

SONS OF ENGLAND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Objects, Aims, and Benefits, of the Order.

ORGANIZED IN TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1874

To Englishmen and Sons of Englishmen.

GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—As the question is so often being asked: "What are the objects of the Sons of England Society?" we have been led to present this Circular with the view of giving the desired information:

The objects are to unite all honorable and true Englishmen, who are in good bodily health and between the ages of 18 and 60 years, in an Association for mutual aid; to educate our members in the true principles of manhood, whereby they learn to be charitable, to practice true benevolence, and to keep alive those dear old memories of our native land; to care for each other in sickness and adversity, and when death strikes down one of our number, to follow his remains to their last resting place.

The government of the Order is vested in a Supreme Grand Lodge, and in Subordinate Lodges. The Grand Lodge is composed of delegates elected by the Subordinate Lodges to represent them. The Grand Lodge is supported financially by a per capita tax of 10 cents per member per quarter. The Grand Lodge Officers are elected annually.

Subordinate Lodges are supported by initiation fees, and weekly dues; they have control of their own moneys, elect their own officers, make their own by-laws, (subject to the approval of the Grand Lodge), and in every way conduct their business to suit the majority of the members. We meet in our lodge rooms at stated times in fraternal intercourse, learning each other's wants giving words of encouragement and good cheer, and to those in trouble and distress, substantial assistance. The moment we enter the Lodge room all distinctions are lost sight of, and we meet on one common level, and by this constant association and intercourse, an amount of love and interest is created for each other, which is made manifest by the good work accomplished.

The rapid growth of the Order has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and it is steadily extending itself into the hearts of our countrymen, and we are confident that when the objects and aims are more generally understood, it will become one of the grandest and most useful of Benevolent Societies.

The Order has branches as follows:—In Toronto 20, South Africa 8, London 5, Ottawa 4, Montreal 4, Hamilton 2, St. Thomas 2, Orlilla 2, Peterboro 2, Kingston 2, and one in each of the following places: Oshawa, Whitby, Port Perry, Cornwall, Port Hope, Belleville, Bowmanville, Lindsay, Woodstock, Galt, Barrie, Collingwood, Bracebridge, Brantford, Almonte, Dovercourt, Newcastle, West Toronto Junction, Weston, Little York, Aylmer, Exeter, Eglington, Gravenhurst, Guelph, Aurora, Hensall, Vancouver, Stratford, Clinton, Brockville, and we hope by bringing this Circular to the notice of our fellow-countrymen, to imbue them with our enthusiasm and to swell our thousands into tens of thousands.

Though our Society is a secret Society, there is nothing in that secrecy except to enable us to protect each other and prevent imposition; our language of signs and grips enables our members to travel to places where we have lodges, make themselves known as members of the Order, when they will find a brotherly influence surrounding them, receive advice, and if needed pecuniary assistance.

In your initiatory ceremony and conferring of degrees, there is nothing but what will raise a man's self respect and kindle his patriotism and inspire him with benevolence; and the Order only requires you to live up to its teachings, honor your obligations, be true to the country and its laws, faithful to your families, and true to the brotherhood and to God.

We recognize the teachings of the Holy Bible. The Sons of England Society offer advantages peculiarly suited to your nationality, and is second to none, and whatever benefits you receive are not charity but right, and paid to you by the proper officers without explanations or apologies; and all that is required of you is a small initiation fee, and prompt payment of your dues. Nearly one hundred thousand dollars have already been paid out for benefits.

The Beneficiary Department enables its members to insure their lives for \$500 or \$1,000, and has already

proved a great source of strength to the Order. By the payment of a small graded assessment at the death of a member, substantial aid is secured to the surviving relatives, which will assist them in being independent of the cold charity of the world. Members becoming totally disabled and unable to follow any occupation, receive half the amount insured for, if required; the other half is paid at the time of death.

The benefits are medical attendance and medicine, on joining; full sick and funeral benefits after being 12 months a member; in case of sickness the benefits are \$3.00 per week for 13 weeks, and \$1.50 for the next 26 weeks; \$30.00 on the death of a member's wife; \$7.00 on the death of any of his children between the age of 5 and 15 years; \$100.00 on the death of a member. New members are entitled to half funeral and sick benefits at the expiration of six months.

