British Unity, is entitled to the most respectful attention in speaking or writing on the subject. A scheme so vast and far reaching in its application, is only felt, in its true magnitude and importance, when, as with the author of this work, one has to study it out in its minute details, so as to evolve a practical working scheme in its essential outlines.

It is no reflection on the high value we place on this work when we say that, in some important particulars we differ from his scheme—notably his proposal to re-construct or re-organize the British House of Lords, so as virtually to change its character from that of a local House, with peculiar class privileges, into a Federal Senate for the Empire. We believe local institutions, whether good or bad, must be left to the tender mercies of the citizens of that locality for whose benefit they are supposed to exist—outside interference would make bad only worse. To touch them, whether in the colonies or Britain, is only stirring up a hornets' nest—butting against difficulties instead of avoiding them. When Imperial Federation takes the form of a legislative union, we are confident that the supreme governing body will be a new creation outside all existing local bodies—constitutionally elected periodically so as to truly represent the interests and feelings of each section of the Empire. If will be no patching up of old garments, or putting new wine into old bottles—but it will be a structural edifice, the fruit of ripened legislative experience and statesmanship, political forethought and sagacity which will properly command our intelligent approval and suitably appeal to our national sympathies and ambitions. Mr. Macfarlane's contribution to this subject we regard as invaluable, especially wherein he deals with all the material local interests affected by the scheme.

THE NEWS: The news of the day is full of scandal, and scandal is full of news. The public mind is being kept in a state of suspense by the various disclosures of official corruption and irregularities in the Government departments at Ottawa. The most insatiable appetite for scandals must have been more than satisfied—in fact we imagine the public has been almost over-fed with disgusting details so that a revulsion of feeling is possible, to the advantage of the guilty parties. Those familiar with the modes of securing political support for the party machines in Canada are not at all surprised at these disclosures—they know fully what the "great principles" of either party represent when power and emoluments of office are the prizes. They know further there is an immense amount of hypocrisy over these revelations of political immoralities. The average elector readily holds his hand up for a \$10 bribe at election times resulting in corrupt men sitting in Parliament, and corrupt men in Parliament will corrupt and spoil any honest attempt at purity in public affairs.

When the country was being robbed of \$400,000 by Mr. Mercier to buy up the ecclesiastical Jesuit influence—where was the morality of political parties then? As Mr. Dalton MacCarthy said we might as well have applied the money to importing rattlesnakes into the country, but for fear of offending Rome, both parties hushed the matter up and acquiesced in one of the greatest robberies of the public purse known for a long time—and cried "fanatic" at anyone who indignantly protested against it.

Again 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—at the same time they charge the public mileage rates, for travelling to and from Ottawa in attending Parliament? The humble offending clerk in being guilty of receiving payment in some irregular form for work actually done is not to be

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compared with his censors in Parliament for brazen faced impudence and dishonesty. The Equal Rights movement was but a spirited protest against public robbery, but how much support did it receive? It was a fair index of the measure of political morality of the electorate. The corruption revealed at Ottawa is being followed by revelations of the same nature in the Baie-de-Chaleur Railway in the Quebec Province, and also it is being exposed in the civic affairs of Toronto. We feel a profound disgust in seeing the public affairs of this bright Dominion subject to the controlling influences of rascality. These exposures are not the occasion for rebelant party demonstrations, but of real national humiliation to every patriotic mind. Let all Englishmen learn from these rascalities, to value principle above "party," that our trust should be in neither party but in a fidelity to the great principles that have received embodiment in the constitution of the Sons of England Society, and to stand faithfully together in their support at all times.

PRINCIPLES—NOT PARTY: Mr. Dalton MacCarthy's recent speech in England, at a Conservative convention was gratifying as indicating his views on imperial questions, especially on that of preferential trade within the Empire. Mr. MacCarthy expressed himself as willing to move in the Dominion Parliament a motion in favour of such a policy. He also repeated again that he was a "Conservative" and belonged to that party. In what a "Conservative" differs from a "Liberal" in Canada is one of those puzzles no fellow can understand; for, in turns, all their party planks are cast to the winds in the struggles for office. Party names here represent no dividing principles, but only the ins and outs of personal factions—but in England State Churchism is a party plank peculiar to the Conservative party. It is quite time that men of Mr. Dalton MacCarthy's type should not merely strike attitudes and play with names, but to let the principles he avowed to the electors at the recent election be his sole title to our esteem and confidence. He there scorned to accept a straight party nomination—he told them his principles and said he was going to adhere to them at all costs.

FREE-TRADE, FAIR TRADE, PROTECTION: Trade is barter in commodities—and is only "free" where BOTH parties to the trade abolish the customs barriers or any other artificial restrictions on the perfect freedom of the transaction, then it becomes free and "fair" trade. Protection is requisite against outrage, injustice and every form of wrong-doing, and every civilized government professedly accepts the theory that its functions are to see that its subjects have that protection from internal and international wrong—that its own tax-payer is not defrauded of his rights. International trade therefore comes under the supervision of governments, and according to Sir R. Cartwright where one government imposes a more or less prohibitory tariff on imports from another it is waging "commercial war" on that nation. War against a person's life, or against his property, or international rights is morally on the same brutal and barbaric footing and can never be defended except on the grounds of retaliation in self-defence. Protection in this sense—whenever it assumes the form of retaliation we hold to be legitimate warfare—whether it affects the dollar and cents of trade or the lives of citizens—but "protection" in order to develop "infant industries" is, to our mind, a legalized form of robbery of the masses for the benefit of the few. Nations which are "protective" in trade, if retaliated against, would soon find the business of swapping jack-knives in their own country not nearly so profitable as buying where they could buy cheapest, and selling where they could realize the most for what they had to sell. The marvel is that any country like England—should tolerate for an hour, to her infinite harm, any such jug-handled system of trade to go on between her and foreign nations, it being "war" in its most hideously iniquitous form against the rights of her citizens.

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A PRETTY SIMPLETON.



What a silly little thing she was, but how pretty! All smiles and dimples, rosy cheeks and fluffy brown hair, shading laughing blue eyes. I thought, as I sat opposite her that day in the street car, and heard her girlish prattle, that I had never seen such a combination of silliness and prettiness. Her silly chatter provoked me desperately, for I was intensely interested in an article in the last Medical Journal, which had direct bearing on a complicated case I was going that morning to treat. An accident that morning to one of my horses and a stupid blunder of my coachman had forced me to take the car, and I felt as cross as a bear, and I looked so, I know, for when I caught her eye she tossed her little head and turned away with a pout. I heard enough about papa, balls, the opera, etc., to guess that she was an idolized, only child, and something of a belle. As I was too old to ignore the vacuum in her head, for the sake of the pretty face, I was much relieved when Dora Copperfield—as I mentally styled her—and her friend left the car. It was strange, but after that first chance meeting, I was constantly meeting Dora. I caught glimpses of her nesting down in the cushions, as her carriage dashed with a flash and a glitter by my office. At the opera the fates threw me in her neighborhood. She was with a fat, pompous looking middle-aged man whom I took to be "papa." I mentally dubbed him "old money-bags" and hated him as heartily as I did his daughter—he looked so complacent and listened with such evident relish to her ceaseless, silly prattle. If I could have become suddenly metamorphosed into Mr. Hyde, I would have strangled them both with most satisfaction, for Marguerite was singing most divinely and all the while her prattle went on, like the babbling brook, "ever, ever," while old money-bags encouraged her with his chuckle of appreciation. At the theatre, lectures, in fact every where I went there was the ubiquitous Dora, with her silly prattle and throng of admirers. So pretty and so silly! But my displeasure and disapprobation did not in the least disturb Dora, in fact, I think she was never conscious of my presence after that day in the car.

