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# THE ANGLO-SAXON THE BRITISH ADVOCATE

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OTTAWA, JUNE, 1899.

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# THE ANGLO-SAXON

Vol. XII, No. 9.

OTTAWA, JUNE, 1899.

\$1.00 per year.

## Mr. Sifton's Anglo-Saxondom!

**I**N CONSEQUENCE of remarks made by me in the course of a speech delivered at the banquet given by the St. George's Society and the Sons of England I have been asked by the Editor of the *ANGLO-SAXON* to put my ideas in the form of an article. Owing to want of time and want of books of reference I can do little more than submit a few rough notes on a subject which deserves more careful treatment.

The whole world is at present ringing with rumors of a federation the greatest that the centuries have seen, a federation of the Anglo-Saxons of the world. Mr. McNeill's resolution, of which notice has been given in the House of Commons of Canada, has been backed by Senator Kirchhoffer's notice of a similar resolution in the Upper House and by the sympathy not only of that party which we owe the National Policy and the C. P. Ry. (the iron bond of union between east and west) but by a very large section of English speaking men.

The hope of the next century is a federated Anglo-Saxondom which will be able to say without fear of contradiction,

The wealth of the world's in our pocket,  
The trade of the world is ours,  
Our ships can unloose it or lock it.  
And we don't care a d— for the Powers.

The prime object of these resolutions is not only to bring increased prosperity to the colonies of the Empire and eventually to the Mother country as well, but to ensure the population of those colonies by men of Anglo-Saxon race who will swarm into our waste lands when they are once assured that by the adoption of the true two sided system of inter-preferential trade foreshadowed in Mr. McNeill's resolution, all which they can produce, will find a ready sale on favored terms in the great home market of the race, Great Britain.

Concurrently with this movement is another of almost equal importance, a movement on the part of the colonies to assume in some measure a reasonable share in the responsibilities of the Empire, by creating a body of soldiers (and possibly of sailors and ships) sufficient to protect the lands in which they are raised (with Great Britain's help) or in time of great stress, lend some small assistance to the mother country.

Under circumstances such as these it is surely a strange sight to see the Government of Canada making (especially of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories) a mixture of the nations, and to hear men who know the country assert that at the present

moment 50 per cent. of the population of these districts is composed of foreigners, whilst it has recently been elicited in the House that the Government of the day has been paying to transportation companies \$5.00 a head for foreign immigrants and only \$1.70 for men of our own breed from the old country.

I have heard an after dinner orator of some position in Canada (the Hon. R. R. Dobell) affirm that the Anglo-Saxon population could and would absorb and assimilate all the aliens who could possibly be brought into Canada, and that the result would eventually be a true Saxon race and moreover that the English race was founded in just such fashion.

Spoken with the charming geniality of a school-boy or (the same thing) of this most kindly of Canadian politicians, this assertion may pass unchallenged. You may forgive his mistakes for the sake of his smile, but common sense won't swallow his statement nor history corroborate it.

You cannot expect one half of a nation to swallow the other half and show no sign, nor is it true that ever since the English were a nation any such vast body of men foreign in speech, history, customs and race ever was absorbed by the original stock.

If we mean what we say about an Anglo-Saxondom we must build a British race with British bricks. You cannot make Anglo-Saxondom of Doukhobors, Galicians and Fins.

There is a sounder theory than Mr. Dobell's current amongst a few who look upon the world from a stock breeder's point of view. That is, that whatever kind of stock you turn into it will eventually conform to one particular standard which is the natural output of the country.

There is some warrant for this assertion. It does not require much imagination to see in the typical Uncle Sam of the comic journal a strong likeness to the aborigines of the United States. The lean angular Yankee with high cheek bones, dry and brief in speech, a born boaster and gambler, is perhaps to-day more like the Cree, except in color, than he is like the frank, florid, burly Briton from whom he sprang. And those who know Australia will tell you that the typical Australian with his comparatively narrow chest, long, lean figure, flat horseman's thighs and small light quarters, is very different to the round thighed, wide chested, broad based stock from which he sprang. A country certainly does have a marked effect upon stock, and here I mean animals, horses, cattle and such like. So great an effect indeed has it that if you want to keep up any particular imported type



you can only do so by constant importation of new sires from the old country, but in the making of a nation statesmen should look at something beyond the mere outward physical characteristics of the individuals out of whom they propose to make a nation.

This is what we ask for, especially in the making of that section of the Anglo-Saxon race which is being built up in this country and this is what we say is not being done.

The English, or British (to me the words are synonymous (for like most Englishmen I claim that all the four great types, English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh, are so knit and blended that no man can state the exact proportion of each blood in his own veins,) the British I say, are not marked *only* by physical characteristics. Those are the least of those things which they share.

God-fearing, and fearing none other; justice-loving, and dealing equal justice to all men: honest but pertinacious traders, who will allow neither geographical difficulties nor race jealousies to close a market against them: sharers in a history which has no parallel: sharers in the speech in which earth's greatest poet, taught men more of man's nature, than man had guessed before, sharers in a religion which has made the world happier and robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its victory, the Anglo-Saxons have common ties and a common heritage, such as no other section of mankind enjoys.

It is not too much to affirm that in the Anglo-Saxon type, man has reached to the highest point of excellence to which he has hitherto attained and whilst it is our duty to do what we can to bring mankind as a whole up to our level, it is at least fair to ask whether it is wise to spoil THE BEST by reckless admixture of the SCUM.

The dogs may pick up the crumbs which fall from the children's table, but there is no reason why they should be asked to sit at that table, mix blood with and share the heritage of the children.

And that is just what is being done to-day. Into Manitoba and the Northwest Territories we are pouring Mennonites, Doukhobors, Galicians, Finns and heaven knows what besides.

Why? They are not of our race, they are not of our religion, they are not like us, in manner of thought, in manner of life, in speech or in history. They have none of those unities which are required for the formation of a nation in the true sense of the term.

We want soldiers, and as long as the world turns round and force is the ultimate court of appeal, we shall need soldiers, and the wider our bounds become the more we shall need them. And yet what do we find to be the leading characteristic of our new settlers.

*That they won't fight.*

The Mennonites were kicked out of Prussia because they would not bear arms in defence of their mother land. They were kicked into Russia

where they refused to bear arms for their adopted country, and thence into Canada where we want soldiers and yet receive these men with a pledge that they shall not be asked to serve.

*The Doukhobors will not fight.* It is the first article of their creed that they should not do so. Russia drafted them off into the Caucasus and put them face to face with wild mountain tribes who would make them fight or die. When called upon to serve their country, after a term of quiet, they burned as a demonstration, a relatively large quantity of arms which they had acquired and presumably used, contrary to their creed, in defence of themselves, and their own goods and chattels, but they still refused to do that for the Commonwealth which they were willing to do in defence of their own private accumulations. When the Commonwealth was concerned their creed applied, when their personal interests, their pockets, were concerned, their creed did not apply. For this kind of citizen Russia has no love, nor has she any desire that they should make proselytes, in which business they were particularly energetic, and therefore Russia has got rid of them and we have the benefit of them.

Of the Galicians, probably the dirtiest people on earth, I am unable to obtain very reliable statistics, but this much seems clear. They are either Ruthenians (little Russians) or Poles with an enormous admixture of the very lowest type of Jew in the world. At Brody the percentage of Jews to any other class is put at 60 per cent by a standard book upon geography and the same work puts the percentage of Jews all through Galicia at something over 11 per cent. Lemberg and Cracow are the only two Galician towns with which I am acquainted, but I believe they are the two principal towns in Galicia, and in Cracow I know that the casual observer would conclude that the whole population consisted of gentry of the Jewish persuasion, shuffling about the streets with the air of mendicants, slippered, long haired, greasy, dirty and depressed to a degree, unparalleled amongst the meanest of mean whites.

I have no religious intolerance, and having lived several years in Russia, I am by no means sure that Russia has more intolerance than I have. She gets rid of what she does not want, because it does not suit her, not because its religion is not hers. She absorbs the men on her eastern frontiers in a way that even England never has done. She makes of Ali Khan (I think if my memory serves me that he was a Tekka Turkoman), Ali-Khanoff, one of her most distinguished generals and although she has persecuted certain Jews who do not like soldiering, or farming, or any of those pursuits which profit the State without hurting the people, she has never shown anything but kindness to the Karaite Jews of Theodosia and elsewhere who are a quiet hardworking, trading people, and amongst the most prosperous of that class of people in Southern Russia.



Of the Finns I have not any special knowledge but it is fair to presume that they are of Tartar, and not of Slav origin and would therefore introduce a new blend into Anglo-Saxondom. They are a people of course who, like the rest of these settlers are against the government under which they live, and we find in the press of the day some hint of their natural proclivities.

We read of them near Sudbury as a drunken, disorderly mob, trying to kill a mail man, and of four of them who are already held for the unprovoked murder of two Canadians. Our Galicians also are reported as having committed atrocious murders, and if my memory serves me it was a Doukhobor who was sued the other day for breach of contract in not delivering his wife whom he had sold to his friend. This view of woman as a negotiable chattel is scarcely in accord with Anglo-Saxon notions, and for guests on good behaviour it may safely be asserted that these foreign gentlemen introduced by Mr. Sifton have been allowing themselves quite as much latitude as is courteous to their hosts, and I defy anyone to show that so far they have demonstrated that kindred spirit in manners or customs which alone ought to make us overlook a foreign origin.

There is another point. We are approached by the sponsors for these new people on our sentimental side. These Russian Raskolniki (dissenters) are men who have suffered for their faith and as such deserve our sympathy.

Do they? If their creed be one which recommends itself to our conscience the answer is "yes," if they cling to it even when it conflicts with their self interests, but there need be little sympathy for those whose religion it is not to bear arms for their country, but who are willing to forget their religion and bear arms when their own private property is threatened.

One of the principal tenets of the Doukhobor religion as set out in *The Christian Martyrdom in Russia*, page 31, is that "abstinence from marriage for the sake of purity is regarded amongst them as a high virtue" and we are told that in a spirit of wise economy they have abstained for the last five years during which they have had their present exodus under contemplation, and as a result they have with them only children of six years old and upwards.

This is very well but here we are on the horns of another dilemma. If the Doukhobors are going to live up to their creed and earn our sympathy for a life of self-denial consistent with their faith, we don't want them as settlers. We don't want to import on specially favourable terms people who are distinguished from the rest of mankind by the fact that they will neither bear arms nor children for the land which adopts them.

If they are prepared to alter their creed to suit their convenience then they deserve no sympathy from us, and probably Russia's estimate of the

"martyrs" she was driving into exile, was the true one.

It should, at any rate be strongly borne in mind that the men we are dragging into our country are the discontented, law opposing, peoples of other countries. Dissent is all very well but amongst Russian dissenters it assumes very awkward forms. The Doukhobors are Communists. There is another Raskol or sect which teaches as its principal tenet that it is unlawful to pay taxes to the State and yet another which teaches that connection with woman is absolutely unchristian and takes care that its creed is kept by mutilating both sexes, this sect being replenished by adoption. These people live along side the Doukhobors in the Caucausus, and when I met them I was under the impression that they were the extreme division of the Doukhobor sect, a mistake perhaps, but one in some measure warranted by the similarity of their creed. Other sects again teach non resistance and are eager to obtain proselytes.

Now, do we want men who won't fight for their country, who won't pay taxes, who won't breed children, and who generally consider those things irreligious which they don't like, and who from the meagreness of their way of living become just as dangerous competitors to our own people in the labor market as Chinamen.

I won't compare them to the decent little Jap who wants to live like a white man, has shown that he can fight, and win an uphill fight, who offers us a good market at our western gateway, and is as civil and law abiding a person as we can desire. I don't want to see Japanese made into Anglo-Saxons, but I find it difficult to see why they should be excluded if the eight nationalities with their eight religions of Bukowina are to be poured into this country. The repeated famines in Russia, the failure of the Russian Government to make soldiers or farmers even on the rich black lands of the Crimea out of some of her people, together with a knowledge that the Russian Mujhik is in many cases more shiftless than the worst peasants of the west of Ireland, suggest that the elements we are using are not the best with which to build up a race in a far harder land than the Crimea, and then we come down to what from my point of view is a most important point in the whole argument. It is or should be the principal object of all good Canadians is to build up a race which shall hold and develop Canada for the Empire. If any man wants annexation to the States; if any man is interested in building up a population for the States, this article is not written for him. If ever the States like to come back to the mother country and join hands with her in an all British alliance, well and good. That would make the world ours. But the man who plays into the hands of the States, the man who is prepared to sacrifice what the U. E. Loyalists gave their all to preserve, is in my eyes a traitor and should be treated as such.

We have had three measures lately before the



people, all of which made for a closer union between Canada and the mother country. Inter-preferential Trade, the Fast Service, and all British Cable. They were all in the interests of Great and Greater Britain and all of them opposed to the interests of the States.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier pledged himself to the first in order to obtain power and threw all his weight and the weight of the country against it when he had obtained power. Why? He had his own country at his back. To obtain the trade arrangements proposed would have been to do his country's bidding, to carry out the will of the people, to accept that which the mother country was prepared to give, *but* to deal a deadly blow to the trade interests of our rivals in the States. To run counter to his promises meant to please a small section of free traders in England and Canada, to earn a Cobden medal and to so play into the hands of the States as to earn their good will and support.

My readers can choose the motive which seems to them strongest or worthiest in a Canadian statesman.

The fast service would have benefitted Canada and brought her closer to Britain. That is killed. So much the better for the States.

We have not got the cable yet. Let us hope that we shall. If not, that too will be better for the States.

And now we have before us, to my mind, the most subtle as it is the strongest measure for alienating Canada from Britain and for making Canada American.

The ties which bind us to the old country are those of sympathy and of love, due to a common origin, a common history, a similarity of faith, traditions, customs, memories and aspirations.

As long as the dominant element in Canada is of British origin, loyalty to Britain will be the dominant spirit of the people as it has been and is, thanks to the God who made us a nation, today. But if we are going to fill up this country with the scourgings of Europe and Asia who come here only from motives of self interest, who are rebels, against the laws of those many lands from which they come, who are anti-Monarchial in principle, who have no British instincts, no memory of England, no love for the mother country, (which indeed is not their mother) no common glory of history, with us, and who are being coddled in separate communities in our midst, what guarantee have we that they will not when the hour strikes, go over the border and join themselves to a country made up of much the same mixed materials as themselves, which may offer them at the moment some popular license or temporary financial advantage which this country will not offer.

I have written this article in a great hurry without access to such sources of information as I could desire, but it seems to me upon the face of it that it must at least be admitted that the im-

migrants for whom the present government is paying five dollars a head are not as valuable to Canada as those for which the same government is paying \$1.70 per head, and that instead of building up a British Canada, an integral portion of the hoped for Anglo-Saxondom it is laying the foundation of a population which must necessarily tend to union with the States and not with Britain. Is that the object of it?

Britons bred and brought up as the world's masters in the noblest traditions and under the soundest laws in the world, imported at \$1.70 to shift for themselves, and to fight for the country they dwell in, whenever need arises, and the outcasts of Russia at five dollars a head with housing on their arrival, free land, and other help, and a special Order-in-Council to relieve them from all obligation to share with their British fellow subjects the burden of protecting the Commonwealth.

What do you think of Mr. Sifton's policy brother Anglo-Saxons? Is it a policy of preference to Great Britain or of discrimination against Britons? Is it a policy which will unite the Empire and her colonies or one which will sow in the greatest of them a seed of division more dangerous to Canada than the Negro element is to the States to-day?

CLIVE PHILLIPS WOLLEY.

P.S.—The threatened advent of another 50,000 of the people referred to above (one per cent. of Canada's population) lends point to what I have written and emphasizes the urgency of this matter. Read Walter Besant's chapter on "Our Heritage" in his Rise of Empire: ponder over the fact that between 1853 and 1888 no less than 8,675,475 emigrants left our shores (of whom 6,650,055 were Britons), and that out of the whole number Canada got less than a million and the States more than six million, and then see if something cannot be done on his or McNeill's lines, to draw our own people to us instead of flooding our country with that which Europe won't keep.

#### THE "BRITANNIA CROSS."

As every Englishman knows the British war office has in its hands a reward for valor in the shape of the Victoria cross, and this is also awarded to those sailors who have the luck to distinguish themselves in active service, as sometimes happens when the sailor ashore has to show what he can do in the place of the soldier. But of their is no decoration of special distinction for those who perform heroic deeds afloat, whether in the merchant service or the navy. It has been suggested, therefore, that it would be a fitting commemoration of the sixty-third year of Her Majesty's reign if a new order of the sort were instituted, which order should be called the "Britannia cross." Sailors have perils at sea to face equal to any on land and yet there is no decoration for them. A gentleman here in a high position says that "as a nation we have no great passion for decorations such as play so great a part in the life of our continental neighbors. But the creation of the proposed 'Britannia cross' for the recognition of heroism upon the sea would be a source of legitimate pride and satisfaction to the nation at large, and above all at this moment when we are daily assured that upon the popularity of the sailor's life depends to a great extent the future of the British empire."



## Money

*"An article that will procure everything except happiness and obtain entrance everywhere except Heaven."*

Paper read by Mr. JOHN TAYLOR before St. George's Society, Toronto, at their last monthly meeting.