Table of Initiation Fees: 18 to 30... \$3 00, 30 to 45... 4 00, 45 to 50... 7 00, 50 to 55... 10 00, 55 to 60... 15 00

Table of Subscriptions: 18 to 30... 10 cents, 30 to 45... 13 " , 45 to 50... 15 " , 50 to 55... 20 " , 55 to 60... 25 "

On the formation of a Lodge, charter members are received on the first scale of payments, as regards initiation fees.

In conclusion we ask you take this matter into your earnest consideration, and if there is not a lodge near you, agitate among your fellow countrymen, and as soon as you can get 12 good men together notify the undersigned, and all the assistance required will be given to organize you into a lodge. You will then be astonished how your membership will increase, and will wonder how it was so many Englishmen were living all around you without being known. Any information will be cheerfully given by the undersigned.

JOHN W. CARTER, Supreme Grand Secretary, Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, April, 1889.

THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

A few weeks ago Ottawa was visited by a couple of Jesuit Fathers, the object being to hold a retreat and endeavor to make a few converts. During their stay the following item appeared in one of the local evening papers:

"FATHER DRUMMOND, the Jesuit Father at present residing here, called on a leading Sparks street retail grocer, and gave him \$2 which he had been given at confession by a man who had taken it from the merchant years ago."

To which "Scotty" adds the following:—

Priest—Good day, Mr. Merchant. I have called upon you to return some money. Tho' it's only a Two, From you it was stolen A few years ago, You may not have known it, But still it was so.

Merchant—You greatly surprise me, My Dear Mr. Jesuit, But pray kindly tell me How you come to get it.

Priest—Oh! 'twas through the confessional, A great institution, It allows the poor sinners To make restitution. Exrr. J. P.

Merchant—(Soliloquies.) So! that's one of the Jesuits, Who are such a bad lot! Pahaw! this cry against them Is all utter rot.

For if they were so very bad Any one can plainly see He would have pocketed the cash Instead of bringing it to me— Well, I must go and hear them, It only right I should, It cannot do me any harm, But might do lots of good, And when aught is said against them, In future I'll take their part, And prove that they've been slandered!

And—but really, bless my heart, Now, I come to think of it, If what Chiniquy says is true— Must I then believe that this Is nothing but a do. That I was being robbed Never came into my dreams; Can this be an illustration of The End Justifies the Means.

TORONTONIANS.

The place to buy your teas is at **STROUD BROS.**, 408 Queen st. West, 28 Queen st. West, and 367 Yonge street.

STROUD BROS. THE BELLEVILLE people who relish a good cup of Tea all purchase at STROUD BROS.

BUSINESS CHANGE.

To the Patrons and Subscribers of the Anglo-Saxon:

Having deemed it necessary for some time to obtain assistance in both the business and mechanical management of this paper, I have entered into a business partnership with Mr. Alex. J. Short, and the Anglo-Saxon will in the future be controlled and managed under the firm name to be known as "SHORT & REYNOLDS." Mr. Short is an old typo, having had considerable experience in the printing and journalistic business, and, in conjunction with my own experience in such matters, we hope to present to our readers and brethren a new and acceptable Englishman's paper.

Thanking you all for the patronage you have given in the past, and with hopes of your continued support and approbation for the future, I remain, Yours respectfully, E. J. REYNOLDS.

CONSERVATISM vs RADICALISM.

By Wm. T. James, Toronto.

In discussing conservatism, I do not mean Toryism in any of its political forms, but that "bull-headed" tenacity of opinion for which Englishmen especially are remarkable. Conservatism is defined by the dictionary as "the desire to preserve what is established." In the promotion of this desire, the average Briton, and of all others the Englishman, confronts innovation with a negative and a positive—a defensive and an aggressive—attitude, which cannot be more tersely expressed than in these words: we are satisfied with what we already have; we don't want anything new, and we won't have it. This is what the Americans call being a clam. I do not wish to be classified as a clam.