One day I was summoned in great haste to the bedside of a patient whom I had attended a few times before. She and her daughter lived in a quarter of the city to which my practice seldom called me, and among people I only served for sweet charity's sake. Though these two were as poor as many I attended free I could not dare refuse the fee they promptly tendered after each visit. Of them I knew nothing further than that they were ladies. There was a proud independence, a dignified reticence that commanded my respect. I was much attracted by them both; the mother was refined and gentle, and bore with delicate her sufferings; the daughter was beautiful, proud, dignified, and lovingly independent. I was anxious to help them, but the opportunity for a large delicacy and without risk of offending had never yet presented itself, and for my right hand would I have offended their brave, proud, reticent poverty. But on this visit the evidences of poverty were even greater. The room was very bare, evidently they had been forced to pawn many of their articles. The daughter was pale and thin and something like despair shone in her beautiful dark eyes. I found Mrs. Trevor very weak and low. After I had prescribed for her I sat like "Micawber," hoping "something would turn up"—that there would be some opening in the conversation where I might safely offer aid. I could not give them in such destitution. I must help them—this was not their place and sphere, and they must be lifted out by some means. The mother was too weak to talk, and Mrs. Trevor was too absorbed in her own sad thoughts for conversation, so I must take the dilemma by the horns.

"Have you been taking wine as I prescribed, Mrs. Trevor? You are much weaker than when I saw you last, and I had hoped the wine would have built up your strength." Mrs. Trevor seemed to struggle with herself. A burning blush suffused her face and neck. At last she raised her head proudly, and with a defiant air looked me full and steadily in the eye, as she said in a low voice, without a quiver:

"No, Dr. Heathcote. We were not able to follow your prescription fully. The wine you sent mother was of great benefit to her, and I was able to supply it, also, until last week, when she was taken much worse, requiring my unremitting attention, which forced me to stop sewing, my only means of support. But I had just finished some work for a young lady, and as she owed me \$30, I trusted to that to tide me over, until I could resume work. But I have been unable to collect the money, and we are penniless."

Bravely said, my beautiful Spartan! I thought, as I looked at the fine, pale face with its troubled eyes. The Spartan youth, with the wolf gnawing at his vitals, suffered less than you did in making this confession. Behind that marble calmness, my beautiful Galatea, what a Vesuvius must be throbbing and seething in your heart and brain! Injuries and injustice that you can't forget—neglect and coldness from those who should have befriended!

I stopped short as the cool, even tones fell on my ear, and marching up to her took both her hands in mine. I was old enough to be her father. "Helen, why didn't you come to me? Why didn't you come?"

"The tears came to her eyes—the first I had seen there. "We are such strangers to you. I would not have presumed." "Strangers be hanged! Excuse me, Helen. But, my child, you are too proud! There comes a time in the life of most, when we must accept help—when pride must be laid aside and we must stoop! Independence is a very fine thing, my dear, but the proudly independent man is not the happy man. He who can find pleasure in receiving as well as in giving is the one who gets most good out of life, because closer drawn to his fellow men. Now, my dear, I'm going to get wine for your mother, and nourishing food for you."

She put out her hand protestingly and again that blush of humbled pride mounted to her face. "Your mother's life depends upon timely aid. And you, I can have our reckoning by and by. I will look in again this afternoon."

Soon I had sent wine, fruits and well prepared food to Helen and her mother. I could not dismiss them from my mind for a moment during my round of visits. I could understand the agony of humiliation that poor girl was suffering—as well as the fear and sorrow hanging over her, from her mother's illness. Poverty had not been long with them; it was apparent that their better days had been recent. Then as I thought how that rich girl's thoughtless, heartless indifference and neglect to pay her had aggravated Helen's shame and grief, my indignation knew no bounds, and when I reached Mrs. Trevor's humble room that afternoon, I had worked myself into a furor of anger against that unknown transgressor, Helen's late employer. I was boiling over with rage, which increased, if possible, when I found Mrs. Trevor weep and noted Helen's troubled, anxious face. After doing all I could for my patient, who soon fell into a doze, I called Helen out into the hall.

"Helen, give me the name and address of the person who owes you." She looked at me inquiringly as I took out my notebook and pencil, but said: "Miss Floy Garrison, 3010 L Avenue."

I wrote it down hurriedly and without another word was on my way to find this girl. I had but one thought—to bring her to see the sorrows she had caused. It might teach her a lesson, and cause her to feel a little of the shame and mortification Helen had to endure.

When I drew up before 3010 L Avenue a carriage stood before the door and a party of four stood ready to enter. A slender, middle-aged lady, a fine looking young man, "old money bags" and Dora Copperfield! Ribbons flying, curls blowing, draperies fluttering and merry laughter.

So Miss Empty Head was the culprit. I was not surprised at all. If I had been a knight of the middle ages I would have snatched her in my arms and rushed away with her, and after showing her the trouble and sorrow she had caused, immured her in a dungeon deep and dark, but as it was the practical nineteenth century I must observe the conventionalities. So, while thirsting for vengeance, I had to smirk and bow and introduce myself.

Yes, "old moneybags" knew Dr. Heathcote quite well by reputation. Glad to meet him. "This," pointing to the middle-aged lady, "was his wife; the young lady was his daughter Floy, and this his nephew, Mr. Philip Everett, from the south."

I then politely requested Miss Garrison to accompany me to see a patient who was very low, who knew her, and in whom she would be interested. Floy looked inquiringly at papa, who said: "Yes, go." Not a word was spoken during the drive, but when we stood in Helen's room I pointed to Mrs. Trevor's wasted form and said: "Behold your work."

"Oh, what do you mean?" The blue eyes were round and frightened and the roses had faded from the pretty cheeks. I turned sternly upon her and said:

"I mean that a girl as young and beautiful as yourself, as well-bred and as well-bred has been reduced to a dreadful poverty—a poverty such as you have never seen, but have cried over in novels; she has been struggling bravely to keep back want and trouble, from an invalid mother, while you were going to parties and balls; but out of your plenty you couldn't spare the pitiful \$30 she had earned by hard work. It would have been a small fortune to her and saved her heartaches and humiliations terrible to her proud nature!"