If we believe with St. Paul "that the love of money is the root of all evil," we must hold that the human race has, through all history, made desperate efforts to get to the foundation of the very matters that should have been avoided. The subject of "money" is so general, and embraces so many centuries of the world's life, that it is difficult in the limits of a short paper, to picture before you the peculiarities, uses and abuses, of what we call money. The word is defined by Worcester as "stamped metal used in traffic as a measure of price" but there was a time when the word "stamped" would not apply, for in the Old Testament we are told that traders carried about with them balances and weights of stone for weighing these metals of exchange, otherwise money. In Abraham's time, silver was the medium, and this was weighed in lumps. Before the captivity, there is no proof of coined money, but the precious metals must have been plentiful at the time of the Exodus from Egypt, as the value of the gold voluntarily contributed to the building of the Tabernacle is estimated as equal to a million of dollars, and the silver to one-fourth that amount. The practice of bagging up lumps of silver and gold, irrespective of any coinage thereof, still remains in Syria, Egypt and Turkey, and is thus employed for the purposes of trade. In an intelligent treatment of money it is necessary to trace the history of coins. A coin is defined as a piece of metal of a fixed weight, stamped by authority of Government and employed as a circulating medium. By the aid of preserved coins we are able to fix the dates of many of the ancient rulers, able so to speak, to anchor history. They have materially helped us to a clearer knowledge of the character and features of many notable names in history, Julius Cæsar, Augustus and Nero, and indexed to us to a large extent the successive rulers and commerce of ancient Greece. The use of coined money cannot be traced further back than the 9th Century, B.C. Before this date, as I have explained, money as a medium of exchange was made up of irregular shaped pieces of the precious metals and weighed each time it was passed. Then those early merchants had ring money, which could be opened, closed and linked in a chain for convenience of carriage. The inscriptions on the earliest Greek coins consist of a single letter, the initial of the city where the coin was struck; and the first that bore the name of a king was the tetradrach (or a piece of 4 drachms), the name was that of Alexander I of Macedon. Coins of Alexander the Great are common and are to be found in scores of collections. All these very early coins were of copper or bronze. Silver was first coined at Rome about 261 B.C. and gold about 90 B.C., and upon nearly all the coins of this period are representations of the leading gods and goddesses, showing conclusively to what extent mythology was familiarized throughout the classic age of that classic land. In many cases, coins and medals commemorated great events and places. For instance, when we look on the Colosseum in relief, on a coin of the savage Vespasian, we at once shudder at the memory of the bleeding martyrs who made sport for a Roman holiday by a hopeless struggle with the wild beasts in the arena of that same Colosseum. We have not only a Trajan's column to admire in our day, but we have the Architectural types of his age handed down to us on the coins of his day. Hadrian's coins commemorate his journeys, and thus we find throughout the history of the civilized nations of the earth, that the history of their coins is an important factor in making up an estimate of the people and their progress.

Coming down to later times we find that Roman money was the currency of Britain for some time after its subjugation. Constantine had a mint of his own in London. He, like many of his royal successors, soon learned to confess the power of the golden god that helped to enthrone him master of the great Roman Empire, and perpetuate his name in that city of mosque and minaret which shadow their beauties on the placid Bosphorus, the city of Constantinople.

We come down through the Saxon, Norman and Plantagenet kings without any special feature, to Edward III's

time, and in his reign, gold nobles were issued worth 6.8d., and here I take it, the legal gentlemen of Great Britain would say (if consulted on the subject), that this gold noble worth 6.8d. was specially created as lawyer's fee, for that sum you know is the fixed sum these gentlemen are allowed by law to charge their clients for certain legal transactions, and if you will allow the digression, I will repeat an anecdote that a gifted preacher in Toronto once related. A lawyer in a London Coffee House in taking his dinner, swallowed by mistake, a sovereign. A doctor was quickly on the spot with a stomach pump. It was energetically applied, but do what they could, they could only get out of him 13.4d., the man of law would hold on to his 6.8d.

In the reign of King Charles the I, 10s and 20s silver pieces were coined and it was in his reign that the golden guinea was first struck. The guinea was originally valued at 20s, and was so called because the gold, of which it was made, came from the coast of Guinea. Sovereigns were first coined by Henry VII., and the English crown and half crown pieces derive their name from a coin that circulated on the continent that had a representation of a crown upon it. Pennies were not coined before George III's reign, and what the Bible refers to as a penny, was something equivalent to about 15 cts. of our money. Of course the Chinese must differ from other nations in their coinage as they do in other matters, hence they exclude gold as a medium: trading with it however by weight as they do precious stones. In India and Africa small change is made with a class of little shells called "Cowries," found near Angola. Five thousand of these shells are value for a pound. In Central Africa, purchases are made and debts paid by strings of beads or coils of brass wire: an ivory merchant or traveller will lay in a stock of these, just as in Europe he would carry gold or circulate notes. The value of the beads being represented by their color.

Now, the study of coins—scientifically known as "Numismatics" is of too comprehensive a character for treatment here, and I will take up another division of my subject by referring briefly to those national toll gates through which money, in any form, reaches the envious millions of our race, viz: The Mint and the Bank. Probably some of you have been through the Mint on Tower Hill in London, or the United States Mint at Philadelphia. Neither of them or very clean buildings—within or without—as indeed no foundry can be, that does any work, and from the statistics of these concerns, it is evident they have not been idle. Mints in England were much more numerous a thousand years ago than they are now. In Ethelred's time, 33 were reported—every Baron and Bishop could start a mint of his own, if he only had money enough to buy the plant, and in those days the plant consisted chiefly of a sledge hammer, some chisels and a stamp and it was not until William the III's reign that the exercise of this right of coinage was withdrawn.

In Edward the II's time, the seigniorage of King's profit out of the mint was 6d. in the £, rather a heavy share we would consider nowadays on the output of bullion. The Archbishops of Canterbury made good use of their prerogative down to the time of that exemplary Monarch, Henry VIII. This wife destroying King who was so full of the negative virtues, as you all know, played terrible havoc in Ireland, and sought to propitiate the Irishmen of his day by being the first to place the harp on the Irish coins. In the Philadelphia mint over 200 operatives are now employed in the various processes of manufacturing U. S. coins, and up to last year, something like 1,200,000,000 pieces had been issued at a value of about \$1,000,000,000. How it makes one's eyes twinkle to see bright silver pieces and gold eagles wheeled about in barrows, just as though they were so many paving stones.

"Gold, gold, gold, gold!  
Bright and yellow and hard and cold,  
Molten, Graven, hammered and rolled,  
Heavy to get and light to hold,  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Price of many a crime untold,  
Gold, gold, gold, gold."

Bullion, however, is but a small portion of the world's wealth, and we must look to the other great national toll gate, the Bank, for the most powerful financial agency of the day, call the Bank a toll gate, for money of any kind must reach the public through the Bank, and you may depend upon it, the bank takes toll out of every dollar that passes through its hands—hence in any treatise on the subject of money, Banks must occupy a prominent place. The word "Bank" is derived from the word "Banco" a bench, the Jews in Lombardy having benches in the market place



for the exchange of money and bills. When the banker failed, his bench was broken up by the populace, and from this we have the word "bankrupt." The word "Consols" which we see quoted so often in the papers is a contraction from the word "Consolidated," because in 1752 the Government debt of England was consolidated in that year into one stock, known as 3% consols. Banks are of Venetian origin, the first being established in Venice about 1150. It was called the Chamber of Loans. The plan of Bank formation was carried by the Venetians into foreign lands and the projectors being called Lombards, they gave the name to the great banking street in London, Lombard street.

The first Bank in London was established in 1694 and the first bank notes in England were known by the name of the Goldsmith's note, because the Goldsmiths were the first money lenders; they had before this been money-changers. Now any account of banking without reference to the Bank of England would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. One might easily pass by that low, flat, ugly building in the heart of the City of London, the Bank of England, and though one may see the armed watchmen that are about it and upon it, yet it would not occur to a stranger that therein lies the fulcrum of England's greatness, with the skilled hand and active brain as a lever working on this money fulcrum of the world, the Bank of England, seeming impossibilities have been and are being almost overcome when united with the sinews of the nations laborers.

Who are the laboring men?  
 We are the laboring men,  
 We who stand in the ranks of trade  
 And count the tallies that toll has made;  
 Who guard the coffers of wealth untold  
 And feed the streams of glistening gold,  
 Who send the train on its breathless trips,  
 And rear the bulwings and sail the ships;  
 And though our coats be a trifle fine,  
 And though our diamonds flash and shine,  
 Yet we are the laboring men,  
 The genuine laboring men.  
 We bolt the gates of the angry seas,  
 We keep the nations granary keys,  
 The routes of trade we have built and planned,  
 Are veins of life to a hungry land,  
 And power have we in our peaceful strife  
 For a nation's trade is a nation's life,  
 And take the sails of our commerce in  
 Where were your artisans pails of tin?  
 Ay, where were your laborers then,  
 For we are the laboring men.

The Bank of England was established by Act of Parliament which was passed for granting to their Majesties (William and Mary) several duties upon tonnage on ships, duties on ale, beer, etc., to secure such persons as should voluntarily advance the sum of £1,500,000 towards carrying on the war with France. So that you see the reign of William of Orange did not only give us battle of the Boyne, but it gave us the Bank of England, and greatest of all blessings, the National Debt; for it was in this reign that the National Debt had a formal beginning. We often hear great outcry against the National Debt of Great Britain, and "Punch" gives us pictures of it rolling up like an immense snowball but if you will read the history of the Anti-debt period and contrast it with the present time, you will be convinced of the benefits of living in the Victorian reign. In the time of the Charles' and for centuries before, money for the extravagance of the Court and the prosecution of wars was extorted from ship owners, or Jews, or from any source that was available, without regard to the justice of the transaction. In this age no dread of ship money drives capital away; every man knows his obligation to the State and as his wealth is, so is his contribution to his country. If a father owes his sons a sum of money, I take it that that family is not much the poorer, that is my version of the National Debt in a nutshell, but it would be quite a different matter if the money was owing to some other family, and therein constitutes the difference between many other National Debts and that of Great Britain. The Bank of England, though strong in comparison with any other institution, has seen many ups and downs; has several times had to suspend special payments, notably during the panics of 1797-1825-'57 and '66. It is a very Conservative establishment, for the same qualifications and salaries are paid the Governor and Deputy Governor now as were paid at the Bank's foundation, nearly 200 years ago. The Bank is very careful of its officers and employees and has the system of holidays and relief down to a science. A medical man attends the Bank one hour every day for their benefit; besides this, an expensive library is provided for

them, established since 1850 when the Directors gave £500 towards the fund. Several banks throughout Great Britain have followed this laudable example.

Of course banks have to do with notes, and here I may remark, that a Notary Public was anciently a scribe that took notes or minutes and made short drafts of writings both public and private. But this useful man soon became more in demand for monetary documents: the more so by reason of the inability of many, even in authority, to write. On some old documents, still extant, notaries have attested thus, "As My Lord Bishop is unable to write, I do hereby certify that the above is his mark." A Bishop in the present day would have an uneasy time of it if he could not write his name. In the same year as the Battle of Waterloo, the Stamp Act was enforced and the rate on £100 was 40 cts. on each \$100, but then you know, money had to be raised to crush the butcher of Europe—Napoleon Bonaparte. "Gold is the sinews of war and sweetness of peace." In this word "gold" are all the powers of the gods "the desires of men, the wonders of the world, the miracles of nature the looseness of fortune, and the triumphs of time."

Money is capital, but capital is not always money. A man may have a mill equipped with machinery—that is capital, and worth more probably than its equivalent in money because of its earning powers, yet it is not money. Money is a sort of double barter. Go and barter your coat for money says the shoemaker to the tailor, and bring the money to me and the shoes shall be yours. That is the essence of the use of money in a nutshell. The word "Money" is derived from Juno Moneta whose temple was the mint in which Roman coin was made—the stamped pieces of metal which constituted the currency of Rome.

What a black list of crimes blur the pages of history through an inordinate love of money. What sad reading is the rise and fall of the forgers, Lionel Redpath, John Sadler, M.P., Lord of the Treasury, and Robson, of the Crystal Palace frauds; each of these men, gifted and respected, cloaked their enormities by most exemplary appearances and reached the very highest social positions in the British metropolis, and when justice overtook them, as it assuredly does all such men sooner or later, society received such a wrench as a generation could not repair. Nearer home we have had an illustration in the case of Wm. M. Tweed of N.Y., who held at one time the purse strings of New York City where he lived and flourished in affluence and princely splendor, but he overdid it and the avenger pursued him round the Globe, and hunted him down (as Booth was run down in the swamps of Virginia.) Great nations beget great events, and great events beget great men; it takes a great war to develop a great general, and so it is in crime. The South Sea Bubble which began in 1720 produced scores of rascals; the Railway mania in England in 1845 developed Geo. Hudson, and his insatiable desire for money plunged him into fraud, and thousands of Englishmen into penury. In Canada (being a younger country, and our people being too much engrossed with the fight for bread and butter), we have not yet been subject to these deep set schemes of ambitious and unprincipled men, but there is a handwriting on the wall even now. Inflation of stocks brings on your Black Fridays and the spirit of unjustifiable speculation is now stalking through the prairie land of the Northwest. These are the materials out of which gains are made by men who should never have left the carpenter's bench and the laborer's hod. If there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune, that tide ebbs and flows very slowly, and we are as apt to be carried out to sea as into shore. Let us remember:—

"Tis better to be lowly born,  
 And range with humble livers in content,  
 Than to be perked up in a glistening grief  
 And wear a golden sorrow."

While the want of money has been a great hardship to some of our best known authors, yet the world has been richer. Had it not been for the debt upon Sir Walter Scott's lovely estate of Abbotsford on the Tweed, we should not have had many of his latest and best works. Great in principle as in genius, Sir Walter scorned (to use a modern term) to whitewash his obligations in the Ballantyne firm when that publishing house became bankrupt. The literary wizard of the North faced his troubles and roused himself to higher efforts than ever, to discharge the debt before him. The span of human life would not allow him to do so however, and part of his debts were liquidated by his executors.

In a different sphere moved the author of the "Deserted Village" for poverty was his normal condition from his



leaving school to the day of his death. His genius, though on many occasions fairly paid for, could not keep pace with his simplicity in money matters and he constantly had the fear of a bailiff, or an empty stomach before him. Yet, it was this very want of money that sent Goldsmith trudging through Belgium, France and Switzerland to Italy. His vicissitudes when returning to England were trying, and many a night this wanderer paid his way through the continent by playing some of his merry tunes on the flute. He says:—

"How often have I led thy sportive choir  
With tuneful pipe beside the murmuring Lyre."

This very want of money made him a wanderer, and this wandering made a poet, hence his loss was the world's gain. His brief description of an author's bedchamber shows how well he understood the want of money.

"Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way  
Invites each passing stranger that can pay,  
Where Calvert's butt and Parsons black champagne  
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane,  
There in a lonely room from bailiff's snug,  
The muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug,  
A window, patched with paper, lent a ray  
That dimly showed the state in which he lay,  
The sanded floor that grins beneath the tread,  
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread,  
The royal game of goose was there in view  
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew.  
The seasons framed with listing found a place  
And brave Prince William showed his lamp black face.  
The morn was cold: he views with keen desire,  
The rusty gate unconscious of a fire.  
With beer and mill arrears the freize was scored,  
And five cracked tea cups dressed the chimney board,  
A night cap docketed his brows instead of bay,  
A cap by night—a stocking all the day."

Who have not felt the need of money at some time of their life, and in the realm of fancy surrounded themselves with comforts and luxuries that are beyond their reach. To the restless youth the glittering shop windows are ever a fascinating show, and the rosy-lipped Miss (in fancy) decks out her pretty figure in jewels and silks at her own wild will, and could do so in reality if she had—the money. We are familiar with money or the types of money, yet unlike many other familiarities, it does not breed contempt.

When I was in Washington a few years ago I visited the U. S. Treasury Dept., and the courteous gentleman in charge allowed me to hold in my hand a package of cancelled bonds, worth at one time nine millions of dollars. I couldn't help thinking what power for good or evil was in that package. Why it would have cleaned the mud off the streets in Toronto, and satisfied the cupidity of all the ward grabbing aldermen in the Council.

Before concluding my subject, I am reminded how much we owe to poverty in the author of "Tam O'Shanter." How he admits in his own words "skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail." Had he lived in the gilden salon, or swept his silken gown through the cloisters of an Abbey we should never have had those melodies from the meadows that have knit the poet and the people together. Poverty painted the "Cotters Saturday Night," and immortalized the "Mountain Daisy." Poverty had all but exiled Robert Burns to the tropics—his chest had been shipped—and he tells us that "Hungry ruin had him in the wind," but just then his time came and he took his place among the literary athletes of the modern Athens.

A case closer to us, and hence better understood, where—in the want of money has made the man, is that of Charles Dickens. You all know what a puny little lad he was, how at 11 years of age he went to work tying up packages of blacking at 6s. per week, and there he met the original Bob Fagin. How his parents through debt got into the Marshalsea prison, and how the little observing waif that went to see his father and mother in prison was noting those shades of character, which he afterwards embalmed for futurity in Mrs. Pickwick and the fleet prison. It was this existence below stairs—this life among the shadows, out of which Dickens reared his literary structures and charmed his day and generation, and paved the way for that fame and opulence which he had fairly earned. Literary men, however, have not been all poor. Samuel Rogers, the millionaire poet, could start the envy of his friends by pointing to his million pound note pasted up in his study, and poets (of any merit) in our day are well provided for.