As several phases of this characteristic can be best seen and criticized when contrasted with anti-conservatism a few words on the other side will be apposite. Now the radical—no political allusion—is a red-hot enthusiast—a man in a perpetual ferment of unrest, and as full of dissatisfaction as one with the itch, who preaches that all the good things of this life are stored up for the benefit of the next generation. "Stand aside," he says to the conservative, "and make way for change. We are dissatisfied with everything; we want something new all the time; we don't like your 'old fogey' customs, and we won't have them!" Anarchy is only a perverted phase of radicalism. Now, if a conservative is a clam, this kind of an individual is a jelly-fish. I do not wish to be classified as a clam; I will not be a jelly-fish.

While one cannot help feeling contempt for the meagre individuality which, like the jelly-fish, has no certain shape and will conform to anything with which it may come in contact, one can not less feel some respect for the sturdy tenacity of purpose, with which your English conservative will resist all overtures to mould his mind and habits, his customs and institutions to the modifications of current opinion. He adapts himself so gradually to changed conditions and surroundings as often to be unaware that he is being in the least degree affected by the presence of circumstances. In fact, it is by no means an uncommon experience to meet one who, in the course of a lifetime, has undergone a complete mental revolution, and yet steadfastly aver that he is still what he was fifty years ago. Change once assimilated by a conservative is as slowly relinquished as acquired; hence his conversion to anything he has some-time ignored is always more thoroughly genuine and permanent than that of the radical who is always looking to to-morrow for the enjoyments which belong to to-day and is ever on the alert for the approach of something fresh, and who is prepared to pledge his faith, to any novelty which may catch his capricious fancy.

I have a firm belief that whatsoever exists can be made subservient in some manner to man's good if rightly used. I also believe that everything which exists suggests its counterpart. While conservatism is the backbone of a people and gives stability to national character when active, radicalism also is good in its way, as being the natural counterpart of it, which modifies "old fogeyism" and influences, creates and emphasizes public opinion, conservatism acting reciprocally upon it when predominant and in need of a brake to moderate its reckless impetuosity.

The mills of God, which are said to grind slowly but exceedingly fine, is an apt simile, applicable to these as to any other two opposing forces correlative in their action. All reforms pass between these mill-stones, conservatism and radicalism, and are ground

slowly for days and weeks and months and years, but how thoroughly!

Thus we see conservatism is good and radicalism is good in their ultimate combined results. It is only he who is a decided partizan on, who sees no further into the future than the present that decries either as baneful. It is when one overrides the other and has everything its own way, as conservatism in China and radicalism is threatening to have in America—that evil consequences are to be feared.

A nation well balanced in these two respects, as England and Canada will progress without retrogression because its advance is slow but, sure, and its individuality is not effaced in a series of chameleon changes, which have no permanence.

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A LUCID EXPLANATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Thimbleberry had just returned from the seaside, and were in their own home enjoying a cup of good tea. The table was laden with fruits in season, and other delicacies such as tarts, cakes, etc., in fact everything that would tend to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious. The tea also, which was of a new brand, was sampled and pronounced to be of excellent flavor, when suddenly Mrs. T. startled her husband (who was in the act of taking another sip of tea) by asking the following question:—

My dear—I was just thinking of a word that has puzzled me for some days, and which I met with in an article I was reading while at the seaside. The word is "PER-I-PHRASIS." What- ever in the world is the meaning of it? Mr. T. was certainly considered a great book-worm, and could elucidate or decipher almost anything, but this word periphrasis was a stunner. He rubbed his forehead a few times as if perplexed, and sipped at his cup of tea as if to enable or assist him in explain- ing the meaning of this odd word. Another sip of tea, and another, when he suddenly jumped to his feet exclaim- ing, "Ah! happy thought, I have it. A 'periphrasis' is a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circum- scribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."

Mrs. T. evidently was as wise as ever, and felt perfectly satisfied with the able scholarship of her dear husband, but in conversation with a neighbour of hers the next day, to whom she was telling the incident, she admitted that if it had not been for that cup of pure tea from Stroud Bros. store, which en- abled him to collect his thoughts to- gether, he might still have been think- ing—and in vain. Therefore, if you want the purest, the best, and at the same time the cheapest teas, go to Stroud Bros., the greatest and leading tea merchants in America. Stores in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Belleville and Toronto.

A GREAT MEETING.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE AFFAIR BY THE WITNESS AND STAR.