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me, Miss Trevor, for my cruel, thoughtless carelessness!" She was crying and clinging to Helen, who stood away.

"I have been so wickedly thoughtless! I did not know there was so much suffering and want in the world! Can you ever forgive me?" But before Helen could speak, there was a loud knock at the door, and when I opened it, Col. Garrison and Mr. Philip Everett stood before me. Col. Garrison explained that after I had left them with Floy, he grew uneasy, thinking he had been too precipitate in giving his consent for her to accompany me, fearing my patient might be suffering from some contagious disease.

Here Floy threw wide open the door, and coming into the hall, threw herself into her father's arms and sobbed out the whole sad story.

Helen came out. At last my beautiful Galatea was endowed with life. A look of happiness such as I had never seen there before shone in the dark eyes. Then Mr. Everett, in a manly, straightforward way, told their story. He and Miss Trevor had been children together in a far distant southern city, and became engaged soon after both had left school but after the death of Helen's father, nearly a year before, an unfortunate misunderstanding arose, which separated them, and Helen and her mother quietly left the city, leaving no trace behind them, and all these months he had been searching for them. Then that pretty little simpleton, Floy, proved her head was not quite empty, by saying:

"Papa, Mrs. Trevor and Helen must go home with us, where we may repair, if possible, the wrong I did them."

And it was done just as Miss Rattlebrain proposed, and she proved herself the most faithful, untiring and devoted of nurses—the most unselfish and loving of friends and all cousins; and before the wedding day came around, she and Helen were as devoted as sisters, and when that day did come old Money-bags was the most generous of uncles. And when Helen kissed me good-bye that day, she said with happy tears in her pretty dark eyes:

"Dr. Heathcote, I will never cease to love and bless you! The brightest day of my life, except this, is that on which you rushed Floy in upon her avenging Nemesis!"

Before Philip left with his wife he told me, at Helen's request, what he told no one else—the story of their poverty and separation. Helen's father had been Philip's guardian, and after his death it was found that he had appropriated and squandered the whole of Philip's fine fortune. Philip tried to keep this from Helen, but in some way she learned it, and her grief, mortification and despair were terrible to see. She thought that Philip would scorn to marry the daughter of a dishonest man. So, after she and her mother had settled all of that small fortune upon Philip—for both felt keenly the disgrace, and wished to make what reparation they could—they quietly left the city, giving Philip no hint of their destination.

"I knew she was a heroine!" I said, as I slapped Philip on the back.

Mrs. Trevor remained with the Grrissons until Philip and Helen returned from their brief trip, then she went with them to the cosy little home that Col. Garrison gave Philip on his wedding day. My gift to my beautiful girl was a complete silver service and a horse and phaeton; so I see the bright, happy face every day or so as she drives by and nods and smiles at me.

Well, it is always the unexpected that happens. When that boy of mine, Walter Heathcote, came home from college ready for a partnership with his old father, what should he do but fall in love with that pretty little simpleton, Floy Garrison, and made her Mrs. Heathcote before I could say Jack Robinson!

They live with me now, and she has made a home of what before was only a big house with two lonely men in it. I've never seen Jip in the gutter yet, and as Floy is a model wife and mother, I've concluded that pretty little head isn't quite so empty as I once thought it.

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Nelson No. 43. Almonte—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays at their hall, Mill st. Visiting welcome. Wm. J. Shaw, Sec., Jas. Hy. Bennett, Pres.

Aylmer, Ont.

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

Barrie.

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

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. W. E. Pethick, Sec., E. C. McDowell, Pres.

Brockville.

Sussex No. 87. Brockville—Meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month in Sons of England Hall, 208 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.

Thomas No. 101. Chatham—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. V. M. Durnford, Sec., Robt. Nash, Pres.

Cornwall.

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

Exeter.

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

Galt.

Royal Oak No. 28. Galt—Meets on alternate Wednesdays in Foresters' Hall, cor. Main and South Water streets. Chas. Squire, Sec., Chas. Brett, Jr., Pres.

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.

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.

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

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

Deven 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.

Croyden No. 85. Huntsville, Ont.—Meets the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in every month, in Temperance Hall, Main street. C. Peacock, Sec., J. R. Reece, President.

Kingston.

Leicester No. 38. Kingston—Meets in their hall, cor. Princess and Montreal sts., on the 2nd and 4th Monday in every month, at 8 p.m. A hearty welcome extended to all visiting brethren. Wm. H. Cruise, Sec., Ed. Scrutton, Pres., Albert St., Williamsville

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.

Lakefield.

Exeter No. 80. Lakefield, Ont.—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the S. O. E. Hall. Visiting brethren made welcome. Edmund Sellens, Sec., John C. Baldwin, 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. J. T. Jarvis, Sec., James Ashman, Pres.

London.

Wennington No. 66. London—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, Sec., W. B. Goeach, Sec., 77 Clarence St.

Piccadilly No. 88.—Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at Labor Hall, Dufferin Ave. J. Hook, Sec., 280 Maitland st.

Midland.

Crosswell 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 E. O. E. Hall. A hearty welcome extended to all visiting brethren. Geo. W. Baker, Sec., G. T. Martin, Pres., Box 185.

Montreal.

Yorkshire No. 30. Montreal, meets every alternate Monday at the West End Hall, Chatham street at 8 p.m. R. Whiting, Pres. R. 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. Chappell, Sec., 102 St. Felix st.

Victoria Jubilee No. 41. Montreal—Meets every alternate Friday at the St. Charles Club House, cor. Wellington and Richmond sts. F. Brownhill, Pres., J. A. Edwards, Sec., 201 Magdalen st. 4 College st.

Denbigh No. 96.—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, in Sons of England Hall, No. 6 Craig Street. Chas. H. Beckett, F. W. Cardwell, Sec., 5 Parthenais Sq. President.

Oshawa.

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

Orillia.

Hampton No. 58. Orillia—Meets alternate Mondays at Sons of England Hall Mississauga st. W. H. Stevens, Pres. G. H. Swain, Sec., Orillia.

Ottawa.

Derby No. 30. Ottawa—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in each month, in Workman's Hall, cor. Bank and Sparks sts. E. Aust, Sec., A. J. Jackson, Pres., Sherwood st., Mt. Sherwood.

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

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

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

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

Owen Sound.

Mistletoe No. 86. Owen Sound—Meets in Foresters' Hall, Red Rose 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, at 8 p.m. Brethren visiting Owen Sound cordially welcomed. Geo. Price, Pres. J. M. Spencer, Sec., Box 192.

Peterborough.

Landdowne 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, B. Sec., F. L. Sommerville, Pres., Peterborough.

Qu'Appelle Station, Assa.

Royal Standard, No. 112.—Meets r alternate Thursdays at 7 p.m. A. H. B. Sperling, Sec., G. Purche, Pres.

Sault Ste. Marie.

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

St. Thomas.