This great engrossing question of money is woven into our daily life and into our very nature; it heats the blood of the expectant heir until he gives the devil possession of the haunted chamber of his heart, and for the sake of money, wishes his kinsman dead. Money is the gauge of power. Two centuries ago the paw of Spain was upon many fair portions of this hemisphere but her depleted

Treasury could not compete with the valor of British Admirals and she is swept into the shadowy sea of history, Her one possession in the western world—the Island of Cuba—is destined ere another generation to become independent or change her master. Money begets activity; the progressive man of means must "turn it over"—his brain is ever devising schemes for its profitable employment and he is either intent upon doing his share with that iron way, that "Chemin de fer" that will ere long girdle the earth and evangelize the nations, or else he has some pet enterprise of his own.

Money in a national sense is, though perhaps unconsciously, working out the theory of the world's manifest destiny. In this way they are probing away for the North Pole and the North west passage to Asia; elsewhere they are unearthing the buried treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum, while in other lands, scientific men in the pay of the nation are deciphering the cuneiform puzzles of Egypt and Assyria.

The power of money is limitless in a worldly sense; it has ploughed the sand beds of Egypt and opened another highway for the world's commerce; it has crept stealthily beneath the sea and spread a thread of communion between the hemispheres; it has subdued the jungle and the savage and stayed the hand of the heathen homicide. Indeed the power of this gilded god is past computation. It is more a question what can not be done for money than what can. "If every man has his price" is a true saying, it is gratifying to know that arithmetic has not yet given us the price of some men.

The man that has the money holds the key of the situation and by virtue of this power commands the suppliancy and obedience of his fellows.

If we wish in this age to swim with the stream, we must plunge after the mighty dollar, clutching after it, now here, now there. The dollar unbars the prison doors and tempers justice itself; the dollar smoothes the wrinkle of age and makes a very Venus of a milkmaid; the dollar gets the obsequious bow and the fawning cringe.

The man of dollars has no faults; his money casts a glamour over the eyes of his friends; they laugh when he laughs, it may be meaningless, it may be like Goldsmith's inn-keeper "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," but then, he has money. O Money! what a friend or foe thou canst be. How men work for it—fight for it—beg for it—steal for it—starve it—lie for it and die for it.

Whoever has been blessed with ample means should use it so that they will be remembered for the use they made of it, in benefitting their race and glorifying their Maker.

### Reminiscences and Reflections.

I have been requested, to indulge in a few of the reflections with which I am wont to amuse my friends and acquaintances. This sort of thing is easy to me, and I have acquiesced with pleasure.

In the first place, as an Englishman of over twenty years residence in Canada, I am sometimes asked by newcomers whether there has been any substantial change in the conditions of things over here during that period. I always reply that there has been very extraordinary progress. I remember when what is now Montreal had a population of less than one hundred thousand, and Toronto about thirty-five thousand, and when the intervening country looked rough and only partially cultivated, with stones lying on the fields and the snake-fences stretching about in a more or less dilapidated state.

Contrast that with the appearance to-day of the country along the double-tracked Grand Trunk Railway! Fine brick or stone residences, neat fences, well cultivated fields and a general appearance of prosperity. I am inclined to agree with the Hon. Edward Blake's celebrated auburn speech in thinking that a great deal of this internal prosperity may be attributed to the great N. P. This reflection naturally brings me to politics.

I remember well Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet in 1878. What a galaxy of talent and ability! Sir Alexander Campbell, John Henry Pope, Tilley, Tupper, Bowell, Langevin, James McDonald and the others. Under Sir John's leadership the Canadian Pacific Railway was practically built, the canal system of Canada improved and extended, the Northwest laid open for settlement, and in every direction



the vigor and energy of the great Chieftain was felt throughout the whole Dominion.

In a few short years what a change! Sir John had grown old, Campbell had died, Langevin had become corrupt, men like Haggart and Montague were allowed to enter the Cabinet and such men as D'Alton McCarthy and Col. O'Brien were practically forced out of the Conservative party. What could happen to such a party but what did happen?

The change was bound to come. It brought some good men with it and some other men. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is an opportunist, as every statesman, perhaps, has to be, and he defends Mr. Tarte on precisely the same grounds that Sir John Macdonald defended the Jesuits' Estates Bill. Fielding reminds me very much of his predecessor in the Finance, Sir Leonard Tilley. He has fair ability and absolute honesty. He is comparatively poor, and he will remain poor, and we can all thank God for it. Dear old Sir Henri Joly is also a strength to the present Cabinet, because the country knows that he would not knowingly consent to any improper proposition. Sir Louis Davies is a man of much ability, but they tell me that he is suffering from megalomania since he got his knighthood. This is a serious complaint in a public man, and we recommend prayer and fasting. Mulock has done good work and it probably required precisely his kind of truculent and overbearing manner to carry his policy through the official mob. A milder mannered man could never have given us a reduction of postage. He has been mean, however, towards his own service, and he should be reminded that it is not an act of statesmanship to starve the men who serve the State. Sir Richard Cartwright is old and in poor health, but he is still the ablest man in the Liberal party. His speeches have a flavor to delight the connoisseur. He has been shelved because a policy of Free Trade is understood not to be suited to our conditions, and many of his friends regret to think that he has made use of his opportunity to be more or less guilty of nepotism. Patterson is a first rate Minister of Customs and follows closely in the steps of McKenzie Bowell, who was an excellent man in that place.

The ablest man in the Conservative party to-day is George Eulas Foster. He is taking his own line in Parliament and notwithstanding that he appears to be devoid of personal magnetism, the very force of his ability will in time attract the attention and perhaps even the devotion of the business men in Canada.

We will pursue these reflections on another occasion.

### Toronto St. George's Society.

It is whispered that the Toronto St. George's Society intend to have a demonstration of the various St. George's Societies throughout the province during the coming summer. The Toronto Society is "keeping its end up." It wishes to see the others do the same.

Dr. Hodgetts, the Supreme Grand President of the Sons of England, at the annual dinner of Toronto St. George's Society referred to the cordial relations existing between the two societies and intimated that it was intended these ties were to be even more fully strengthened in the near future. This remark was received with great applause.

A communication was received from Miss Fitzgibbon extending an invitation to the Society to make an exhibit of relics and portraits at the forthcoming Historical Exhibition to be held in Victoria University, Queen's Park on the 14th June, (particulars of this will be found elsewhere.) The matter was left in the hands of a committee consisting of Past Presidents Perceval F. Ridout and S. G. Wood, The Chaplain, Rev. Canon Sweeney, D.D., and Mr. R. Blasdale.

There was an unusually large attendance at the Society's monthly meeting on the May 5th, over a dozen new members were elected and satisfactory reports were received from the various committees who had charge of the Smoker and Church Service. The report from the Dinner Committee was not ready but the Secretary, Mr. Barker, reported that the affair was in every way a pleasing success. The thanks of the Society were tendered to the various persons who assisted in the St. George's Day celebrations and resolutions to that effect were drawn up and ordered to be forwarded.

Mr. John Taylor, 1st Vice-President, read an interesting paper on "Money," which will be found on another page, a general discussion followed. Past-president W. T. Boyd, in moving a vote of thanks to the reader for his masterly and instructive paper, referred to the great impetus the Society is receiving by the introduction of these papers as is evidenced by the increased attendance of the members. At the conclusion of the evening's programme the president invited the members to partake of light refreshments which was served in an adjoining room.

The sub-committee appointed by the Society to confer with the Historical Exhibition Committee met at the Society's offices on Monday, May 15. The Rev. Canon Sweeney, D.D. occupied the chair and Mr. Blasdale was appointed Secretary pro tem. The chairman briefly explained the purpose for which the Committee had met. Miss Fitzgibbon attended on behalf of the Exhibition Committee and intimated that prominent space would be set apart for the Society's exhibits. The Banners, Jewels and other relics, and also the historical records of the Society were all produced and ordered to be handed over to Miss Fitzgibbon for display. Steps were taken to obtain a brief account of each article and a circular letter was ordered to be sent to each Past President of the Society requesting their co-operation and assistance.

### SONS OF ENGLAND NOTES.

The Sons of England church parade at Toronto will take place on Sunday the 28th May. The service will be held in St. James Cathedral, the preacher being the Rev. G. C. Wallis.

We note with extreme pleasure that Bro. W. H. Cruse of Kingston has been made a P.P., it being an attempt to show the appreciation which the members of Leicester Lodge have for the untiring zeal of Bro. Cruse. The following is the resolution unanimously carried:—

Moved by Bro. Ed. Scrutton, P.P., seconded by Bro. G. A. Stansbury.—That we desire to place on record our high appreciation of the manner in which Bro. Wm. H. Cruse has performed the duties pertaining to the office as Secretary of this lodge for over eight years, during which time we have noticed with satisfaction and pleasure his accuracy and business-like manner in keeping the lodge accounts, his punctuality at all lodge meetings, his fidelity and unswerving obedience to the constitution, his impartiality in his dealings with all the members, his fidelity of purpose and his conduct at all times in promoting the good and welfare of the members of this lodge.

And be it further resolved—That it is the wish of this lodge that Bro. Wm. H. Cruse attain the rank of Past President for the long and faithful services, and we here, by this resolution declare Bro. Wm. H. Cruse a Past President of Leicester Lodge No. 33, S. O. E. B. S.

And be it further resolved—That Bro. Wm. H. Cruse having attained the rank of Past President, this lodge do present and decorate Bro. W. H. Cruse with a Past President jewel as a token of their esteem and in appreciation of his long and faithful service in Leicester lodge and that a copy of these resolutions be entered in the Minutes of this lodge. Carried unanimously.

The members of Runnymede, No 155, Selkirk, Man. attended Christ Church in a body on Sunday evening, April 23rd. Bro. C. E. Littler preached an excellent sermon on the order and the day they were celebrating. It is some seven years since Lodge Runnymede attended Divine Worship in a body. As shown by the eloquent sermon of the pastor they were heartily welcomed and by the choir who rendered excellent music, provided under the supervision of Bro. Jos. Smith, the choir master and organist. The congregation turned out and the church was full.

On Monday evening the 24th the members of Lodge Runnymede gave a social to their friends in the lodge room where about 75 people assembled and a most enjoyable time was spent.



### The Historical Exhibition.

It is proposed to hold at Toronto during the present month a Historical Exhibition under the auspices of the Ontario Historical Society.

The Exhibition, which will be open for one, two or three weeks, is intended to be both attractive and instructive, to illustrate the history of Ontario in particular, during the century now ending and to demonstrate the progress of our people along commercial, social and intellectual lines; the history of localities as well as of the entire province; the advancement made in social and domestic comforts; and in scientific and domestic economy. It is not intended, however, to confine the exhibits to Ontario, although it should be given first place, but to include anything relating to the history of Canada.

The Ontario Historical Society has already available the nucleus of such an exhibition, and it is believed that the various local societies and a large number of generous citizens will lend enough additional material to make this one of the most comprehensive and representative exhibitions of the period.

The committee consists of Lady Edgar, as president; Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mr. C. O. James, Rev. Dr. Blackstock and Mr. J. A. Brant, together with Mr. I. L. Hughes as Treasurer and Miss Fitzgibbons, Secretary. These names at once appear to everybody as a sure indication of ultimate results of this very laudable and very worthy enterprise—to wit: a magnificent and brilliant success. This is the feeling already expressed on every hand, and the enthusiasm displayed, not only in Toronto and other important centres of the Province, but in other parts of the Dominion, is proof positive of the popularity of the undertaking which is indeed gratifying to its promoters:

The proceeds of the Exhibition are to be devoted towards the establishment of a permanent historical museum. The importance of such an aim is too apparent to require comment.

The following are among the objects to be presented:

- Indians:** Archaeological specimens, articles representing Indian life at the time of the settlement; portraits of noteworthy Indians; treaties; methods of trading, etc.
- Fur Traders:** Pictures or sketches of early trading-posts or traders; illustrations of modes of transportation; old journals; account books, etc.
- Surveys:** Exhibits to show the laying out of the various parts of the province for settlement, including portraits of early surveyors; early surveys, instruments used, etc.
- Pioneers:** Portraits of early settlers and pictures of their homes; implements, utensils and furniture to illustrate early home life (U. E. Loyalists and all others.)
- Pictures of villages, towns and cities** at any period of their history; early mills; stores or public buildings of every kind; historic landing places or scenes.
- Written Records:** Old account books, journals, interesting MSS., etc.
- Maps:** Charts, plans, surveys, field notes, models of early mechanical and domestic machinery.
- Transportation:** Exhibits illustrative of early trade routes; pictures or models of batteaux, Durham boats, early steamboats, canals, railways;
- The Press:** Early numbers of newspapers; first issues of Canadian Magazines, old pamphlets, European publications containing historical references to Canada, historical publications of the Canadian press, printed proclamations, old handbills and posters;
- Military:** Pictures of battle-fields, portraits of military officers; uniforms, banners, arms used at various periods, medals; exhibits illustrating the war of 1812-14, the rebellion in 1837, Northwest Rebellion, Fenian raids, military order books, militia muster rolls, accoutrements, decorations and commissions;
- Legislation:** Portraits of Legislators, views of various Parliament buildings, exhibits of early Acts, Bills, Petitions, etc., relics of early campaigns and elections;
- The Professions:** Exhibits illustrating the progress of the various professions, improved method of work, portraits of early professional men;
- Manufactures:** Exhibits illustrating the development of

home manufactures, pictures of factories, specimens and models of former and present productions;

- Art:** Exhibits to illustrate the progress of musical education, including first instruments brought to, or made in the country, portraits of musicians, artists and sculptors, with examples of their work; collections of paintings, sculpture and photographs;
- Banking:** Exhibits of the growth of our monetary system, pictures of early banks, portraits of bankers, coins, tokens, early bank notes, etc.;
- Postal Service:** Exhibits showing the progress of the service; pictures of early letter-carriers, postal conveyances, post offices, stamps, franks, old letters, etc.;
- Education:** Portraits of early teachers, pictures of old school houses, colleges, and school books in use in early days;
- Fraternal Societies:** Society badges, portraits of founders, first grand masters, etc.;
- Personal Property:** Articles having a personal historic value, such as books, pens, canes, inkstands, snuff-boxes, autograph letters, old china, etc., once belonging to any distinguished Canadians or others connected with Canadian history;
- Miscellaneous Articles:** Portraits of men or women (Canadians) who have distinguished themselves in the Imperial service or in any walk of life in such a manner as to reflect honor upon Canada, records of any such service, books by Canadians published in any country; historic relics of any event of historic value; clothes of early date, etc.

Local historical societies have been requested to cooperate by appointing committees to collect the information desired as to their own localities. Other societies have also been requested to prepare exhibits of the Canadian history of the work in which they are interested.

An Exhibition of such a collection as above outlined must prove of great educational importance, and be a means of preserving from oblivion many valuable records and the names of those who have done good service for Canada.

Hearty co-operation with this enterprise of the Ontario Historical Society is looked for with confidence.

The Exhibition will be held in Victoria University, Queen's Park, Toronto, from the 14th to the 28th June.

### The Royal Family,

Current Incidents of Interest Concerning Them.

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The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker's fulminations have been re-echoing since the memorable curse of the Sultan on the occasion of the Cornwall Tercentenary. He has now taken the Prince of Wales in hand, but is comparatively circum-spect. He, on May 7 said in an interview: "I would not have him horse racing, gambling and debauching." He declares that the missionaries in London are badly distributed, and that they are mostly wanted in the West End, which, he is told, in some respects out distances Sodom and Gomorrah.

Dr. Parker on a second look takes a more kindly view of the Prince of Wales. "In many respects he is the highest example in history as the chairman of a charity dinner or a social function. One wonders if in the world there is his equal in good nature, large-heartedness, and a willingness to oblige. There are no two opinions about this. In many respects he walks worthily in the footsteps of his illustrious mother. We revere the Prince of Wales for his notable stand in recognition of the illustrious services of Gladstone. There is no doubt that the Prince is a though Liberal at heart.



Established 1887.

# The Anglo-Saxon,

OTTAWA; CAN.

*A monthly journal devoted to matters of use and interest relating to the Colonies and Great Britain.*

EDWIN B. REYNOLDS, - - - - - Manager.

JUNE, 1899.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

**MINISTERIAL IMMIGRATION POLICY.**—On another page will be found an article by a man sufficiently well known in England for the last twenty years, and in Canada for the last ten, as a traveller and writer to need no introduction. Mr. Phillipps-Wolley, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, is known and noted in English standard works as an authority on the countries from which our new settlers come, and has met them in their own homes. The points he raises deserve consideration. Do we want a dirty and in some cases pauper immigration? Do we want to pay more for the scum of foreign lands than for the muscle and sinew of our own? We are wont to import law breakers ejected by other countries: faddists whose fads are intolerable elsewhere? Do we want to swamp our English population with the cheap labour of Europe's scum? Do we want to take in the people whom the United States have long since decided that they won't have, and do we want to build up a mongrel breed in sympathy with the people over the border or an Anglo-Saxon breed fit to be as it always has been "on top."