The Montreal Witness and Star of 26th ult., both issued special double numbers giving reports of the mass meeting on the Jesuit question. The Star says: "A hall crowded from floor to ceiling, stirring sentences and burning words, ringing cheers again and again repeated, such were the sights and sounds witnessed in the Queen's Hall at the mass meeting called by the Protestant Ministerial Association of this city, to protest against the Jesuits' Estates Act and other acts which are claimed to be unjust to the Protestant minority of this province. The inclem- ency of the weather outside in no wise cast its depressing influence on the audience.

The Witness describes the meeting as follows: The mass meeting last night to protest against the Jesuits' Estates Act, and the many other aggressions upon the equal rights of the Protestant minority in this province, was a monster one. The committee which undertook to invite citizens to express their united opinion on these matters was rewarded by a gathering which, for weight of representativeness, for intelligent unanimity, and for enthusiasm of the most determined and promising sort, has rarely been equalled in the greatest crises of our nation's history, and could not possibly have been exceeded.

The keynote of the meeting was struck by the representative of the country parts of the province of Que- bec (Mr. Sellar), when he declared that it signalled a revolt against machine politics—against "that Colbyism which has been the curse of the Eastern Townships."

The points at which the cheers were loudest and most irrepressible were most significant. "Who shall rule this country? asked one of the speakers. "The Queen!" shouted a hundred lusty voices. The speaker meant "the people," but in this crisis the terms are inter- changeable. "The Queen" means not only the sovereign whose sway we all love to acknowledge, but the impersona- tion of the British constitution, and all the fair play and freedom which that constitution guarantees. When Mr. Howland, in one of the most rousing speeches ever delivered in Montreal, re- marked that the time might come for the Anglo-Saxons to take their line, the cheer thickened the atmosphere.

When Mr. Charlton was introduced as a man condemned by the Parliament to which he belonged but appealing from that Parliament to his fellow citi- zens, the audience rose to receive him and cheered him to the echo. During his speech he roused the enthusiasm to white heat. This was notable when in a most impressive passage he declared "a hopeless dream" the idea that a

French nationality could be built up on this continent—"that was settled on the Plains of Abraham." But even the cheer which confirmed that sentence was surpassed by the tremendous shout that rose again and again when the speaker quoted Cromwell's famous des- patch to the Pope while the Waldensi- ans were being persecuted to the death—"Unless favor is shown to the people of God the thunder of England's guns will be heard in the Castle of St. Angelo"—and declared "The spirit of Cromwell is not dead."

Col. O'Brien, who was afterwards in- troduced by Mr. Dougall as the champ- ion of this cause and leader of the gal- lant thirteen, was greeted with a tremen- dous burst of cheering.

The Witness concludes that the Pro- testants of Montreal give an answer to their miserable slanderers at Ottawa which will ring through the Dominion.

ONLY A CABIN BOY.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Helen Harcourt.)

"Let him go with me," said Captain Marshall. "I will care for him as if he were my own son, and I will leave my own little boy here with you, as a pledge. Hit mother died several years ago, the aunt who has since taken care of him is just dead too, and I shall feel thankful to leave him in such good hands as yours, if you will have him. You will? Ah! that is a relief to me, and then you will not be so lonely while Charlie is away. I shall have to take him on this first voyage as my own cabin-boy, for he is not old enough to go before the mast yet, but I will teach him navigation, and fit him to be an officer."

So at last Mrs. Wager's consent was won through the influence of Charlie's grateful friend, and a few weeks later found him sailing over the beautiful ocean, far away from the English shores.

There was war between England and France, and so merchantmen did not venture to go to sea alone, but when several were ready to depart for the far same quarter of the globe, the government used to send a war-vessel with them, to protect them from the enemy.

Captain Marshall's ship, therefore, sailed in company with several others, having a sloop-of-war as leader and gun-boat, and they all kept as close to each other as was safe or possible, keep- ing a sharp look out.

One morning the signal was given that all was in sight, then another and these ships all proved to be French men-of-war, in chase of the convey. At that the English sloop-of-war sig- nalled to the merchantmen to keep together, but later on, seeing that the French ships were gaining on them, the English gave to scatter, so that by sailing in different directions, the enemy's ships would be forced to separate and give chase each to a single vessel.