Chester No. 18. St. Thomas.—Meets on 2nd and 4th Fridays (W. R. D. 3rd Friday) of every month in Emutiger Block, cor. Talbot and Elgin sts. W. T. Hollis, Sec., J. C. Gilby, Pres., Box 1003.

Trove 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. Yearsley, Sec., 9 Hughes st.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Gloucester No. 103. Sherbrooke, Que., meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays 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 Shakspeare Hall. A. H. Hirst, Stratford

Toronto.

Aldion No. 1. Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen street West. S. Howard, Pres., 31 Sword st.

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

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

York No. 6. Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays at Oddfellows Hall, cor. Spadina Ave. Queen street, west. J. Bayis, Sec., T. Steele, Pres., 216 Lippincott st.

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

Somerset No. 10. Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays at Weeks' Hall, Parkville, Sec., H. Worman, Pres., W. P. Parsons, Sec., 29 Lawrence 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. Riddford, Sec., John Gunter, Pres., 38 Yorkville Avenue.

Manchester No. 14. Toronto—Meets alternate Mondays from January 5th, 1891, at Winches Hall, cor. Parliament and Winchester streets. Visiting brethren welcome. Thos. P. Williams, Sec., 542 Ontario st.

St. George No. 27. Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays at St. George's Hall, Queen st. West, cor. Berkeley st. S. H. Manches, Sec., Harry Leeson, Pres.

London No. 31. Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays at Masonic Hall, Queen st. East. F. W. Ingram, Pres., J. W. Haynes, Sec., 136 Broadview Ave.

Stafford No. 32. Toronto—Meets alternate Mondays at Copeland Hall, King st. East, corner Sherbourne st. Thos. Yeomans, Sec., 252 Berkeley St.

Portsmouth No. 45. Dovercourt, Toronto—Meets alternate Tuesdays at Mechanic's 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 Jcn.

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

Norfolk No. 57.—Meets in their hall, Dominion Hall, cor. Queen and Dundas streets, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month. Wm. Miles, Sec., F. W. Brown, Pres., 85 Argyle street.

Amalgamated W.R.D. of Norfolk & Birmingham Lodge, 3rd Friday in each month. F. Wooten, Pres., C. Cashmore, Sec., Shaw street, 660 Parliament st.

Freton No. 67.—Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, 1. Room C, Shaftesbury Hall. J. J. Pritchard, Sec., 1064 Queen St., w.

Birmingham, No. 69.—Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in Dominion Hall, cor. Queen West and Dundas streets. C. M. Cashmore, Sec., 660 Parliament st.

St. Albans No. 76. Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays at Association Hall, cor. McGill st. and Yonge st. R. S. Grundy, Sec., J. G. Mitchner, Pres., 14 Saultier st.

Mercuria No. 81. Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays 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 at Shaftesbury Hall, Joseph Oldfield, Sec., Geo. Clatworthy, Pres., 3 and 4 Adelaide St., E.

Hull No. 104. Toronto—Meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in the month in Cameron Hall, cor. Cameron and Queen streets. A. C. Chapman, Sec., J. H. Jewell, Pres., 300 Lippincott st.

Chatham No. 142. Meets 1st and 3rd 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.

Vancouver, B. C.

Wilberforce No. 77.—Meets in Pythian Hall, Duff Block, Cordova street, 1st and 3rd Monday in each month for Red Rose. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Rev. H. P. Hobson, F. Jas. East, President, 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. Colnoek, Sec., Theo. Holdsworth, Pres. Weston, Ont.

Windsor.

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

Winnipeg.

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

Woodstock.

Bedford No. 21. Woodstock—Meets in Imperial W.R.D. 4th Wednesday in each month. Fraternal visitors welcomed. W. Whitcombe, Pres., W. E. Wilkinson, Sec., Box 168.

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MANITOBA.

Pleasant Weather and Grand Prospects.

"What shall the Harvest be?"

Notes from Westward Ho! 98, A New Lodge Opening.

(Special for the Anglo-Saxon.)

WINNIPEG, July, 1891.

Since writing the last communication for the SAXON several events of importance in connexion with the future welfare of this Province, and of Englishmen in this country in general, have transpired, not the least of which has been the continuance, of on the whole, favourable weather. At the present moment almost all interest seems absorbed in the one topic, "What shall the harvest be?" Twenty-one millions of bushels for export. Thirty millions or anyhow millions of bushels.

We have had a great deal of rain, the consensus of opinion is that we want no more, therefore, every cloud which passes, even the scorching heat of the sun, so necessary and so needful at this time of the year, is watched with dread and deprecated in whispered forebodings on the part of our pessimists and croakers. The last expression is so suggestive of frogs, that the writer cannot forbear mentioning one peculiarity of this region, viz: the comparative absence of the time honored "Canadian Band," which in all other parts of the Dominion, under similar conditions of muddy expanse and rainy weather, would be heard piping and glugging on every hand, while here we seldom hear him.

Owing to the uncertainty of crop prospects at this early season, both local politics and business have been somewhat dull.

Nothing of greater importance, in common with the former, has occurred than the libel suit. Martin, ex-Attorney General, v. Free Press. This is the second suit brought by the plaintiff against the defendants. In the first case the jury disagreed, though a majority found for the defendant. In this last the jury found for the defendant, declaring the strictures published against the local government and the plaintiff, were fair criticism, therefore not libellous. It may be said the result of this action seals the fate of the present government; the Attorney-General it is true has been replaced, but it is indeed doubtful in the face of past disclosures if the present leader can get again elected.

Though trade is dull at present on account of reasons previously mentioned, yet some idea of the latent wealth, the potentiality of a plethoric purse on which to draw, when occasion may demand, on the part of some of our civic and rural patriots, was significantly suggested to the mind of the writer by a visit he recently paid to the carpet department of the Hudson's Bay Company's stores. It may be mentioned incidentally that this city is the head quarters of that great historical and commercial company, which since its first inception in the days of England's Second Charles, has played an important part in the affairs of Canada and the north west of this continent.

Though by no means a stranger to the vast brick and stone edifices which comprise the companies stores and warehouses, your correspondent had never before brought to his mind the evidences of such almost boundless wealth as must be possessed by some of our people, the costly mansions which must have recently been and are yet in course of erection, and dotting the prairie like flecks of light in that wild region which but short time since was known as the "Great Lone Land." On the spacious flat devoted to the display of floor coverings is an amount of stock aggregating in value some seventy-five thousand dollars, some specimens of ordinary width commanding the respectable figures of five and a half dollars per yard, while one magnificent sample, three yards wide, was quoted at the modest figure of twenty-two and half dollars per yard. This price list is not intended as an advt. for the H.B.C., but is merely quoted in order that the readers of the ANGLO-SAXON may have an opportunity of being impressed with the faith in the present, and hope for the future, which the directors of this great commercial institution must feel, or they neither would invest so heavily, nor only in the staples necessary for the supply of an agricultural and nomadic

community, but also in luxuries one would expect only to find in the older cities, as centres of commerce and civilization.