It is about time the voice of the Dominion was raised against the methods adopted by the government to build up the North-West. It is known that a much larger premium is paid to the agent for these foreigners than for English emigrants. A few years ago there was a great outcry about assisted passages being granted to English emigrants and the system was cut down to confine this assistance to domestic servants and agricultural labourers. But now this meagre aid has been abolished and the government instead seeks to draw to Canada people of unprogressive ideas and who are generally ignorant. Surely this thing cannot go on much longer without a protest. As a menagerie, the North-West is bad enough to-day. Do not let us make it worse.

If the C. P. R. and Dominion Government were to agree upon a joint plan of action and send intelligent representative men to the British Isles, the right class of settlers could be drawn to Canada, and we would have no fear of the future of the Dominion. Capt. Wolley's article is a timely one in that it touches on the weakest spot of the ministerial policy.

**THE PACIFIC CABLE.**—The wholly insufficient amount which the British government has shown itself willing to contribute to the Pacific Cable scheme has been a great disappointment to those who have watched the progress of this idea from its inception until the present time. The wave of imperialistic feeling which has lately been sweeping over Great Britain and manifesting itself in the circles of authority seems to promise a successful consummation to the efforts for many years put forward by enthusiastic individuals who desired to render the far scattered members of the Empire independent in respect of the means of intercommunication but the influence of the Eastern extension monopoly is apparently dominant in London. The late Sir John Pender divided a large part of his energy towards strengthening the power of that company among the prominent officials and for fifteen years Sir Sandford Fleming had to contend with opposition thus built up. Sir John is dead but his work apparently lives on. What effect Sir Sandford Fleming's protest will have remains to be seen. Should the British government fail to reconsider this decision the result will be the hindrance to the solidifying of the empire and the serious reflection upon the value of these professions of regard for the colonies and for the power of a united nation which have been so lavishly made by various statesmen and leaders of the party now in power in parliament.

**CZAR'S PEACE CONFERENCE.**—The proposal of the Russian Czar for a conference of the nations to consider the subject of disarmament was received with considerable distrust throughout the world but in England at all events with sincere sympathy. The distrust was due to the fact that Russia has for many years been the most aggressive nation in the world, and that her movements in the East have several times precipitated war while they have forced England to add largely to her naval strength in the Pacific. It was shrewdly suspected that the pacific attitude of the Czar was due to want of funds rather than to a cessation of belligerent designs on the part of his advisers. This feeling of distrust has been strengthened by the oppression of the Finns, and still further by the refusal of the Russian delegates at the Hague to agree to a proposition to neutralize private property at sea in time of war. Forty years ago when by the Convention of Paris it was agreed to abolish privateering, the United States refused to agree to be bound by such a rule unless accompanied by the neutralization of private property at sea. This was a perfectly proper proposal by the American government and should have been acceded to at the time. Private property on land can not now be seized without a breach of international law. Why should there be any difference as regards property which is afloat? At all events England and the United States are now at one upon the question. But the power which has summoned the Conference refuses to agree. Evidently because Russia has no commercial merchant marine worth speaking of and very little foreign commerce. It seems, therefore, as if the conference would prove a fiasco and once more illustrate the fact that the view which any nation takes of peace or war is largely dictated by the nature of its own interests.

**HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.**—Her Majesty in living to complete her eightieth year and approaching the 62nd year of her reign has accomplished a marvellous feat. If the Pope is to be considered a sovereign Her Majesty is not the oldest ruler in the world. But there is no comparison between the two cases since Leo has only worn his pontifical robes and supported the cares and responsibilities



of high office for twenty years. In mere length of rule, Victoria surpasses not only all contemporary sovereigns, but also all her predecessors on the throne of England. After having worn the crown for so long a period she still enjoys sound health, constitutional vigor, a clear and active mind and a firm will. It is probably that centuries will pass away before her wonderful reign shall be paralleled if indeed its like is ever to be seen.

A very interesting subject came up for consideration by the banking and commerce committee of the House of Commons in connection with certain legislation concerning the Canada Life Assurance Company. The bill dealing with the matter was promoted by the Company itself and opposition was offered to it by the minority of policy holders respectable in numbers and influence. Among the arguments used was a danger of a one man power in the government of life assurance companies organized on the joint stock principle. The paid up capital of the Canada Life is only \$125,000 yet the assets amount to \$20,000,000 while the policies represent promises to pay \$95,000,000. It is obvious that a person holding stock to the extent of \$65,000 might theoretically control the vast property represented by the company's investments and here the dissentient minority urged was the grave danger.

No doubt this is theoretically true, but, in fact, men as a rule, attain commanding positions in the world of finance not only by capacity but also by integrity, and, in fact, the majority of successful corporations are controlled by one man, or at most by a very small number. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by the Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York, one of the largest and most flourishing institutions of the kind in the world. The business was started forty years ago by Mr. Henry B. Hyde with a capital of \$100,000. Mr. Hyde held shares to the value of \$51,000 and retained the controlling interest up to the time of his death which occurred a few weeks ago. On Jan. 1st of the present year the assets of the company were \$258,369,299; the outstanding assurance \$987,156,134 as in the case of the Canada Life these figures show the extent to which the public were willing to confide in the integrity and ability of one man.

On the same point a striking illustration is afforded by the recent death of Mr. Roswell P. Flower ex-governor of the State of New York. Within 24 hours after the announcement of his death stocks fell to the extent of \$178,000,000, a marked tribute to the esteem in which the public held him. The stocks subsequently returned to their former quotation, a proof that the properties survived the man who built them up, and that they were worth the values placed upon them.

**ANGLO-SAXON KNIGHTS OF THE WORLD.**—The Anglo-Saxon sentiment now permeating the English speaking world, has given rise to an institution called the Anglo-Saxon Knights of the world, which proposes to "unite in bonds of unity, truth and progress all persons having Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins and who are anxious for the higher development of laws and institutions cherished by the English speaking race." It has originated in the United States, but should nevertheless spread to all parts of the globe, as we infer from the title is its intention. It will undoubtedly receive favorable commendation from every Britisher and as such we wish it success. In another column will be found a short card and a request that you send for a prospectus. A perusal of this document gives one a favorable impression of the future usefulness of the organization.

Writing in the North American Review "A Canadian Liberal" admits the claim made by the Opposition that the Liberal tariff has been framed in such a way as to discriminate in favour of the United States, though ostensibly a preference has been given to Great Britain. He says: "As relates to the operation of differential duties in favour of Great Britain, for the year 1898, which amounted to 12½ per cent., the per centage of increase of British imports for consumption from 1897 to 1898 was 10.15 per cent. while the increase of imports for consumption from the United States was 35.68 per cent. Again, while the average rate of duty upon English goods entered for consumption under the preferential rate was 29.60, the average rate of duty upon American goods entered for consumption was 25.40 per cent." In other words, the vaunted preferential tariff is a sham, as it encourages trade with the United States rather than with the Motherland. And for this we now have the testimony of a leading Liberal.

At a meeting of the Stewards and Committee of the St. George's Society at Toronto held on the 20th April last Mr. George H. Gooderham, who until recently held the chief office in the society was presented with a handsome past president's jewel. Capt. George Musson on behalf of the Society made the presentation and in appropriate terms referred to the good work which Mr. Gooderham had accomplished during his tenure of office.

#### A VASTER EMPIRE THAN HAS BEEN.

While gazing on a letter from a friend of mine,  
My eyes fell on the stamp of '99;  
I noted with much pleasure and surprise,  
How our young country had increased in size,  
And stretches boldly east and west, till she  
Would e'en incarnadine the deep blue sea.  
A jaunty British crown adorns the northern pole,  
And uncle Sam's domains are swallowed whole.  
So if that postage stamp don't lie like sin,  
We held a vaster empire than has been."

GEO. K. BROWN.

Billerica. March, 1899.

#### AMERICAN SENTIMENT AT PRESENT.

The following is going the rounds of the American press. It has the right ring about it and is pleasant reading to British subjects. It is—

If your wounded by a savage foe and the bugles sound  
"retire,"

There's something in the English after all:

You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of  
fire.

For there's something in the English after all.

Yes, although their guns be empty, and their blood be eb-  
bing fast,

And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall

Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs and protect you to  
the last,

Or they'll die, like English soldiers after all.



## PROMINENT BRITISHERS.

### McLeod Stewart.

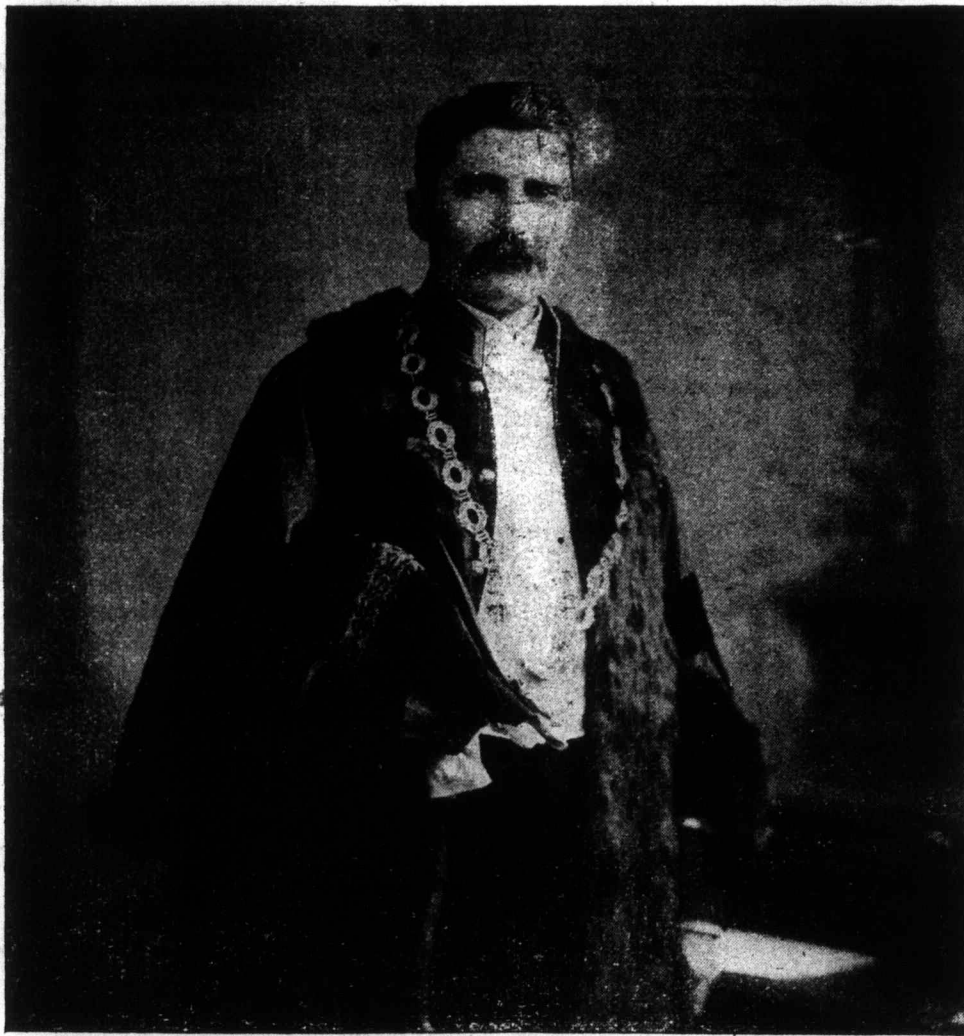
Among the British Canadians before the public eyes few at present are more prominent than the subject of our sketch, McLeod Stewart of Ottawa. The Ottawa and Montreal Ship Canal must ever remain associated with Mr. Stewart for he has shown great perseverance and pluck in connection with this enterprize. As in nearly all great reforms that have come to light, this was ushered in amidst considerable ridicule and banter. It did not take long to live this down. The advisability of such a canal is now thoroughly understood and Mr. Stewart deserves credit for the manner in which he withstood the early opposition to the scheme which he is inculcating.

He is a descendant of the Stewarts of Appin, Scotland, but was born in Ottawa. His father Wm. Stewart was formerly a member of the Canada Legislature, and he himself has held many positions of honor and trust including that of mayor. He was educated at the Ottawa Grammar School and at the Toronto University, becoming an M. A. in 1870 in which year he was called to the bar. He has practiced in his native city and has been associated in legal business with Mr. W. A. Ross and the Hon. R. W. Scott, Q. C. For some years Mr. Stewart was prominently identified with the development of the anthracite coal mines in the N. W. T. but more recently much of his attention has been given to a scheme, authorized by the government of Canada, to

construct and operate a system of canals necessary to the completion of a through waterway via French River, Lake Nipissing and the Mattawa and Ottawa Rivers from the eastern side of Georgian Bay to the head of the Atlantic ocean navigation at Montreal. Of the company formed for the purpose of carrying out this project he is the president. He visited England many times in connection with the prosecution of this work and is now there. The great effect that the canal could have would be an all-Canadian route to the Great Lakes. Should any unfortunate friction crop up between Canada and the United States, the right of way which Canada now has would be blocked. As it is Canadian commerce is compelled to rely for its means of transport upon waters which are within American jurisdictions, therefore, in this respect the situation of Canada is deplorable.

The present and late governor of Canada, as well as Lord Wolsely and the London War Office were impressed with the significance of the new Canadian canal. The cost will be less than five million dollars and Messrs. Pearson & Sons have expressed their willingness to take the contract. This is the line of work Mr. Stewart is pursuing. It places him before the public eye, a place where every motive is noted, and every flaw detected. The honor of carrying this plan through its infancy, that stage when ridicule is most prevalent, hardest to bear and most depressive, is his.

Mr Stewart has always shown great interest in the rise and progress of his native city and has advocated the erection there of a national museum, the creation of a national park and the making of Ottawa an ocean port. In religion Mr. Stewart is a Presbyterian and in 1874 married the daughter of Col. Walker Powell, late Adjt-General of militia. The portrait on this page is that of Mr. Stewart in the robes of Chief Magistrate of Ottawa.



MCLEOD STEWART

The Registrar-General's report estimates the population of England and Wales at over 31,000,000. The women are in a majority of 960,000.

The fact that binder twine can be made out of a certain kind of native grass which grows in the marshes of the province of Manitoba is creating considerable comment at present. There is a probability of a factory being erected in Winnipeg to manufacture it, provided a sufficient supply of the grass can be obtained. It is estimated that it would require at least 40,000 acres to supply the required quantity; and as it grows only on marsh a splendid industry for the province in several ways

An interesting little incident occurred during the Prince of Wales' visit to Guy's Hospital recently. A poor little fellow, lying in the accident ward, hearing that the Prince had passed said he had never seen him, but longed to do so, and asked the sister if the treasurer would bring the Prince round to see him. The Prince was told of this, and at once turned back and went to the little chap's bedside and had a chat, to the tiny patient's great satisfaction. The boy's name is Thomas Stephens, and his age is 9 years. He has been in Guy's for eleven months, having fallen from a building sixty feet high, breaking a leg and arm and badly injuring his spine. The leg and the arm are now quite well, but the injury to the spine will detain him in the institution for along time to come. He is very fond of his nurse and the doctors, and says he shall be sorry to leave when he is well enough to return to his home in the old Kent road.



# England's Greatness

By  
Rev. Dr.  
Herridge.

On the evening of St. George's day, April 23rd, 1899, the members of the St. George's Society of Ottawa, and the Sons of England, attended Divine service in St. Andrew's Church when the anniversary sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Herridge, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, and one of the chaplains of St. George's Society.

Rev. Dr. Herridge took for his text Psalm 60.12:

"THROUGH GOD WE SHALL DO VALIANTLY."

Your presence here this evening may be taken as an evidence that you recognize in religion a factor of national greatness. I would fain believe that it means even more than this. It may be good to acknowledge in any way the power of God, and to discern the presence of an invisible Ruler behind earth's shifting affairs. But Christian philosophy teaches us to worship not some far-off Being who is separate from the world, but a Father whose life is to be illustrated in some measure in His children, and whose praise is to be sung by the devotion of grateful and obedient hearts. It is not simply that He is an important element in human events, but that He is the source of all strength, the fountain of all purity, the guide to all perfection. The problems of statecraft are ethical. So far from finding a solution in the dictates of selfishness or the caprice of expediency, they are to be dealt with only in the light of those principles of truth which are immutable as Him who made the earth and the heavens, and formed man in His image. Amid the tyrannies of base passion, the outcries of popular tumult, the blindness of ignorance, the inflation of pride, the lust of self-aggrandisement, a great voice speaks as it did to Israel: "See that thou make all things after the pattern that was shown thee in the Mount!"