The "Manitoba" hotel with some five hundred feet frontage on two streets, and seven stories above the basement in height, is rapidly approaching completion. No expense has been spared on this mammoth edifice.

A new street railroad equipped with electric motion power, conveys our population daily, at short intervals to the again "new" but nevertheless beautiful river parks, situate at a convenient distance in the suburbs.

But to return to the crops. The mosquito crop this year has transcended anything which has preceded it, the development of the industrious little musician seeming to keep pace with the ever increasing population of this province.

The Sons of England B. S. is also progressing. The pioneer lodge, Westward Ho, is steadily building up in numbers and influence, in spite of the apathy which newly arrived Englishmen display towards any attempt at forming an organization for the purpose of mutual self-help amongst their countrymen.

The establishment of another lodge of the order is on the tapis, and a meeting of railroaders, and others, was lately called by Bro. Wm. Jones, late of lodge Denbigh, Montreal, for the purpose of organizing one. A list of over twenty signed the application form to the S. G. L. asking for a charter.

It is felt by the members of the pioneer lodge that another lodge here will likely be conducive to the best interests of all concerned as its proposed institution does not proceed from any disruptive influences working from within the older establishment.

It has been the good fortune of at least one of the officers of lodge Westward Ho to have been able to render assistance to travelling brethren from distant provinces. In this connexion your correspondent desires through your columns to remind members of S. O. E. of the importance of the grip, signs, pass word, and above all their request book marked paid up to the end of the last quarter. With these matters all right no member need fear venturing anywhere, where there is a S. O. E. lodge. He would also again call the attention of lodge secretaries to the absolute necessity for a prompt and courteous answer to enquiries respecting standing and character of their members.

This is, here, as elsewhere, the height of the picnic season, and a perfect wave of entertainments seems passing over the city, in spite of mosquitoes and mud the game goes gaily on, but whether our Civic Holiday will see Westward Ho take a hand by making a lodge excursion to Selkirk on that day now rest between certain autocrats of the C. P. R., themselves, and the clerk of the weather.

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A POSSIBLE CASE.

By Frank Stockton.



On the fall of 1888 the steamship Sunda, from Southampton, was running along the southern coast of Long Island, not many hours from port, when she was passed by one of the great British liners outward bound. The tide was high, and the course of both vessels was nearer the coast than is usual—that of the Sunda being inside of the other. As the two steamers passed each other there was a great waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Suddenly there was a scream from the Sunda. It came from Signora Rochita, the prima donna of an opera troupe which was coming to America in that ship. "I have lost my bracelet," she cried in Italian, and then turning to the passengers she repeated the cry in very good English. The situation was instantly comprehended by every one. It was late in the afternoon; the captain had given a grand dinner to the passengers, at which the prima donna had appeared in all her glories of ornamentation, and the greatest of these glories, a magnificent diamond bracelet was gone from the arm with which she had been enthusiastically waving her lace handkerchief. The second officer, who was standing near, dashed into the captain's office and quickly reappeared with chart and instruments and made rapid calculation of the position of the vessel at the time of the accident, making an allowance for the few minutes that had passed since the first cry of the signora. After consultation with the captain and recalculations of the distance from land and some other points, he announced to the weeping signora that her bracelet lay under a little black spot he made on the chart, and that if she chose to send a diver for it she might get it, for the depth of water at that place was not great. By profession I am a diver, and the next day I was engaged to search for the diamond bracelet of Signora Rochita. I had a copy of the chart, and having hired a small schooner, with several men who had been my assistants before, and taking with me all the necessary accoutrements and appliances I set out for the spot indicated, and by afternoon we were anchored, we believed, at it or very near it. I lost no time in descending. I wore of course, the usual diver's suit, but I took with me no tools nor any of the implements used by divers when examining wrecks, but carried in my right hand a brilliant electric lamp, connected with a powerful battery on the schooner. I held this by an insulated handle, in which there were two little knobs, by which I could light or extinguish it. The bottom was hard and smooth, and lighting my lamp I began to look about me. If I approached the bracelet I ought to be able to see its sparkle, but after wandering over considerable space, I saw no sparkles nor anything like a bracelet. Suddenly, however, I saw something which greatly interested me. It was a hole in the bottom of the ocean, almost circular and at least ten feet in diameter. I was surprised that I had not noticed it before, for it lay not far from the stern of our vessel. Standing near the rocky edge of the aperture, I held out my lamp and looked down. Not far below I saw the glimmering of what seemed to be the bottom of this subterranean well. I was seized with a desire to explore this great hole running down under the ordinary bottom of the sea. I signalled to be lowered, and although my comrades were much surprised at such an order, they obeyed, and down I went to the well. The sides of this seemed rocky and almost perpendicular, but after descending about fifteen feet they receded on every side, and I found myself going down into a wide cavern, the floor of which I touched in a very short time. Holding up my lamp and looking about me, I found myself in a sea cave of some thirty feet in diameter, with a dome-like roof, in which, a little to one side of the centre, was the lower opening of the well. I became very much excited; this was just the sort of place into which a bracelet or anything else of value might be expected to have the bad luck to drop. I walked about and gazed everywhere, but I found nothing but rocks and water. I was about to signal to be drawn up when above me I saw what appeared to be a flash of darkness coming down through the well. With a rush and a whirl it entered the cavern and in a moment I recognized the fact that a great fish was swooping around and about me. Its movements were so rapid and irregular, now circling along the outer edge of the floor of the cavern, then mounting above me until its back seemed to scrape the roof that I could not form a correct idea of the size of the creature. It seemed to me to be at least twenty feet long. I stood almost stupefied, keeping my eyes as far as possible fixed upon the swiftly moving monster. Sometimes he came quite near me, when I shuddered in every fibre, and then he shot away, but ever gliding with powerful undulations of his body and tail, around, about and above me. I did not dare to signal to be drawn up, for fear that the terrible creature would enter the well hole with me. Then he would probably touch me, perhaps crush me against the wall, but my mind was capable of forming no plan. I only hoped the fish would descend and disappear by the way he came. My mind was not in its strongest condition, being much upset by a great trouble, and I was so frightened that I really did not know what I ought to do, but I had sense enough left to feel sure that the fish had been attracted into the cavern by my lamp. Obviously, the right thing to do was to extinguish it, but the very thought of this nearly drove me into a frenzy. I could not endure to be left alone with the shark in darkness and water. It was an insane idea, but I felt that whatever happened I must keep my eyes upon him. Now the great fish began to swoop nearer and nearer to me, and then, suddenly changing its tactics, it receded to the most distant wall of the cavern, where, with its head to-