Your presence here is a further evidence that you recognize in Christianity itself something greater than any modes in which it finds manifestation. I pray for the unity of the church of Jesus Christ, but I see no reason to desire its uniformity. As long as men are different, they will be sure to illustrate in different ways their religious instincts. The mischief does not arise from the fact that there are various forms of ritual and doctrine, but that they have been so often made the pretext for intolerent bigotry. If you can stop men thinking for themselves, if you can content their spirits with a dull routine of ceremonial, if you can succeed in encasing the new wine of the kingdom of heaven in the old bottles of severe formalism or effete superstition, then you may behold the spectacle of a church at rest in mummified rigidity, but the life forever gone. Let us welcome every sign of earnest individual thought on the great questions of religion, let us not be afraid of differences in creed and church government; but as Christians, nay, as intelligent men, let us learn to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

A large number of the members of St. George's Society are members also of the Church of England. If that is the only true church, you undergo the risk of contamination, and are guilty of, at least, a venial fault in coming here this evening. But I think I am justified in assuming that your consciences do not upbraid you. Some of us are Presbyterians, but I hope we are Christians too, and it is in the name of the common Lord and Master of us all that we welcome you here to-day.

The Church of England is one to which any man may be proud to belong. Her record, for the most part, is that of allegiance to truth, and faithfulness to duty. More than once has she checked the irreligious forces which threatened to overthrow the national bulwark; and I should regard any attempt at her disestablishment in the old land as a great calamity. At the same time, while a State Church, if she is loyal to her mission, may do a great deal, it is impossible for her to do everything. No one but a bigot will deny that there is some good in English Nonconformity, that it has served to illustrate the value of some truths which have been ignored or forgotten, and has often proved a stimulus to the established church herself in illustrating the principles of genuine Christianity. No government has power to dictate to any free people how they shall worship God, nor the right to visit them with any disabilities whatever their mode of doing so. If dissent is exposed, as

it is sometimes is, to the perils of fanaticism and vulgarity, an established church has also constant need to guard against machine-like habit, against formal repose, against airs of Pharisaic intolerance.

England is passing through what must be regarded, in many ways, as a religious crisis. It has been one of the glories of the Church of England that, while she could not accomplish the impossibility of including all Englishmen in her membership, she has been broad enough to embrace a great variety of belief and opinion. It would be a mischievous thing if she indulged now in the thankless task of mutual recrimination. There ought to be still room within her borders for High Church and Low Church, for the utmost development of ritual consistent with common sense, and for the fullest illustration of the evangelical spirit. Nor must it be supposed that the two movements exclude each other. Given the true fervour of a disciple of Jesus, and what matters it, after all, whether he affects Church millinery or seems indifferent to it; whether he chants his prayers or speaks them; whether he prefers candles or electric light? Let him take his choice, but whatever it is, let him not identify religion with his particular mode of worship nor look with darkening frown upon those who differ from him as though they could scarcely be Christians at all. It may appear for a time as if truth was profited by the triumph of this or that party; but its permanent welfare is secured only by the self-respecting yet harmonious action of them all. I do not know how it seems to you, but, if I may be permitted to speak on the question, it seems to me that the problems now vexing the Church of England will not be solved by tedious controversy nor bitter invective, but by that wise and reverent thought which discerns beneath every form of worship the spirit which alone gives strength to Christianity, and indicates the true mode of Church expansion. If the signs of the times teach us anything they teach us this at least, that the hour is past for narrow bigotry, for proud intolerance, for mediæval inquisition; that while we ought to have a reason for the faith that is in us, we ought also to respect the faiths of others; that every true disciple of Jesus Christ though he may differ from us ever so widely, is to be welcomed as a friend, and treated as a brother.

We have abundant reason to rejoice in the glorious inheritance of the Englishman. The faults of John Bull are the faults of a strong, bold, and self-reliant character. His virtues are the outgrowth of long centuries filled with the records of heroic valor, of patient industry, of growing intelligence, of social and political achievement. As a matter of fact, there are many Englands. There is the England of commerce which hums like a busy hive of bees, which sends its products to the remotest parts of the world, and receives in turn from almost every quarter. There is the England of literature, from Chaucer down to the illustrious band whose names grace the annals of Queen Victoria, bequeathing to all who love high thought and fine imagination, a domain of wealth far more valuable than gold. There is the England celebrated in song and story, the England of Cressy and Agincourt, of Balaklava and Waterloo, the England of fire and sword, not altogether attractive at times to look upon, mingling right with wrong in her bloody strifes, yet never wanting in the reckless courage which goes so far to make a man.

But there is another England, the greatest of them all. The England whose glory shines through every cloud which has darkened her horizon, the waves of whose benign influence have laved the shores of far-off realms, is the England of the martyrs, the philanthropists, the heralds of the truth,

"Who have kept to their faith unswayed by the prize which the world holds on high,  
Who have dared for a good cause to suffer, resist, fight, if need be, to die."

It is the England of the men who fear God and work righteousness; the England of quiet homes and open Bibles and sanctuaries of praise and prayer; the England where unselfish spirits have flung themselves into the conflict for civil and religious liberty; the England where saints and heroes have toiled to make life broader and more beautiful, and to stir up those grand enthusiasms which turn this earth into a province of the Kingdom of Heaven.



Yes, through God we shall do valiantly. I know there are prophets of evil who tell us that Britain has now reached the extreme limit of her renown, and that henceforth, like the great nations of antiquity, she must gradually settle into decay. But when was it that the handwriting of doom appeared upon the palace wall announcing the overthrow of the most splendid of the ancient monarchies? Was it not when the cup of her iniquity was full, and the proud, licentious revellers, exulting in a fool's paradise, had bid defiance alike to the laws of Nature and the laws of God? No civilization can long endure when it harbours the demons of vice and selfishness. If patriotism be nothing more than a mere tribal prejudice fostered by diplomatic trickery and the carnage of battle, it is scarcely worth preserving at all. But Christian patriotism, while it throbs with the dear love of Fatherland, and is stirred to its profoundest depths by the memory of her achievement, looks well to the broader mission entrusted to its care, and out of its reverence for home and country, finds a starting point for beneficent sympathies which embrace the world.

Let us be thankful that amid all the progress of Queen Victoria's Reign, its conspicuous glory is of a distinctly moral character. It has witnessed the most vigorous attempts to improve the condition of the poor, and to root out those hideous vices which sap the foundations of national greatness. Its wise economic reforms, and its immense strides in matters of education have done more than we can conceive to elevate the general standard of life. It is the birthtime of those splendid missionary enterprises which are full of the heroism of noble faith and patient effort to bring into the dark places of the earth the light of Christ's glorious Gospel. It is true, indeed, that we have not yet reached the ideal of a Christian people fearing God and working righteousness; that we are startled at times by the revelations of crime in high places; that "the bitter cry of outcast London" has not quite died away into silence. St. George has yet to kill the dragon of vice and intemperance and material greed, and the sword of the spirit can never be sheathed until the victory is won. If we ignore the secret of the best triumphs of the past, if we grow careless of justice and of truth, if mammon usurp the throne of Jehovah, then, perhaps, the time will come when the sceptre shall have passed away from England, and the renown of former days shall linger only as a haunting testimony to the completeness of the national overthrow. Yes, we have our perils as well as our opportunities.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

But while we are Englishmen, I hope we are first of all Canadians. It is natural that we should cherish an affectionate regard even for the soil of the mother country. "Oh, to be in England now that April's there," to wander among the hills of Cumberland or through the Lake District, or across the downs of Devon, or to be carried on the tide of thronging life in the world's great metropolis. It is natural that we should recall with a thrill of pride the chivalrous annals with which the sons of Britain have marked the page of history. For though it is but a little island, wrapped in the mists of the northern seas, the girdle of its empire goes round the globe. The Anglo-Saxon has always proved himself fit for transmigration, and well qualified to display under far-off skies the characteristics which he has been taught at home. Britain keeps perpetual youth through the vitality which she has infused into her wide-spread dominions, and the same strong pulse of patriotic sentiment surges through them all. Nor let it be thought that sentiment counts for nothing. Underneath what may seem at times conflicting interests, it forms a golden chain of unity. It bids us remember the stirring events of the past, it bids us discern what is noblest in the present, it bids us anticipate the still more glorious possibilities of the future. We stand to-day with tens of millions of our fellow-subjects in India, in Australia, in Africa, in scattered islands of the sea, under the protection of the same broad flag, rejoicing in the same rights and liberties, and it would be strange, indeed, if we did not catch the contagion of an Imperial spirit which goes deeper than any question of commerce or politics, and binds us into a federation of loyal and devoted hearts.

As Englishmen in Canada we have reason to be proud of our share in such a rich inheritance. Great in its extent and in its varied resources, it is not easy to overrate its destiny if it is filled by an honest, intelligent and God-fearing population. We are not vexed with the problems oc-

casioned by the congested life of some older countries. We are not handicapped by many mistakes, nor fettered by iron precedent. The material before us is plastic, and our hands may mould it into almost any shape we will. There should be no place amongst us for social prejudice or political greed or religious bigotry. We enjoy in this land a practical self-government, and yet we are not divorced from the stimulating associations which belong to British subjects, throughout the world. We are part of a vast Empire, and at the same time we are able to realize the most attractive features of intelligent democracy. We have no State Church, and we are far better without one. Each is alike in the eye of the law, and each must stand or fall upon its merits. The only rivalry that can be defended is a rivalry in zeal and practical effectiveness. Ecclesiastical assumption may be tolerated elsewhere, but it is contrary to our genius as a people, and any strut of false pride amongst us will only be laughed at and despised. It will be our reproach if we cannot distinguish between statesmanship and the petty intrigue of some selfish partisan; if we cannot live together as Catholic and Protestant, French and English, without discerning how much smaller are the things upon which we differ than those upon which we are all agreed, and how foolish, therefore, is fierce polemic concerning race or doctrine, in view of the common task which lies before every one of us, the furtherance of those things which best promote the peace, the welfare, the enduring renown of this our great Dominion.

I ask you, then, sons of St. George and Merrie England, to join with your brothers of St. Andrew and St. Patrick in the best enterprises of Canadian patriotism, and to wipe out the remembrance of past or present differences in the old world by the fervour of a common love for this new world, which is your home. I ask you to welcome those who come amongst us from any quarter, provided they are likely to furnish the material for industrious and law-abiding citizens, and to do your part in meeting the perils of our western settlements by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I ask you, while you venerate that flag which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, to rejoice in any signs of growing friendship among the nations of the earth, and especially to recognize the essential harmony in the interests and the mission of every branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. Inspiring as are the annals of Britain in the century now drawing to a close, the dawn of the next one may witness still more glorious things, if we, and all the other subjects of our gracious Queen prove loyal to the highest trust committed to us, and strive to preserve inviolate, throughout her borders, a Christian faith and a Christian purity.

A certain English general, with a numerous company of ambassadors and consuls, had been to a grand dinner at Naples. The flow of wine had been quite as noticeable as that of the soul, but the general and his friends had been moderate in their libations, and left early, intending to take a slight walk before going to bed.

Arm in arm they walked along until they came to the principal square of the city. Now in this square there was an obelisk, planted, as the general knew, very firmly upon its base. But lo! as he entered the square, he distinctly saw the obelisk wavering from side to side.

"Did you see that?" asked the general, convulsively grasping his companion's arm.

"Yes," answered the other.

"Well, what do you think about it?" asked the general.

"Well, I think the sooner we get home and to bed the better. Consider the disgrace to our respective foreign offices if we were found in the streets of Naples in this condition."

So, with regard to their supposed condition the general and his friend felt their way along, holding to the railing. They arrived safely at their hotel, tumbled into bed, and, as in duty bound, slept late the next morning. When they came sheepishly down to breakfast, the bustling waiter's greeting carried with it both pain and pleasure:

"Did the noble gentlemen feel the earthquake last night?"



# British Battles

*on Land and Sea.*

## BATTLE OF OUDENARDE.

The chief theatres of the wars of Anne were Spain and the Low Countries, which have been well named "The Battle-fields of Modern Europe," and in the year after Almanza the great Duke of Marlborough, on the plains of Eastern Flanders, was happily fated to gild anew the laurels that had been dimmed among the mountains of Catalonia, when at Oudenarde more than 100 general officers drew their swords, and 250 colonels led their respective regiments into action.

The discontents in Scotland consequent on the Union had led Louis XIV to conceive the hope of splitting up Britain once more by the restoration of the Stuarts to the crown of one or both kingdoms, through the means of an invasion, which the Ministry and Parliament took the most vigorous measures to repel, and also for the continuance of the Continental war. And no sooner had apprehension of danger in Scotland ceased than the Duke of Marlborough, deemed the great pillar of the Grand Alliance, sailed for Flanders to command the confederate army in conjunction with Prince Eugene of Savoy, who in the beginning of the campaign had led a separate army along the Rhine.

The French army, commanded by the Duke de Vendome, though more numerous than that of the confederates, carefully avoided an action or an hostile attempt, until by treachery, under the appearance of a surprise, they captured Bruges and Ghent.

The Duke of Marlborough was accused of being privy to this treachery, as secretly favoring the friends of the House of Stuart, but he demonstrated by his conduct the injustice of the assertion. Though he had not yet formed a junction with Prince Eugene, assisted by the presence and advice of that great leader, he passed the Scheldt by a vigorous forced march, and came up with the French army near Oudenarde, a small, open, and almost unfortified town in the Netherlands, and famous then, as now, for its linen and woollen manufactures.

The nominal command of the French army had been given to the Duke of Burgundy, and Vendome had orders to act under him. He was accompanied by the Duc de Berri and the elder Chevalier, called by the Jacobites James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland.

The army on the Rhine was given to the Elector of Bavaria, with the Duke of Berwick to serve under him.

The strength of the two armies about to meet at Oudenarde stood thus respectively:—That of the Allies consisted of 112 battalions and 180 squadrons, with 113 pieces of cannon; the French mustered 124 battalions and 197 squadrons, with a great train of artillery, the force of which is variously stated. By the term squadron it must be borne in mind that a body of cavalry composed of two troops is meant, that its number of files is not fixed, but may vary from 80 to 120.

Oudenarde, being situated on the Scheldt, and at the verge of the frontier, was a connecting link for the alternate defence of Flanders or Brabant, and was thus deemed a point of importance in military strategy.

The sudden appearance of Prince Eugene in the British camp, though alone, gave the army great joy and increased confidence.

"I am not without hope," said Marlborough, as he welcomed him, "of congratulating your Highness on a great victory, for my troops must be animated by the presence of so distinguished a commander."

From the moment they met, says one of the duke's biographers, the prince and Marlborough appeared to be inspired with an unanimity as if but one soul informed both their bodies. Eugene warmly approved of the resolution which his friend had adopted of bringing the enemy, if possible, to an engagement; and the proposal being sanctioned by a Council of War, pioneers were sent out on every side to clear the roads for the passage of the troops and artillery.

Oudenarde was invested by the French on the 9th of July, and the Duke of Burgundy and Marshal Vendome intended to occupy the strong camp at Lessines, on the Dender, to cover the siege; but they were opposed by a commander whose promptitude and decision were only equalled by those of the "Great Duke" of the succeeding century, and whose resources were called forth by the magnitude of the stake for which he was contending. By gaining Lessines before them and passing the Scheldt, as stated, he compelled them to march in the direction of Gavre; and in order to force on a general engagement, Major-General Cadogan, with sixteen battalions and some cavalry, was detached to throw bridges over the Scheldt, near Oudenarde, for the passage of the army.

The Allies marched with such expedition that about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of July the advanced guard reached the bridges over which the battalions of Cadogan were passing. The French had thrown seven battalions into the village of Heynom, or Eynem, through which the long level highway runs along the margin of the Scheldt, and about three o'clock this battle, in which scarcely any artillery was used, and which was almost decided by musketry alone, was commenced by General Cadogan driving in some of the French foragers with his cavalry.

He was in turn charged by a corps of French dragoons, under the Count de Chimarault, upon which he retired to a position where he became an object of doubt and suspicion to Burgundy and Vendome, who believed that the whole allied army, and not a solitary advanced column, was before them.

They accordingly halted, and observing a heavy column of horse crossing the river, drew in their pickets, in order to avoid exposing them to the attack of a superior force.

It was fortunate for Cadogan and his corps that a difference of opinion among the French leaders—already confounded by finding themselves out-generalled—kept them from either falling on more boldly towards their front, or hazarding an attack on the bridge. Had either step been taken, this column, with the advanced guard, must have been cut off; for the main body of the army was yet far in the rear, and not all the exertions of Marlborough and Eugene could get it into the line of battle for the space of two hours.

At the head of his cavalry, as soon as Cadogan's peril became known, Marlborough came pressing on; but the infantry, worn with past toil, encumbered with krapacks, greatcoats, blankets, and the heavy musket of those days (weighing fourteen pounds) proceeded more slowly, and at this time the officers of the Scotch and Welsh Fusiliers were armed with very ponderous partisans. Hence the leading companies did not reach the bridge until past three in the afternoon. The uniform of those days, with



its heavy square skirt and huge-cuffed coat, coarse braided hat and feather, long gaiters, and thick crossbelts, was cumbersome to the soldier; but each corps as it arrived, whether horse or foot, moved promptly into position, and six guns being planted in battery on an eminence, the whole assumed by degrees an imposing attitude.

The scene of this battle, one of the most obstinate of modern times—a scene remarkable for picturesque beauty and high state of cultivation.

As an officer, Vendome was greatly beloved by the French troops, yet, according to a French writer, he was slothful and careless. "This character he retained in the army, and one might have said he minded nothing. When he could live at ease in his tent and enjoy good cheer, he remained in it, heedless whether the situation were safe or dangerous. He sent out others to make those observations which should have been made with his own eyes, and paid very little regard to their reports. But when any unforeseen accident occurred, whenever he was surprised by the enemy, his presence of mind and impetuous courage made up for all, and it was very seldom that he was routed" (*Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.*)

The Duke de Berri, King James, and many courtiers, beheld the action of Oudenarde from the steeple of an adjacent church.

While his line was forming in the order just described, he kept a corps of infantry and cavalry in Eynem, of which they had taken possession when Cadogan's horse fell back; but Marlborough had no sooner got a sufficient force into position than he gave orders to attack the village, and this service was brilliantly executed by the division of Cadogan.

While his infantry, led by Brigadier Sabine, of the Welsh Fusiliers, an old Williamite officer, descended the hill and crossed the rivulet near Eyne, the cavalry passed a little higher up, and circling round by the rear, cut off all communication between the troops who were in the village and those that were without.

Heavy firing ensued; but the village was stormed, and seven battalions of the Swiss regiments of Phiffer, Villars, and Greder were speedily captured and disarmed, "our men felling upon them with their bayonets on the muzzles of their muskets, without firing a piece" ("Life of Argyle"). Halting for a period in Eynem, the advance began again; and the Welsh Fusiliers attacked a body of troops posted in some enclosures, and drove them back. "As the regiment was advancing in pursuit a numerous body of the enemy's cavalry menaced it in the front and flank, and it fell back to the hedges, where it repulsed them" ("Records of the 23rd Foot"). According to the duke's dispatch to the States-General, ten standards were taken here.

Other corps came on; the whole advanced, and eight squadrons of French cavalry were broken and decimated as they strove to escape across the Norcken.

This decisive stroke convinced the French generals that a great battle was unavoidable; and they resolved, in opposition to the opinion of Nendame, to give rather than to receive the charge. Had there been anything like unanimity between Vendome and Burgundy, the story of Oudenarde might have been different; but to the last they continued jealously to thwart each other.

Burgundy now commanded a strong corps to pass the Norcken, and occupy a rising road that lay between the rivulets of Diepenbeek and Ohobon. General Grimaldi, who led this attack, approached the brink of the stream at the head of the cavalry of the Royal Household; but finding a mass of blue-coated Brandenburg cavalry, supported by a column of British infantry, coming fast to oppose him, he drew back and took post near the windmill of Royeghem.

Meanwhile Marshal Vendome, seeing the risk of bringing on an action at a point where the enemy courted an attack, desired his left to advance; but this judicious order being countermanded by the Duke of Burgundy, no forward movement was made, and then it became Marlborough's turn to change his ground or alter his alignment.

He had seen the threatened attack on his right and suspecting that another more formidable would soon follow, he prepared to meet it by making such dispositions as the nature of the ground permitted.

Twelve battalions were ordered up from Eynem to support the light troops which lined the hedges about Groeuilte; while another column, consisting of twenty battalions, under General the Duke of Argyle, K.T., advanced with great ardour upon Scharcken, and these movements were not performed a moment too soon.

Strengthened by several brigades from the left flank, the French had gradually prolonged their line to the right till they had completely outflanked or overlapped the Allies on whom they suddenly advanced in quick time, storming and carrying with the bayonet and clubbed musket every field and farm-house, every hedge and wall, with headlong fury. Resolutely were they met, and fierce was the conflict that ensued; for it was fought literally hand to hand, or by dint of musketry alone, for such was the fiery speed with which both sides engaged, that scarcely a field-piece could be brought into action. The French troops who came on thus were the flower of the line, the old regiments of Picardy, Du Roi, Roussillon, and the Swiss Guards; and while this struggle was being maintained, Marlborough was marching brigade after brigade from his right, and throwing each as it arrived on the left of the last in position, till he gradually shifted his ground, so as to render the point assailed not his centre, but the extreme left of his line.

"His next measure was to keep the enemy's left in check, by drawing up along the edge of the morass which skirts the Norcken a body of Prussian horse; while with his own left he manœuvred to overlap the enemy's right, and cut it off. Some desperate fighting attended this masterly evolution; a corps of cavalry which he sent forward to clear the plain about Royeghem was annihilated by a fire of musketry from the enclosures; in like manner, his infantry suffered heavily while dislodging the French tirailleurs from the hedges and coppices about the castle of Bevere and Schaerken; yet the design was completely successful."

Marshall Auverquerque stormed the mill of Oycke, and wheeled his column round, left shoulders forward, till he had completely turned the enemy; while Argyle's column, carrying everything before it, broke off all communication between the troops at Groeuilte and those in rear of the mill. Thus the right of the French army was entirely separated from its centre and left, the only road of communication being by the mill of Royeghem and the ravines of the ravines of Marolen.

"Charge succeeded charge," states the "Records of the the Royals," until the shades of evening gathered over the scene of conflict, and the combatants could only be discerned by the red flashes of musketry which blazed in the fields and marshy grounds."

The last light of day had faded away from the level landscape, and the stars were reflected in the rivulets, pools, and marshes, yet the battle was maintained with an almost savage obstinacy rarely equalled. The battalions fought singly wherever they could oppose each other—in open fields, in barnyards and gardens, from behind hedges and ditches—or they volleyed in line, till the whole horizon seemed on fire with the incessant flashes of the musketry. As the darkness deepened, its effects were gradually exper-



inced by the troops in a very serious manner. They frequently poured their fire upon their own people, who as promptly responded; and it required all the activity of the officers to check such parricidal work after it had begun. To stop useless carnage, it became necessary to cease firing, and the French, availing themselves of the pause, began to fall back and quit the field.

With happy forethought, Prince Eugene at this crisis desired the drums of his own battalions to beat the French *assemblee*, while several of the Protestant refugees who served under him called aloud the names and numbers of those regiments which they knew to be in the field.

This ruse was most successful, as hundreds of weary stragglers dropped in by twos and threes, or by whole sections, on the lines of the British and Dutch, till they amounted to thousands, and all were disarmed and made prisoners. By this measure a vast number of lives were saved. Nevertheless, the loss of the enemy was terrible; and the Dukes of Vendome and Burgundy, finding that all was lost, collected around them some 20,000 men, and began to retreat.

"Had we been so happy," said Marlborough, "as to have had but two hours more of daylight, I believe we should have put an end to the war."

The retreat of the French was a scene of disorder and great tumult; for though their right had scarcely been engaged, a wild and unreasonable panic fell upon both officers and men. Scarcely an effort was made to form a rear guard; while the whole mass joining the fugitives from the centre and left, fled pell-mell along the highway to Ghent.

Meanwhile the allied army passed the night under arms upon the field; and when day dawned the sights that met the eye, we are told, were most distressing. "Among several thousand corpses lay a prodigious number of wounded of different nations enveloped in carnage, and surrounded with the wreck of war. By the duke's orders, the utmost exertion was made instantly to collect the survivors, and to bestow on all, without remission, the care and relief which circumstances would permit. The agonies of suffering nature were thus soothed; and many were snatched from a lingering and painful death, to acknowledge the beneficence and bless the name of their conqueror."

Most of the French wounded were borne into Oudenarde, and attended there with the same care as those of the Allies."

So long as the darkness endured the duke could attempt no pursuit; but with the first light of dawn, forty squadrons, under Lieutenant-Generals Bulow and Lumley, departed on the spur to hang upon the enemy's rear, to cut off stragglers, baggage, or whatever came in their way. So Vendome continued to retreat, till he fell back behind the canal of Bruges, where he was joined by the Duke of Berwick, at the head of large reinforcements.

Such was the battle of Oudenarde, in which our cavalry were scarcely engaged, and only six pieces of our artillery.

The total loss of the Allies has been computed at 5,000 men, that of the French at 20,000; they had 5,000 slain, 9,000 taken prisoners (of these, says Burnet, 1,000 were officers), and 6,000 deserted. The spirit of their army was broken, and all its operations for the remainder of the campaign were timid and irresolute. Smollett states that we took from them ten pieces of cannon, more than a hundred colors and standards, and 4,000 horses.

The Marquis de Ximenes, Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Roussillon, and the Sieur de la Bretesche, Colonel of Horse, were among the French killed. Among the Allies no British officer of rank fell, but the names of several foreigners appear among the slain.

The despatches detailing the victory were first brought to London by Brigadier the Earl of Stair, Colonel of the Scots Greys; and their publication caused the most extravagant enthusiasm, at a time when the Allies, by leveling the French lines between Ypres and Lys, and ravaging Arras, struck terror into the city of Paris.

With Berwick's reinforcements, Vendome's forces made up 100,000 men. He made all haste to intrench himself, for though France lay open to insult, almost to her centre, it was scarcely to be feared that the Great Duke, cut off from his supplies by the way of Ghent, would venture to leave Lisle in his rear; and Vendome was not deceived in this supposition.

Marlborough certainly did urge the propriety of carrying the war into the enemy's country, but Eugene considered the design as too perilous; he therefore relinquished it, and set himself to the task of out-manceuvring his antagonists, a task of no small magnitude.

## Banquets of St. George's Society's.

LONDON, ENG.

The annual festival dinner of the Society of St. George was held on Saturday evening at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., in the chair. The society has for its objects to encourage and strengthen the spirit of patriotism among Englishmen, and to revive the celebration of the old English national Festival of St. George on St. George's Day, which, it may be mentioned, is also the birthday and deathday of William Shakespeare. In order to mark the distinctively English character of Saturday's gathering the company wore buttonholes of white and red roses, the tables were decorated with the same flowers, and two St. George's standards occupied a prominent position in the room. The music consisted of old English songs and ballads, and the bill of fare was composed of English dishes including, of course, the "roast beef and Yorkshire pudding." Among those present were Mr. H. D. Rawlings, Mr. F. G. Heath, Dr. Wicksteed, Mr. W. Granville Baker (Treasurer), Mr. Frigout, Mr. Wilde, Mr. T. G. Davis, Mr. P. Sloper, and Mr. Howard Ruff (Hon. Secretary). The loyal and patriotic toasts having been cordially honored, the chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "Old England, the Empire, and the Society of St. George." In doing so he remarked that in former days, when people recognized that they were all sinners, it was customary to have a patron saint. Nowadays people were in the habit of looking on themselves as saints, and perhaps eventually they would adopt a patron sinner, in which case he thought certain nations might very properly take for their patron Ananias or Judas Iscariot. (Laughter.) He named no names. (Renewed laughter.) He knew that in some quarters it was believed that Gibbon had asserted that St. George was really a Cappadocian pig-driver, who made a living by contracting to supply the Roman Armies with inferior meat—(laughter)—but those who thought that that was the patron saint of England had evidently never read Gibbon. The adoption of St. George by the English people was a sign that the country was no longer a Roman Province or an Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy, but one England. It was his standard that had (braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," and there was not a flag in Europe which had not at some time gone down before it. There might be lands more beautiful and brighter than theirs, but there was none in which there were so many things that made life worth living and work worth doing. (Cheers.) The men who had made the Empire, however, were those who had gone out to the Colonies and abroad, and there the Festival of St. George was far more universally celebrated than in the Mother Country. He regretted the comparatively small attention that was paid to St. George's Day in England, and he wished the society every success in the task which it had set before itself. The toast of "Kindred Societies in the Colonies and Abroad," was afterwards proposed by Mr. Bowles, and responded to by Dr. Wicksteed, of Ottawa, and in the course of the evening Mr. Ruff (the Hon. Secretary) announced that a telegram had been sent by the chairman to the Society of St. George in New York, pledging them to the memory of St. George's Day as a sign of the unity of the English race, and an assurance that the English-speaking people stood together before and, if need be, against the world.

In commemoration of St. George's Day the Ladies Central Committee of the Navy League held an At Home at the Cadogan Rooms, Hans-crescent, on Saturday afternoon. About five hundred guests were present, the majority being



ladies, of whom there are some in nearly every branch of the league. A selection of music was performed by the mandolin and guitar players under the conductorship of Senor Zerega, in it being included an excellentp otpourri of English airs, in which could be noted a sailor's hornpipe and "The Girl I left behind me." Mr. McDonall Davey sang "Hearts of Oak," and other patriotic songs. In the course of the afternoon Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, one of the Executive Committee of the Navy League, gave a short lecture with illustrated diagrams on the Flag of England, tracing its development. The Union Jack, as he pointed out, is composed of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. By laying St. George's over St. Andrew's one had the Jack of 1606; by laying St. Patrick's over St. Andrew's and superimposing St. George's one obtains the Jack of the present day as established by Proclamation at the Union. The lecturer also spoke of the red, white, and blue ensigns of the Navy, pointing out that nowadays the Navy retained only the white ensign, the blue belonging to the Naval Reserve, and the red to the Mercantile Marine. This was the first large At Home held by the Ladies' Central Committee, and its success seems to indicate that there will be one on each of the future St. George's Days. Among the leaflets distributed to the visitors was a reprint of Rudyard Kipling's "The Flag of England."

#### TORONTO, ONT.

One hundred and fifty ruddy-cheeked Englishmen and a score or more of their guests sat down to the annual dinner of Toronto St. George's Society. It was a most enjoyable gathering, and the manner in which the diners paid attention to the good things before them would have delighted their ancestors who loved old England's roast beef and nut-brown ale. On all sides were to be seen reminders of the good and gallant St. George, patron saint of England. At the head of the hall, over the main guest table, the Union Jack and the banner of St. George were lovingly intertwined. The menu card was in the form of a St. George's Cross. It consisted of three leaflets of red, white and blue respectively, which were bound together with blue ribbon, the back being decorated with a gilt design in miniature of St. George's famous encounter with the dragon. The tables were lit up with wax tapers and adorned with lovely roses of varied tint, which gave out a delightful fragrance. The meal was a fine example of successful catering, and while it was in progress strains of music from a stringed orchestra delighted the ears of the banqueters.

The chair was taken by Mr. George Musson, president of the society. Seated to the right and left of him were the Bishop of Toronto, G. R. R. Cockburn, James Scott; W. J. Burton, Hamilton; Mayor Shaw, George Vair; Dr. Hodgetts, Grand President Sons of England Benefit Society; J. J. Foy, Q.C., M.P.P., Rev. G. C. Wallis, W. A. Seyler, G. F. Marter, M.P.P., Thos. Crawford, M.P.P., Rev. W. H. Hincks, Rev. Canon Sweeny, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, E. B. Osler, M.P., Barlow Cumberland and H. Morgan.

The chairman in a felicitous address gave a brief resume of the work of the society and extended a hearty welcome to the representatives of other societies present. He then proposed the health of the Queen, pointing out that the toast was one which never failed to evoke an enthusiastic response from Englishmen wherever assembled.

The toast was drunk with much heartiness, the whole company joining and singing the National Anthem.

#### HONORED ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

Mr. John Taylor then proposed the toast of "The Day and All Who Honor It."

Rev. W. H. Hincks made an eloquent response. The secret of the greatness of the English race was, he thought, to be found in the eclectic nature of her citizens, in the fusion of Danish, Saxon, and Norman blood in the typical Englishman of to-day. The empire was not great because of any one power or any one autocrat; it was great because of the individuality which was common to the modern English citizen. The nation had its strength in its units, and unless every Englishman was like his native land, an island, independent in his thought and manly in his virility, they would have to go to school again. The trouble with Spain in Cuba was that she had nineteenth century guns with sixteenth century men behind them. If we were to go on progressing as we had progressed we must have modern machinery with modern units behind it. In England the social and economic emancipation of the common people was rapidly taking place. The real power had passed into the hands of the people. The British aristocracy recognized this, but instead of cursing the democracy they blessed them. The result was that in England the aristocrats were popular with the people. In the old land there was not a single anarchist that was indigenous to the soil. The Queen could travel with safety from one end of England to the other. The only time she needed an escort was when she went abroad. (Cheers and laughter.)

#### SISTER SOCIETIES.

Mr. H. S. Pell submitted the toast of "Sister Societies," coupling with it the names of Messrs. Cockburn, Scott Seyler, Burton and Hodgetts.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, president of St. Andrew's Society, spoke in a humorous vein of the national characteristics of the Scotch, and reminded his hearers that his countrymen had given a King to England. That Sovereign had been followed to London by many Scotchmen, who acting upon the maxim that to the victors belonged the spoils, had seized upon the best and fattest offices. (Laughter.) Mr. Cockburn dwelt upon the privileges which Canadians enjoyed as citizens of the British Empire, and made a strong plea for a substantial contribution by his country towards Imperial defence. Canadians were fond, he said, of boasting of the proud position of the empire, but was it fair to allow the humble chimney sweep in London to pay for their protection? In their larger conception of greater England—he was not now talking politics, for he had abandoned that and was now trying to lead an honest, sober life—(laughter)—Canadians should endeavor to impress upon the Dominion authorities and the home government as well the necessity of adopting such a policy as would make Canada the source of Britain's food supply, and so render the mother country independent of any hostile foreign combination. (Loud applause.)

Mr. James Scott, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, also replied. He congratulated the St. George's Society upon the good work they were doing. The members of the I.P.B.S. were fellow workers with the St. George's Society, not only in charitable work, but in aiding in the building up of the empire. They realized the responsibility that devolved upon them and were willing to bear their fair share of the financial burden. (Cheers.)