wards me, it remained for the first time motionless. But this did not continue long. Gently turning over on its side, it opened its great mouth, and in an instant, with a rush, it came directly at me. My light shone full into its vast mouth, glistening with teeth, and there was a violent jerk which nearly threw me from my feet, and all was blackness. The shark had swallowed my lamp! By rare good fortune he did not take my hand also. Now I frantically tugged at my signal rope. Without my lamp, I had no thought but a desire to be pulled out of the water, no matter what happened. In a few minutes I sat divested of my diving suit and almost insensible upon the deck of the schooner. As soon as I was able to talk I told my astonished comrades what had happened, and while we were discussing this strange occurrence one of them, looking over the side, saw, slowly rising to the surface, the body of a dead shark. "By George," he cried, "here is the beast. He has been killed by the current from the battery." We all crowded to the rail and looked down upon the monster. He was about ten feet long and it was plain that he had died for making himself the connection between the poles of the battery. "Well," said the Captain presently, "I suppose you are not going down again?" "Not I," I replied, "I give up this job." Then suddenly I cried: "Come boys, all of you. Make fast to that shark and get him on board. I want him." Some of the men laughed, but my manner was so earnest that in a moment they all set about to help me. A small boat was lowered, lines were made fast to the dead fish with block and tackle, and we hauled him on deck. I then got a butcher's knife from the cabin and began to cut him open. "Look here, Tom," exclaimed the Captain, "that's nonsense. Your lamp's all smashed to pieces, and if you get it out it will never be any good to you." "I don't care for the lamp," I answered, working away energetically; "but an idea has struck me. It's plain that this creature has a fancy for shining things. If he swallowed a lamp there is no reason why he should not have swallowed anything else that glittered." "Oh!" cried the Captain, "you think he swallowed the bracelet, do you?" And instantly everybody crowded more closely about me. I got out the lamp. Its wires were severed as smoothly as if they had been cut by shears. Then I worked on. Suddenly there was a cry from every man. Something glimmered in the dark interior of the fish. I grasped it and drew it out. It was not a bracelet, but a pint bottle, which glimmered like a glowworm. With the bottle in my hand I sat upon the deck and gazed at it. I shook it. It shone brighter. A bit of oiled silk was tied tightly over the cork, and it was plain to see that it was partly filled with a light-colored oil, into which a bit of phosphorus had been dropped, which, on being agitated, filled the bottle with a dim light. But there was something more in the bottle than phosphorus and oil. I could see a tin tube, corked at each end, the exposed parts of the corks spreading enough to prevent the tin from striking the glass. We all knew that this was one of those bottles containing a communication of some sort, and float about until they are picked up. The addition of the oil and the phosphorus was intended to make it visible by night as well as by day, and this was plainly the reason why it had been swallowed by a light-loving shark. I poured out the oil and extracted the tube. Wiping it carefully, I drew out the corks, and then from the little tin cylinder I pulled a half sheet of note paper rolled up tightly. I unrolled it and read these words: "Before I jump overboard I want to let people know that I killed John Polhemus. So I have fixed up this bottle. I hope it may be picked up in time to keep Jim Barker from being hung. I did think of leaving it on the steamer, but I might change my mind about jumping overboard, and I guess this is the best way. The clothes I wore and the hatchet I did it with are under the woodshed back of Polhemus's house." "HENRY RAMSEY." I sprang to my feet with a yell. Jim Barker was my brother, now lying in prison, under the sentence of death for the murder of Polhemus, all the circumstantial evidence, and there was no other, had been against him. The note was dated eight months back. Oh, cruel fool of a murderer! The shark was thrown overboard, and we made best speed to port, and before the end of the afternoon I had put Ramsey's note into the hands of the lawyer who had charge of my brother's case. Fortunately he was able to identify the handwriting and signature of Ramsey, a man who had been suspected of the crime, but against whom no evidence could be found. The lawyer was almost as excited as I was by the contents of this note, and early the next morning we started together for the house of the Polhemus family. There, under the woodshed, we found carefully buried a blood-stained shirt and vest and the hatchet. My impulse was to fly to my brother, but this my lawyer forbade. Returning to the city, I thought I might as well make my report to Signora Rochita. The lady was at home and saw me. When I had finished my story she looked at me steadily for a moment, and then said: "I have something to tell you, but I hardly know how to say it. I never lost my bracelet. I intended to wear it at the Captain's dinner, but when I went to put it on I found the clasp was broken, and as I was late I hurried to the table without the bracelet, and thought of it no more until, when we were all waving and cheering, I glanced at my wrist and found it was not there. Then, utterly forgetting that I had not put it on I thought it had gone into the sea. It was only this morning that opening what I supposed to be the empty box I saw it. Here it is." I never saw such gorgeous jewels. "Madam," said I, "I am glad you thought you lost it, for I have gained something better than them." "You are a good man," said she, and then she paid me liberally for my services. When this business had been finished, she asked: "Are you married?" I answered that I was not.

"Is there any one you intend to marry?" "Yes," said I. "What is her name?" she asked. "Sarah Jane McElroy." "Wait a minute," said she, and she retired into another room. Presently she returned and handed me a little box. "Give this to your lady love," said she, "when she looks at it, she will never forget that you are a brave man." When Sarah Jane opened the box, there was a little pin with a diamond head, and she gave a scream of delight. "I don't need anything," she said, "to remind me that you are a brave man. I am going to buy furniture with it." I laughed and remarked that "every little helps." When I sit with my wife by my side before the fire in our comfortable home and consider that the parlor carpet and the furniture and pictures and the hall and stair carpet and all the dining-room furniture, with the china and the glass and the linen, and all the kitchen utensils, and two bedroom suits on the second story, both hardwood, and all the furniture and fittings of a very pleasant room for a single man, the third-story front, were bought with the pin that the Signora gave to Sarah Jane, I am filled with profound respect for things that glitter. And when I look on the other side of the fire and see Jim smoking his pipe just as happy as anybody, then I say to myself that if there are people who think that this story is too much out of the common I wish they would step in here and talk to Jim about it. There is a fire in his eyes when he tells you how glad he is that it was the shark instead of him, that is very convincing.

MISSING LINKS.

Vincent Griest, of Lower Oxford, Pa., witnessed a combat between an owl and a smaller bird, and when the little one seemed to be getting the worst of the battle he went to her assistance. The owl thereupon attacked him and bit him in the arm and face.

A German gastronomic publication gives the following account of the origin of the menu: At the meeting of electors in Regensburg in the year 1489, Elector Henry, of Braunschweig, attracted general notices at a state dinner. He had a long paper before him to which he referred every time he ordered a dish. The earl of Montfort, who sat near him, asked him what he was reading. The elector silently handed the paper to his interrogator. It contained a list of the viands prepared for the occasion, which the elector had ordered the cook to write out for him. The idea of having such a list so pleased the illustrious assembly that they introduced it each in his own household, and since that time the fashion of having a menu has spread all over the civilized world.