Mr. George Vair, president of the Caledonia Society, spoke briefly, and dwelt upon the important part which Scotchmen had played in British history. He extolled the love of country as a noble sentiment which was inherent in every true man.

#### GERMANS, TOO, ARE LOYAL.

Mr. Seyler, president of the German Benevolent Society,



made a brief speech. He had heard, he said, a good deal that night about the expansion of the British Empire and the superiority of the British. There was in that an implication of inferiority on the part of the Germans. He wished to state that he was born in Canada and was a loyal British subject. If ever the time came when this country was in danger, the Canadians of German descent would rally to its defence. While a patriotic Canadian, he entertained a love for Germany and for its grand institutions of learning.

Dr. Hodgetts, Grand President of the Sons of England, was the last to respond. He said the society which he represented was engaged in a national as well as a charitable work.

#### THE GUESTS TOASTED.

Mr. T. G. Mason asked the company to drink to the health of their guests. Canadians were part and parcel of the British Empire, and no matter to what nationality the people of this country belonged, they were thoroughly loyal. (Applause.)

Mayor Shaw was the first to respond. He agreed with Mr. Cockburn that they ought to contribute to the defence of the empire; they were mongrels and curs if they refused to do so. The readiness to fight on the part of her sons had made England what she was to-day. (Cheers.)

Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., also spoke. No matter from what country they came, they met, he said, in Canada as Britishers. This country was a noble land. Its people had a great heritage, and all should unite in the work of developing it along the lines of British connection. (Applause.)

A felicitous response was likewise made by Mr. Wright.

The banquet terminated shortly after midnight, with the singing of "God Save the Queen."

#### ST. JOHN, N.B.

The anniversary dinner of the St. George's Society was held at the Dufferin Hotel on Monday evening, April 24th, and a very pleasant affair it was. The dining hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and the dinner itself was one which reflected credit on the house. The gathering was large. President Wm. M. Jarvis was in the chair, with Dr. Addy, the 1st vice-president, and Sheriff Sturdee in the vice chairs. Among the guests were Judge Forbes, president of St. Andrew's Society, and Mayor Sears.

The toast list began with the Queen and the Governor-General. In the absence of Governor McClellan, Hon. T. R. Jones responded to the toast of the Lieutenant-Governor. Next came the President of the United States. Consul Myers was unable to be present on account of a death in his family. The Day we Celebrate, proposed by Rev. Mr. Dicker, was eloquently responded to by the chaplain of the society, His Lordship Bishop Kingdon. Sister Societies brought out addresses from Judge Forbes and R. C. John Dunn. Mayor Sears, Recorder Skinner and Alderman-elect Allan spoke on behalf of the city of St. John. Our Commercial and Other Interests, was responded to by President McLaughlin of the Board of Trade and R. B. Emmerson. The Army, Navy and Auxiliary Forces was spoken to by Surgeon Walker of the Fusiliers and Daniel of the Artillery and others. The Ladies were championed by Dr. T. D. Walker, E. H. Turnbull and others. The band of the 62nd Fusiliers played a choice programme on the lawn during the evening. Songs were given by Dr. Daniel, Alfred Porter, J. N. Sutherland, R. Noakes and others.

One of those stories that thrill the soul with admiration for a brave man was told recently at Dover, when the Mayor of that town presented the Royal Humane Society's gold medal for the most heroic action that had come under the society's notice during the year to Ernest A. Hatton a young sailor of 23. He was one of the crew of the Donald Currie liner Dunbar Castle, and when it was growing dark one day off the South African coast, and the great ship was plunging at ten knots an hour through a heavy sea, he saw a comrade named Smith, one of the ship's carpenters, suddenly washed overboard. If the unfortunate man was to be saved, it had to be done quickly, for everywhere, around swarmed those tigers of the sea, the blue shark. A plunge into the infested water could only be contem-

plated with a shudder, for it meant almost certain death. But Hatton is an Englishman and a sailor; his comrade, life was in peril, and without hesitation he jumped overboard to save him if it were possible. Unfortunately, his gallant effort did not meet with the success it deserved; the sharks were quicker than he was, and just as Hatton was about to grasp him he saw the luckless carpenter sink with a loud scream, seized by one of the great fish. Then it was a struggle for his own life, but with great exertion the gallant sailor got safe on board again. Who can wonder that the Mayor of Dover should have made a glowing speech in Hatton's praise as the Mayoress pinned the gold medal on his breast, where already hung two similar souvenirs for brave deeds done?

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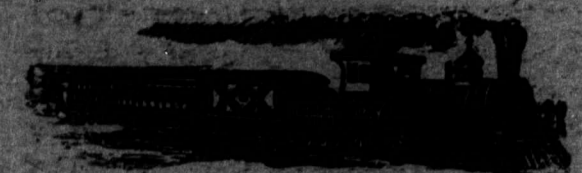
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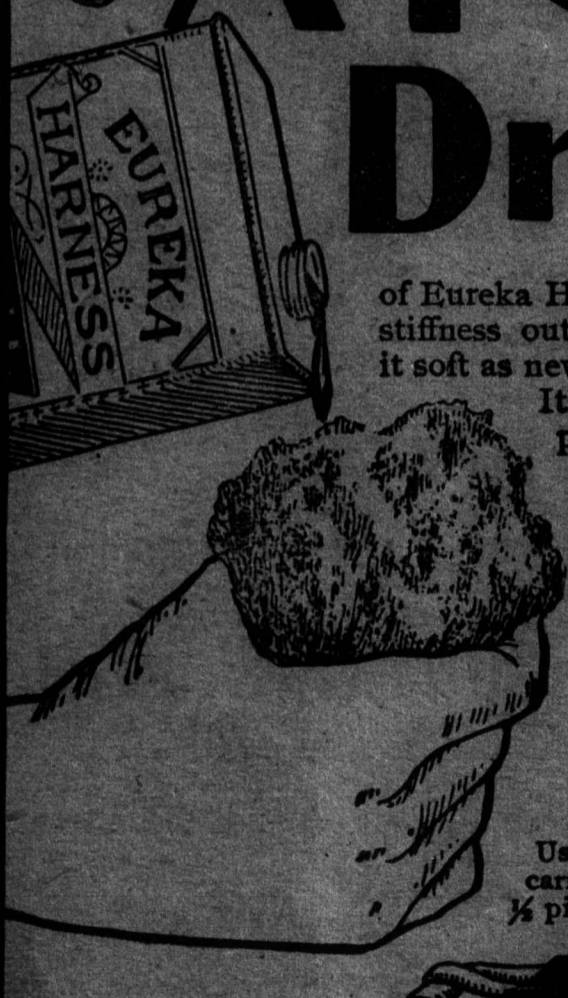
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## The Case of Laker

There were several of the larger London banks and insurance offices from which Hewitt held a sort of general retainer as detective adviser, in fulfilment of which he was regularly consulted as to the measures to be taken in different cases of fraud, forgery, theft and so forth, which it might be the misfortune of the particular firms to encounter. The more important and intricate of these cases were placed in his hands entirely, with separate commissions, in the usual way. One of the most important companies of the sort was the General Guarantee Society, an insurance corporation which, among other risks, took those of the integrity of secretaries, clerks and cashiers. In the case of a cash box elopement on the part of any person guaranteed by the society, the directors were naturally anxious for a speedy capture of the culprit, and more especially of the booty, before too much of it was spent in order to lighten the claim upon their funds, and in work of this sort Hewitt was at times engaged, either in general advice and directions, or in the actual pursuit of the plunder and the plunderer.

Arriving at his office a little later than usual one morning, Hewitt found an urgent message awaiting him from the General Guarantee Society, requesting his attention to a robbery which had taken place on the previous day. He had gleaned some hint of the case from the morning paper, wherein appeared a short paragraph which ran thus:

### "SERIOUS BANK ROBBERY."

"In the course of yesterday a clerk employed by Messrs. Liddle, Neal & Liddle, the well-known bankers, disappeared, having in his possession a large sum of money, the property of his employers—a sum reported to be rather over £15,000. It would seem that he had been intrusted to collect the money in his capacity of 'walk-clerk' from various other banks and trading concerns during the morning, but failed to return at the usual time. A large number of the notes which he received had been cashed at the Bank England before suspicion was aroused. We understand that Detective-Inspector Plummer of Scotland Yard, has the case in hand."

The clerk, whose name was Charles William Laker, had, it appeared from the message, been guaranteed in the usual way by the General Guarantee Society, and Hewitt's presence at the office was at once desired, in order that steps might quickly be taken for the man's apprehension and the recovery of at any rate, as much of the booty as possible.

A smart hansom brought Hewitt to Threadneedle street in a bare quarter of an hour, and there a few minutes' talk with the manager, Mr. Lyster, put him in possession of the main facts of the case, which appeared to be simple. Charles William Laker was 25 years of age and had been in the employ of Messrs. Liddle, Neal & Liddle for something more than seven years—since he left school, in fact—and until the previous day there had been nothing in his conduct to complain of. His duties as walk-clerk consisted in making a certain round, beginning at about half past 10 each morning. There were a certain number of the more important banks between which and Messrs. Liddle, Neal & Liddle there were daily transactions and a few smaller semi-private banks and merchant firms acting as financial agents with whom there was business intercourse of less importance and regularity; and each of these, as necessary, he visited in turn, collecting cash due on bills and other instruments of the like nature. He carried a wallet, fastened securely to his person by a chain, and this wallet contained the bills and the cash. Usually, at the end of his round, when all his bills had been converted into cash, the wallet held very large sums. His work and responsibilities, in fine, were these common to walk-clerks in all banks.

On the day of the robbery he had started out as usual—possibly a little earlier than was customary—and the bills and other securities in his possession represented considerably more than £15,000. It had been ascertained that he had called in the usual way at each establishment on his round, and had transacted his business at the last place by about a quarter past one, being then, without doubt, in possession of cash to the full value of the bills negotiated. After that, Mr. Lyster said, yesterday's report was that nothing more had been heard of him. But this morning there had been a message to the effect that he had been traced out of the country—to Calais, at least it was thought. The directors of the Society wished Hewitt to take the case in hand personally and at once, with a view of recovering what was possible from the plunder by way

of salvage; also of course, of finding Laker, for it is an important moral gain to guarantee societies as an example if a thief is caught and punished. Therefore, Hewitt and Lyster, as soon as might be, made for Messrs. Liddle, Neal & Liddle's, that the investigation might be begun.

The bank premises were quite near—in Leadenhall street—and, arrived there, Hewitt and Mr. Lyster made their way to the firm's private rooms. As they were passing an outer waiting room Hewitt noticed two women. One, the elder, in widow's weeds, was sitting with her head bowed on her hand over a small writing table. Her face was not visible, but her whole attitude was that of a person overcome with unbearable grief, and she sobbed quietly. The other was a young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three. Her thick black veil revealed no more than her features were small and regular and that her face was pale and drawn. She stood with a hand on the elder woman's shoulder, and she quickly turned her head away as the two men entered.

Mr. Neal, one of the partners received them in his own room. "Good morning, Mr. Hewitt," he said, when Mr. Lyster introduced the detective. "This is a serious business—very. I think I am sorrier for Laker himself than for anybody else, ourselves included—or, at any rate, I am sorrier for his mother. She is waiting now to see Mr. Liddle as soon as he arrives—Mr. Liddle has known the family for a long time. Miss Shaw is with her, too, poor girl. She is a governess, or something of that sort, and I believe she and Laker were engaged to be married. It's all very sad."

"Inspector Plummer, I understand," Hewitt remarked, "has the affair in hand on behalf of the police."

"Yes," Mr. Neal replied; "in fact, he's here now, going through the contents of Laker's desk, and so forth; he thinks it possible Laker may have had accomplices. Will you see him?"

"Presently. Inspector Plummer and I are old friends. We met last, I think, in the case of the Stanway Cameo, some months ago. But first, will you tell me how long Laker has been a walk-clerk?"

"Barely four months, although he has been with us altogether seven years. He was promoted to the walk soon after the beginning of the year."

"Do you know anything of his habits—what he used to do in his spare time, and so forth?"

"Not a great deal. He went in for boating, I believe, though I have heard it whispered he had one or two more expensive tastes—expensive, that is,



for a young man in his position," Mr. Neal explained, with a dignified wave of the hand that he peculiarly affected. He was a stout old gentleman and the gesture suited him.

"You have had no reason to suspect him of dishonesty before I take it?"

"Oh no. He made a wrong return once, I believe, that went for some time undetected, but it turned out after all to be a clerical error—a mere clerical error.

"Do you know anything of his associates out of the office?"

"No; how should I? I believe Inspector Plummer has been making enquiries as to that, however, of the other clerks. Here he is, by the bye, I expect. Come in."

It was Plummer, who had knocked, and he came in at Mr. Neal's call. He was a middle-aged, small-eyed impenetrable looking man, as yet of no great reputation in the force. Some of my readers may remember his connection with that case, so long a public mystery, that I have so elsewhere fully set forth and explained under the title of "The Stanway Cameo Mystery." Plummer carried his billycock hat in one hand and a few papers in the other. He gave Hewitt good morning placed his hat on a chair, and spread the papers on the table.

"There's not a great deal here," he said, "but one thing's plain—Laker has been betting. See here and here, and here"—he took a few letters from the bundle in his hand—"two letters from a bookmaker about settling (wonder he trusted a clerk), several telegrams from tipsters, and a letter from some friend, only signed by initials, asking Laker to put a sovereign on a horse for a friend 'with his own.' I'll keep these, I think. It may be worth while to see that friend, if we can find him. Ah, we often find it's betting, don't we, Mr. Hewitt? Meanwhile, there's no news from France yet."

"You are sure that is where he has gone?" asked Hewitt.

"Well, I'll tell you what we've done as yet: First, of course, I went round to all the banks. There was nothing to be got from that. The cashiers all knew him by sight, and was a personal friend of his. He had called as usual, said nothing in particular, and cashed his bills in the ordinary way and finished up at the Eastern Consolidated Bank at about 1.15. So far there was nothing whatever. But I started two or three men, meanwhile, making enquiries at the railway stations, and so on. I had scarcely left the Eastern Consolidated when one of them came

after me with news. He had tried Palmer's tourist office, although that an unlikely place, and there struck the track."

"Had he been there?"

"Not only had he been there, but he had taken a tourist ticket to France. It was quite a smart move in a way. You see it was the sort of ticket that lets you do pretty well what you like; you have the choice of two or three different routes to begin with, and you can break your journey where you please, and make all sorts of variations. So that a man with a ticket like that and a few hours' start could twist about on some remote branch route and strike off in another direction altogether, with a new ticket for some out-of-the-way place, while we were carefully sorting out and enquiring along the different routes he might have taken. Not half a bad move for a new hand, but he made one bad mistake, as new hands always do—old hands do, in fact, very often. He was fool enough to give his own name—C. Laker. Although that didn't matter much as the description was enough to fix him. There he was, wallet and all, just as he had come from the Eastern Consolidated Bank. He went straight from there to Palmer's, by the bye, and probably in a cab. We judge that by the time. He left the Eastern Consolidated Bank at a quarter past one and was at Palmer's by twenty-five past—ten minutes. The clerk at Palmer's remembered the time because he was anxious to get out to his lunch, and kept looking at the clock, expecting another clerk in to relieve him. Laker didn't take much in the way of luggage, I fancy. We enquired carefully at the stations, and got the porters to remember the passengers for whom they had been carrying luggage, but none appeared to have had any dealings with our man. That, of course, is as one would expect. He'd take as little as possible with him and buy what he wanted on the way, or when he'd reached his hiding place. Of course, I wired to Calais (it was a Dover-to-Calais route ticket), and sent a couple of men off by the 8.15 mail from Charing Cross, I expect we shall hear from them in the course of the day. I am being kept in London in view of something expected at headquarters, or I should have been off myself."

(To be continued.)

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7 40	5 25	.....	Lv	Ar	
18 07	15 45	5 9	Ott'wa, Sussex St	9 50	7 30
8 32	6 06	13 4	Hawthorne .....	9 25	7 04
9 00	6 20	20 1	Edwards .....	9 15	6 47
9 35	6 28	23 6	Russell .....	9 00	6 20
10 15	6 43	31 4	Embrun, St Onge	8 55	6 05
10 50	6 51	34 7	Cambridge .....	8 45	5 53
11 27	7 09	41 3	Oryslor .....	8 34	5 25
11 50	7 25	48 6	Berwick .....	8 25	5 10
12 13	7 35	55 9	Fisch .....	8 20	4 40
12 20	7 42	56 7	Newington .....	8 05	4 25
.....	9 45	.....	Black River .....	7 53	4 09
			Cornwall Jc. ....	7 45	3 45
			Cornwall .....	5 35	3 35
			Brockville .....		
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**Peterborough**

**Lansdowne** No. 25, Peterborough—Meets in Sons of England Hall, Hunter st., on the 1st and 3rd Mondays in each month. Visiting brethren made welcome. W R D meets 2nd Monday in every month.  
H. L. Beal, Sec.

**Petrolia**

**Duke of Cornwall** No. 135—Meet in the Hall, in Kerr's Block, on 2nd and 4th Tuesday in the month. Visiting brethren welcome.  
John Read, Sec.,  
Box 206, Petrolia.

**St. Thomas**

**Chester** No. 13, meet in the Foresters Hall, Ernanger Block, second and fourth Friday, R. R. D.; third Friday W. R. D. A hearty welcome extended to all visiting brethren.  
W. E. Trump, Sec.,  
Box 1003.



**Smith's Falls**

**Quebec No. 124**—Meets in K. of P. Hall, Main street, 1st and 3rd Mondays in each month. A hearty welcome extended to all visiting brethren.  
J. Lewis, Pres. W. Bradshaw, Sec.

**Sudbury**

**Sudbury No. 163** meets on 1st and 3rd Mondays in each month in Victoria Hall.  
Arthur Evans, Pres. F. A. Lucas, Sec.

**TORONTO.**

**Middlesex, No. 2** Toronto—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in each month at McBean Hall, cor. College Street and Brunswick Ave.  
T. E. Braime, Pres. W. H. Syms, Sec.  
140 Grange Ave.

**York, No. 6** Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month, in Avenue Chambers, N. W. corner College st. and Spadina Ave.  
James Kitchener, Jas. Baylis, Sec.  
107 Concord Ave.

**Brighton, No. 7** Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen St.  
T. E. Barker, Pres. W. Pugh, Sec.  
108 London Street

**Surrey, No. 11**—Meets second and fourth Monday, corner of Bloor and Bathurst sts. Visiting brethren welcome.  
F. R. Owston, Pres. R. Clayton, Sec.  
241 Lippincott St

**London, No. 31** Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in East End Masonic Hall; Visiting brethren welcome.  
V. Carter, Pres. A. Dimond, Sec.  
706 Gerrard St.

**Birmingham, No. 69**—Meets each 2nd and 4th Tuesday of every month in West End Dominion Hall.  
E. J. Earl, Pres. A. A. Earl, Sec.  
1099 Queen Street

**Mercantile, No. 81** Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays at St. George's Hall Elm street.  
T. H. Cramp, Pres. J. F. Scott, Sec.  
47 Brunswick Ave.

**Shewsbury, No. 168** Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday in Forum Hall. A hearty welcome for visitors.  
H. W. Bryant, Sec.  
F. E. Furest, Pres. | Swis Laundry, 107 Simcoe st.

**Bristol, No. 99** Toronto—Meets first and third Tuesdays, at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen St. West.  
C. Fry, Pres. W. E. Swain, Sec.  
62 Arnold Ave.

**Richmond, No. 65**—Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in Room No 6 Shaftesbury Hall.  
A. Aldridge, Pres. H. S. Collins, Sec.  
123 Logan Ave.

**St. George, No. 27**—Meets 1st and 3rd Monday, in each month, in Room 43 Forum Building S. E. corner of Yonge and Gerrard st. E.  
A. Allardyce, Pres. C. F. Moorhouse, Sec.  
220 Queen street.

**Boston, No. 129**—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays in each month, in Shaftesbury Hall.  
Jas. Jackson, Pres. V. T. West Sec.  
103 Victoria street.  
Tel. 2841.

**Windsor, No. 35**—Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in each month, in Society Hall, corner of McCaust st. and Queen st. w. Sam. Rich Sec.  
J. Amos, Pres. 70 Woosely street.

**Norfolk, No. 57**—Meets 1st Mondays from Jan 3, 1898, in Dominion Hall, cor. of Dundas st. Queen st. w. visiting brethren welcome.  
W. M. Watson, Sec.  
92 Dundas Street

**Stratford, No. 32**—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays in St. George's Hall, southeast cor. of Berkeley st. Queen st. east: visitors made welcome.  
T. C. Bailey, Pres. T. Yeomans, Sec.  
313 Wilton Ave.

**Somerset, No. 10** Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Weeks Hall, cor. of Dunn Ave, Queen st. west; visiting brethren always welcome.  
W. Laws, Pres. T. P. Worth, Sec.  
34 Maud street.

**Launceston, No. 154**—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays, at Jackson Hall.  
H. Hardman, Pres. T. Bushnell, Sec.  
17 St. Nicholas street.

**Portsmouth, No. 45**—Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, W. R. D. every 2nd Tuesday after R. R. D. in Ossington Hall.  
Wm. Crane Pres. Wm. G. Skelcher, Sec.  
Ossington Ave.

**Preston No. 67**—R. R. D. meets in Room "A" Shaftesbury Hall, 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in every month. W. R. D. after R. R. D. meeting on 4th Wednesday in February, May, August and November.  
Andrew Ford, Pres. W. A. Gulle Sec.  
47 St. Lawrence Market

**WOODSTOCK.**

**Bedford, No. 21** Woodstocks—Meet in Imperial Hall, 1st and 3rd Thursday of each month W. R. D. 4th Wednesday in each month. Fraternal visitors welcomed.  
R. H. Harrison, Pres. E. Blandel, Sec.  
Box 516.

**QUEBEC.****Capleton.**

**Albert, No. 114**—Meets regularly, 1st Tuesday and 3rd Saturday in each month, in the Albert Hall, Capleton, Que. Visiting brethren welcome.  
John Tregideon, Pres. Chas. R. Oliver, Sec.  
Box 12, Rustla, Que.

**Montreal.**

**Excelsior No. 36**, Montreal (R.R.D.)—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month at Castle Hall, 6 Phillips Square.  
C. Shaw, Pres. Jas. Field, Sec.  
29 Metcalfe St., St. Henri

**Victoria Jubilee No. 41**, Montreal—Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday at Fraternity Hall, 715 Wellington st.  
A. Tarling, Pres. J. P. Hartly, Sec.  
101 Ash Ave. 711 Wellington st.,  
(Point St. Charles)

**Denbigh No. 96**—Meets the 1st and 3rd Thursdays at Unity Hall, 1149 Notre Dame St. Visitors always welcome.  
E. H. Watkiss, Pres. W. Wynn Hayes, Sec.  
68 Dorchester st.

**Grosvenor No. 120**—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Friday of each month, at 406 St. Urbain st., corner Prince Arthur st. Visiting brethren welcome.  
Geo. J. Way, Pres. S. Sobey, Sec.  
781 St. Urbain st.

**Britannic, No. 113**—Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, in Orange Hall, 246 St. James street. Visiting brethren welcome.  
Arthur Earby, Pres. Hy. Jelly, Sec.  
157 Quesnel st.

**New Rockland.**

**Fidelity No. 179**—meets the 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month, at New Rockland Hall. Visiting brethren are always welcome.  
W. H. Killingbeck, Pres. Jacob Davies, Sec.  
New Rockland, Que

**Sherbrooke.**

**Gloucester No. 103**, Sherbrooke, Que., meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in the room of Court Sherbrooke C. O. F., Odell's Block.  
F. Fuller, Pres. A. Tester, Sec.

**Lennoxville.**

**Clarence No. 135**—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday each month, in S.O.E. Hall, adjoining Grand Trunk Ry. Station. Visitors welcomed.  
Wm. Benton, Pres. Harry Allan, Sec.

**Hochelaga.**

**Monarch No. 182**—Meets in 323 Notre Dame St. Hochelaga, the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock.  
G. Ineson, Pres. J. E. Rawstron, Sec.  
250 St. Catherine st.

**Richmond.**

**Enfield No. 159**, meets second and fourth Saturdays of every month. Visiting brethren welcome.  
John Hawker, Pres. T. H. Wells, Sec.  
P. O. Address, Box 32  
Richmond Station, P. Q

**P. E. ISLAND****Charlottetown.**

**Eton, No. 143**, Meets in their Lodge Rooms over Miller Bros., Music Store, Queen st. 1st and 3rd Thursday of every month, W. R. D. 2nd and 4th Thursday) of every month. Visiting brethren welcome.  
J. Wonnocotte, Pres. A. T. Newson, Sec.

**MANITOBA.****BRANDON.**

**Brandon 174**, Brandon, Man., Meets in Foresters' Hall, McDiarmid Block, 1st and 3rd Tuesday. Visiting brethren welcome.  
H. C. Robey, Pres. Chas. A. Smith, Sec.

**CARMAN.**

**Manitoba, No. 198**—Meets in Oddfellows Hall Carman, on first and third Thursdays of the month. Visiting brethren welcome.  
R. Kellett, Pres. E. E. Shepherd, Sec.

**Rathwell.**

**Holly No. 198**—Meets in Woodman's Hall, First Wednesday in each month.  
James Coles, Pres. T. Woolway, Sec.

**Russell.**

**Queen of the West**—Meets in the Foresters Hall the 1st and 3rd Mondays.  
B. Lyon, Pres. Andrew Setter, Sec.

**Selkirk.**

**Runnymede No. 155**, Selkirk, Man., meets in Foresters Hall, Colcleugh Block 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
Rev. W. F. Gower, Sec.

**Alexander.**

**Ivy No. 212**, meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in each month at Masonic Hall at 8 o'clock. W. R. meeting 3rd Wednesday in each month. Visitors welcome.  
Robert Hawes, Pres. Jno. Farnden, Sec.  
P. O. Box 72.

**Winnipeg.**

**Westward Ho! No. 98**—The Pioneer Lodge of Manitoba and the Northwest, meets in S. O. E. Hall, 290 Portage Avenue, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren will be accorded a hearty welcome.  
T. H. Holmes, Pres. Jos. Harrison, Sec.  
P. O. Box 666

**Neptune No. 144**, Winnipeg, Man.—Meets in Foresters Hall, Main St., cor. Alexandra Ave., 2nd and 4th Friday of each month. Visiting brethren welcome.  
W. Troughton, Pres. H. R. Scrimmes, Sec.  
373 Flora Ave.

**Shakespeare No. 164**—Meets Sons of England Hall Stobart Block, 290 Portage Avenue the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month at eight o'clock. Visiting brethren welcome.  
Chas. Gowse, Pres. F. Clark, Sec.  
282 Magna Ave.

**TERRITORIES.****Calgary.**

**United Roses No. 117**, Calgary, Alb., N.W.T., Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month, in S. O. E. Hall, McLean Block, Stephen Ave.  
W. Roland Winter, Sec.

**Calgary No. 240**—Meets every second and fourth Monday of each month in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Hall, Clarence Block, Calgary, Alta. Visiting brethren welcome.  
H. S. Lott, Pres. Wm. Cross, Secretary.

**Regina.**

**Empress of the West No. 177**—Meets in the C. O. F. Hall, Railway st., 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the month at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren welcome.  
John England, Pres. A. Covington Sec'y

**BRITISH COLUMBIA.****Chilliwack.**

**Chilliwack, No. 191**, Chilliwack, B. C., meets 1st Saturday of every month at 8 p.m. in Munro Hall. Visiting brethren will be accorded a hearty welcome.  
Geo. Melhuish, Pres. S. Mellard, Sec.



**Isle of the Island No. 131.**—Meets in Workman's Hall, Yates street, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the month. Visiting brethren always welcome.  
F. Tubbs, Pres. H. T. Graylin, Sec., Hulton street.

**Victoria.**  
**Alexandra, No. 116.**—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday in each month in A O U W Hall, Yates street. Visiting brethren welcome.  
Jas. Nankevell, Pres. J. G. Taylor, Sec., Oak Bay Ave.

**Vancouver.**  
**Wilberforce No. 77.**—Meets in Pythian Hall, Dunn Block, Cordova street, 1st and 3rd Monday in each month for Red Rose. Visiting brethren cordially invited.  
W. R. Lawson, Pres. T. H. Robson, Sec.

**NEW BRUNSWICK**

**Fredericton.**  
**Wellington No. 151,** Fredericton, N.B., meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Church of England Hall, Carleton street. Visiting brethren always welcome.  
Chas. A. Burchill, Pres. A. D. Thomas, Sec.

**Stanley.**  
**Rose of Stanley No. 100,** Stanley, N.B.—Meets Saturday evening at Temperance Hall, Stanley at 7.30, fortnightly, dating 3rd September. Visiting brethren welcome.  
John A. Humble, Pres. Wm. T. Howe, Sec.

**Moncton.**  
**Shaftesbury No. 208**—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Oddfellows' Hall. Visiting brethren welcome.  
W. C. Clark, Pres. Chas. E. Norton, Sec.

**NOVA SCOTIA**

**Halifax.**  
**Halifax No. 150**—Meets Maling's Hall, Barrington street, the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month. W. H. D. 2nd Monday each month. Visiting brethren welcome.  
G. H. Bridge, Pres. W. Taylor, Act'g Sec., 14 Albemarle, st. 17 Arty Lane.

**Chebuote, No. 223,** meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at Victoria Hall, Aguocola street. Visiting brethren always welcome.  
C. Legg, Pres. E. Reeves, Sec., 3 Willow St., Halifax.

**Westville.**  
**Forest of Dean No. 193** meets every alternate Saturday night at 7.30 o'clock in Robt. A. McDonald's Hall, Westville, N.S. Visiting brethren always welcome.  
Robt. Smith, Pres. Thos. Floyd, Sec.

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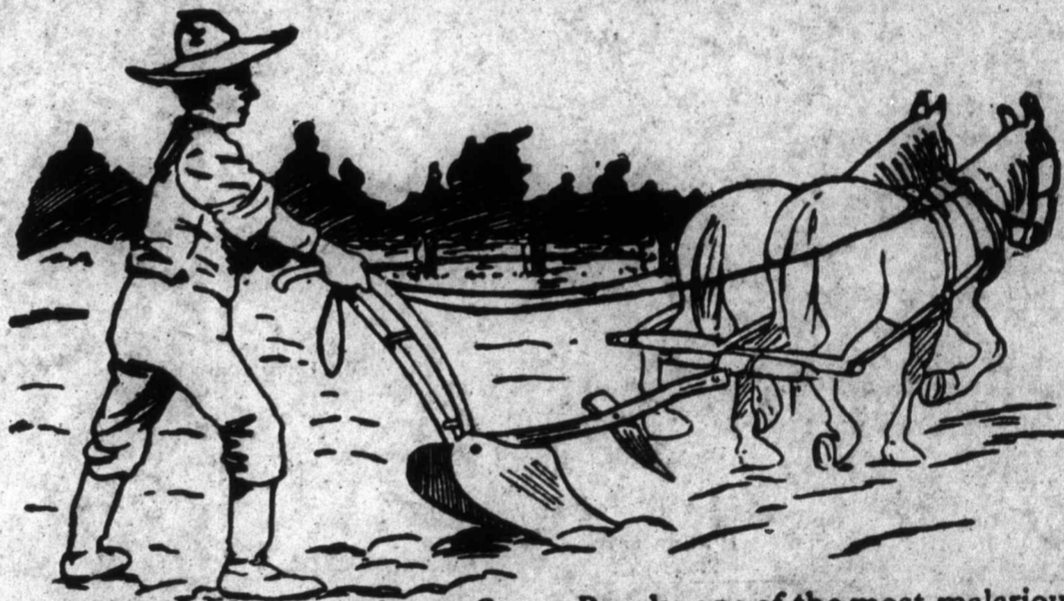
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I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

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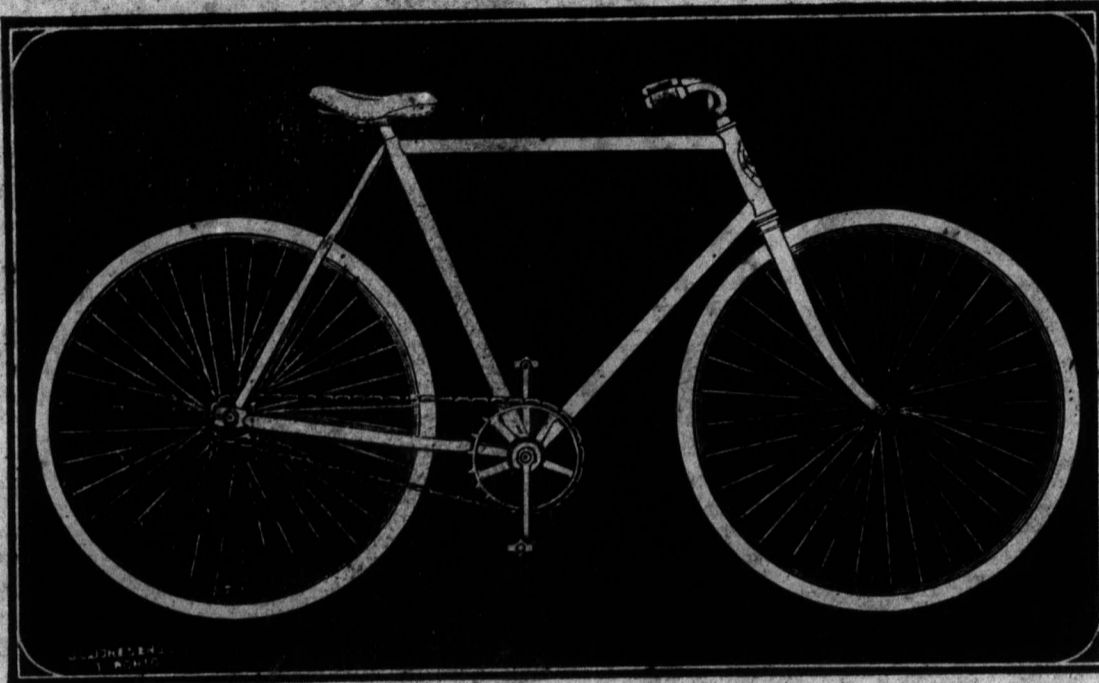
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