The project of holding an international musical and theatrical exposition in Vienna is making rapid progress toward realization. The originator of the plan is the Princess Metternich, and her idea of what the exposition should be, together with an official programme, will be made known shortly to the world through 100,000 circulars which will be distributed throughout Europe and the United States. Committees for the management of the exposition's interests have been formed in several countries. In England the duke of Edinburgh is the chairman; in Bavaria, Prince Ludwig; in Prussia, the director of the Royal Opera House; in Paris, M. Berger and M. Proust, formerly minister of the fine arts, "and finally," as the Munich Allgemeine Zeitung says, "for North America the energetic and money strong Mr. Bennett."

One of the largest pearl fishing grounds in the world is in the Gulf of California. "The pearls," says a correspondent, "are not generally regular in shape or very pure in color, but some are of large size, and many of the rare black pearls are found. The divers are nearly all Indians and their equipment is of the simplest kind, consisting only of a basket hung around the neck, in which to collect the oysters, a knife to detach them from the rocks and a stone with a cord attached. When the diver goes down he takes the cord between his toes, the weight of the stone carrying him at once to the bottom. Hogathers oysters as long as his breath holds out, and then rises to the surface, to descend again in fifteen minutes. Some of the divers are wonderfully expert, and can remain under water for as much as two minutes before rising to the surface. The mortality among them is fearful, for the Gulf of California is infested with huge man-eating sharks, which carry off scores of men every year."

How to be Happy in Summer. Read the latest books. Bathe early and often. Seek cool, shady nooks. Throw fancy work away. Wear lightest, lowest shoes. Ride at morn and walk at eve. Believe that waiters are human. Let hats be light and bonnets airy. Eschew kid gloves and linen collars. Hurry never, thus being at leisure ever. Dress in cambrics, lawns and gingham. Be lavish with laundresses, fruit men and fans. Court the sea breezes, but avoid the hot sands. Let melons precede, and berries follow the breakfast. Store up the sweet and give small place to the bitter. Remember that seeming idleness is sometimes gain. Retire when in the mood and arise when most inclined. Order freshest fish and corn-cake; never mind the heavy fritters. Remember that nine-tenths of the people are at the seashore for rest. If you feel like doing a good deed, treat a dozen street children to ice-cream. That is mission work. Do not tell your hostess how sweet the butter and cream were at your last summer's boarding place. Remember that children are only small editions of older people, and that they have feelings quite as acute. Look pleasantly at the tired stranger who looks wistfully at the part of your car seat occupied by your wraps, even if you do not offer her the seat.—Anna P. Payne, in The Ladies' Home Journal.

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Sons of England News.

FROM ONTARIO, QUEBEC, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ETC.

Toronto.

Lodge Lonsdale, No. 141, was instituted at Thornbury, on June 29th, by the S. G. P. Bro. Ivens, assisted by Bro. H. Eveson, D.D., and a strong contingent from Canterbury lodge, Collingwood. At the second meeting, Bro. Nettleton completed the work by installing several of the officers, and initiating 12 members. The lodge has every prospect of doing well.

Lodge Lonsborough, No. 143, Lonsborough, was instituted by the S. G. V. P., Bro. Hancock, on 2nd July.

Recently the S. G. P. Bro. Ivens, visited Langford Mills, Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, and Burk's Falls; the meetings are naturally not so well attended during the hot summer months—especially in the country districts—all the lodges, at these points, were in the main doing satisfactorily.

The Supreme Grand President will make a special trip to the Maritime Provinces this month. Two applications for new lodges have already been received from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island and New Glasgow, N.B., respectively.

On his return trip from the Maritime Provinces the S. G. P. Bro. Ivens, expects to visit the lodges in Montreal, Kingston, etc.

At the monthly meeting of the Grand Executive Council, held in the Grand Secretary's office, Shaftesbury Hall, two important committees were appointed. One for the purpose of taking into consideration the drafting of the constitution of the Juvenile Branch, and a committee of five, as instructed by the Grand Lodge, to take into consideration the amalgamation of the W. R. and R. R. Degrees. Bros. P. S. G. Presidents Hulme and Kemping, Past S. G. V. P. Bro. Stroud, P. D. D. Bro. Barker, and D. D. Bro. Eveson were appointed.

A new lodge was recently instituted at Winnipeg by the Rev. Bro. Canon Coombes, etc.

Bro. T. P. Williams, D. D. for East Toronto—the energetic and indefatigable secretary of lodge Manchester—sails by the White Star line for England, to buy for the large wholesale dry goods firm of McMaster & Co., Toronto.

On July 3rd, lodge Chatham, No. 142, was duly dedicated and opened by the following Grand Lodge officers, Bro. R. Ivens, S. G. P. as P. P.; Bro. Wm. Barker, acting G. V. P.; Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D. Grand Chaplain; and Bro. J. W. Carter, S. G. L. Secretary. After the dedication ceremony the officers of the lodge were elected and installed as follows:—Bros. C. Hastings, P. P.; C. McClelland, W. P.; A. R. Purland, V. P.; W. Spanner, Chaplain; F. W. Chorley, Secretary. Committee—C. Spice, W. Pooler, G. T. Wright, E. Spanner, W. Spanner, Geo. Allsop, Guards—W. Gorge, and G. S. Wright. Surgeon, J. A. Todd. The above makes the 28th lodge in Toronto. A large number of visiting brethren from sister lodges were present and assisted in the ceremony which was of a successful character.

Lodge Mercantile, No. 81, met on July 25th, in Shaftesbury Hall. Bro. J. D. Young, in the chair. Six propositions for membership were handed in. Bro. H. Eveson, D. D., Collingwood, who was paying a fraternal visit—addressed the members and was well received. Recess having been declared song and recitation became the order of the evening, much to the edification of the visiting brethren. Bro. Evison expressed himself highly delighted with the clever entertainment.

Lodge Bristol, No. 90, held their usual fortnightly meeting on July 21st, in Shaftesbury Hall. Two new members were initiated and one proposed for membership. A committee was formed for the purpose of arranging for the annual summer picnic of the lodge, to report at the next meeting. The members are taking great interest in the lodge, judging by the large number present, when our representative made his visit.

Richmond Lodge, No. 65, held their meeting on July 14th, in Shaftesbury Hall. Bro. Wm. T. James, D. D., paid an official visit to the lodge, and, in a few well chosen words, gave some good advice to the members of the lodge, which, was well received. A letter was read from the wife of a member of the lodge, who is at present on a bed of sickness in British Columbia, asking for assistance; the same was immediately granted out of the contingent fund, and a small committee was appointed to wait upon the wife, who is at Mimico, to learn further particulars in order that communication can be opened with the secretary of the lodge

in Victoria, B.C. Such cases show the necessity of our grand and noble society.

Lodge St. Albans, No. 76, met in Association Hall, Yonge St., on July 10th. Bro. Frank J. George, V. P., of Derby Lodge, Ottawa, was present and was cordially received. Upon being called upon to speak, he gave a very interesting account of the progress of the society in Ottawa, under circumstances much more adverse than what we experience in Toronto. Bro. W. George, P. P., of Boston lodge, also addressed the members.

Litchfield Lodge, No. 146, was organized recently under favorable auspices. Among the officers of the order present were, S. G. P., R. Ivens; past D. D., W. Barker, and P. G. P., J. C. Swait. There were 32 names on the charter roll, and 14 candidates were initiated. Speeches were made by Messrs. Swait, Boomhall, Cashman, Smallpiece, Skippon and Lomas. The last two named gentlemen, founders of the order, expressed great satisfaction at the growth of the S. O. E. This year the increase has been phenomenal, and four more lodges have been formed than in any other year, Litchfield Lodge is honored in having the Lord Bishop of Toronto as a member. The following officers were elected: V. P. Bro. Boomhall; Sec. C. Cashman; Treas. H. W. Smallpiece; Committee, Bros. Hawke, Cordingly, Smallpiece, Wenbourne, Grenville, Beverly and White; Guards, Bro. Sylvester and G. S. H. Bird.

Port Arthur.

The members of Lodge Winchester, No. 90, S. O. E., held an open meeting in their lodge rooms on Thursday the 16th July to welcome Bro. J. W. Kemping, P. S. G. P., the organizer of the lodge. The lodge business was through about 8.30 and the doors thrown open. There was a very good attendance of the members and their friends, among whom were several of the fair sex. Bro. Onslow, D. D., took the chair and delivered an address. Songs followed by Bros. Scott, Mackenrot and Hallett. Bros. H. Baxter and G. Carr sang the "Larboard Watch" duet; Bro. Davies gave an organ recital and Bro. Whitehead an exceedingly good performance with the bones. There was an interval for refreshments, after which Bro. Kemping sang "Hearts of Oak," he then gave a short address, which he prefaced by saying that he hoped the lodge would hold open meetings once a month. He could assure the brethren that though he had been present at many such a gathering, he never enjoyed himself more. This their first attempt at anything of the kind had been a great success. He concluded by a short recitation. The meeting was brought to a close at 11.30 p.m., by the company singing the National Anthem.

Brockville.

A Juvenile Lodge—to be known as "Star of England" lodge—in connection with Suffolk Lodge of the S. O. E. was instituted on the 3rd inst.

The prospects of the new lodge exceed the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. Seventeen candidates were initiated last evening, and there are some twelve or fourteen more candidates for initiations at next meeting. The lodge will meet the first Monday in each month at 7.30 p.m. The following are the officers elected to serve the juvenile branch from the parent lodge: Bro. W. H. Edwards, W. P.; E. Smith, V. P.; W. Grace, Chap.; H. Dodd, Treas.; F. Guest, Sec.; Dr. Horton, Surg.

Juvenile officers were elected as follows: Fred. Grace, 1st guide; Wm. Joy, 2nd guide; Willie Fennell, 3rd guide; Chas. Steeper, 4th guide; Walter M. Edwards, 5th guide; John Dewksberry, 6th guide; Fred. Findon, inner guard; Bert Fox, outside guard; John Findon, asst.-sec.

The following brethren of the parent lodge, act as a managing committee and include the trustees: Bros. W. White, Chas. Steeper, Geo. Turner, Z. Outhbert, E. Stapley, J. Fox, J. Woodward, A. C. Bacon, A. J. Raven.

Bro. W. H. Edwards, Pres. of the new lodge of the Juvenile branch made a neat little speech, at the close of the meeting to the boys present, shewing forth the objects and usefulness of such institutions trusting they would become worthy sons of Old England and good citizens. The boys are up to business already and with the timely advice given them by their president, the juvenile branch will form an important branch to our society.

Suffolk lodge has now for chaplain the Rev. F. Newham, who has been but a short time out from England, takes a deep interest in the society. He has won already quite a circle of friends. The society here needs more prominent Englishmen in it who are not afraid to work and take an active interest among their fellow countrymen, by giving this society their help and influence.

Montreal.

On Saturday, 18th July, ten cars well filled with members of the S. O. E., and their wives and children, young men and maidens, left Bonaventure depot at 8.30 a.m. The weather was everything that could be desired, and after calling at St. Cunigonde, the train went at full speed and the party was soon out in the country enjoying the fresh breeze which was so welcome to all. On arriving at Alexandria a pleasant surprise awaited the picnickers, viz.: a grand reception by the inhabitants of the town, accompanied by their splendid brass band, which played some lively airs. Bro. I. Walton, chairman, and Bro. J. A. Edwards, D. D., was formally introduced to Mr. D. D. McPheen, Reeve of Alexandria, and Mr. D. A. McDonald and Mr. A. Lelonde, members of council, who tendered on behalf of the citizens a hearty welcome to the committee, wishing the party a pleasant and happy day. Their wishes were fully realized by all, for nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of anyone. After a thorough good day's enjoyment. The splendid programme of games was well contested. The party left Alexandria at 6.45 p.m., arriving in Montreal at 9.30 p.m.

On Tuesday evening last, the 6th instant, two large waggonettes drawn by eight horses, were filled by members of the Sons of England, who went Lachine to open a new lodge. The waggons left Montreal at 8 p.m., reaching Lachine soon after 9 p.m. The D. D., J. A. Edwards, and Bros. Booth and Croston, went out by an early train and had every thing ready for the opening ceremony when the brethren arrived.

The new lodge was opened at the Church of England Hall, and 20 fine healthy young men were initiated members of the Sons of England, and instruction was given to them as to the working of the lodge and the order. Bros. Brownhill, W. G. P.; Yates, W. G. P. P.; Brooks, W. V. P.; Edwards, D. D.; and Booth, W. S., Bros. White and Walton, acting as G. Guides. The ceremony of opening being ended the members visiting and the newly initiated adjourned to The Fortin Hotel for refreshments. A couple of hours were happily spent, being enlivened by songs and speeches. The opening of this lodge confirms the opinion that the locality is a good one for gaining many new members, and the opening of other new lodges.

Ottawa.

We are sorry to report the death of Bro. C. J. Ripley, of Bowwood lodge, Ottawa, on the 2nd inst., in his 61st year. The deceased was well known for his sterling manhood and Christian piety, and his death is sincerely lamented by all who knew him.

Prince Edward Island.

We had recently the pleasure of meeting an esteemed friend from the province of Prince Edward Island, in the person of Mr. J. H. Bell, of Charlottetown, boot and shoe manufacturer. He was on a visit to the east in attendance at the recent Grand Orange Lodge of Canada. Mr. Bell has been a subscriber to the Anglo-Saxon from its inception, and he took the first opportunity of calling upon us. In past communications with us he expressed a strong desire to establish the S. O. E. in the Island, and we are glad to note that he has prevailed upon the Grand Lodge officers of the Sons of England to go down and open up the order in Charlottetown.

Go to the Sons of England Sixth Annual Picnic at Clark's Island on Thursday, 20th inst., Adults, \$1; Children, 40c.

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SIXTH ANNUAL

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