Consequently, an hour later the five merchantmen forming the English con- vey were all sailing away from each other, and very soon the Frenchmen pre- sented the ruse of their enemy, and the best of it, each singled out the largest merchant vessels, and gave chase to two smaller ones to sail away as they chose.

And how about the English war- sloop, you ask? Well, she was only watching her opportunity, and directly it came, she beat down toward the nearest merchantman that was being chased by one of the French ships, and as soon as she got close enough to the latter, opened a sharp fire on her.

Of course the Frenchman replied, and then commenced a fierce battle, which lasted until the merchantman had sailed far out of sight; but it ended in the valiant little sloop having to haul down her colors to her larger enemy.

By this time the vessel on which was our friend Charlie had left the rest far behind, far she was a swift sailer, but being one of those selected for pursuit she was hard pressed by her enemy, and as the sun sank low in the horizon a shot whistled across the deck of Cap- tain Marshall's ship.

All day long he had been hoping against hope, that something would happen to enable him to shake off his foe, but now he knew that escape was impossible, he saw that the heavy balls which now came hissing around them were purposely aimed so as not to strike the ship, because being sure of her capture, the Frenchmen did not wish to injure their prize, so he deter- mined to lead them as long a chase as possible, and not reef a single sail till his enemy should actually come along- side and grapple the vessel.

"We will hold our ship as long as we can," he said sadly, but that was not very long; before the sun had disap- peared below the horizon the French

ship was alongside, and secured by grappling-irons to her prize, their sides touching.

In those days discipline in the French navy was very lax, and in their elation at securing so splendid a capture as an India-bound merchant-man, nearly the whole crew of the man-of-war leaped over upon her deck.

The English sailors made no resist- ance, for they were not armed, but, con- trary to what one would suppose, they seemed more excited and expectant than depressed as their captors sprang over the rails into their midst. And so they were in reality, and this was the reason:

Their officers had retired below to avoid the humiliation of a formal sur- render, just as the Frenchmen drew alongside, and as they left the deck, sud- denly Charlie Wager's eyes brightened, and his slight form straightened up proudly. A brilliant idea had come to him like a lightning-flash, and the next moment he hurriedly called the crew around him, and in low eager tones communicated it to them.

It was all they could do to restrain a cheer, so startled and delighted were they at its purport.

"Charlie is our king!" quoted the boatswain; "the honour is his, boys, if we succeed? We're all agreed on that?"

"Ay, ay!" the men exclaimed, and then they told Charlie that they would watch for his signal—his cap thrown in the air—and then put his plan into execution quietly and quickly.

So this is why they were excited in- stead of depressed, as they beheld the Frenchmen swarming over upon their decks and down into the cabins below.

Charlie's cheeks were flushed and his eyes flashed, as suddenly he tossed his cap high up above his head. There was no stir, or rush, but in a moment every English sailor stood on the man-of-war's deck; and while some of them snatch- ed up the arms that were strewn over it, knocking down and binding securely the few Frenchmen left on board others sprang to the side and cast loose the grappling-irons, and Charlie seized the helm, and, aided by stronger and more experienced hands than his own, gave the ship a sudden sheer off that effect- ually prevented any hope of boarding her on the part of her amazed crew!

Then, as they stood staring aghast on the deck of the merchantman, the Eng- lish sailors sprang to the guns, and Charlie, with a triumphant ring in his young voice, ordered the Frenchmen to throw overboard every weapon they had about them, and then to go below and consider themselves as prisoners, on pain of being blown out of the water.

None knew better than the bewilder- ed Frenchmen how easy of execution this threat would be, for they had themselves heavily loaded every gun during the chase, so they saw nothing for it but to obey the commands of their young captor. Overboard went guns, swords, knives, and pistols, and then, as a boat-load of well armed English sailors returned to their own ship, the Frenchmen went quietly below and were locked up; while Captain Marshall and his officers, for the first time ap- prised of Charlie's master-stroke, joy- fully resumed possession of their own vessel.

As the crew of the latter was too small to handle two ships, a few of the French sailors were ordered on deck to assist in carrying the vessels back to England. And so the novel spectacle was soon after seen in Plymouth harbor of a merchant vessel coming into port with a man-of-war as her prize, a complete reversal of the usual order of things.

This was why, as we said at the be- ginning of this true history, all Eng- land was ringing with the praises of a boy who was "only a cabin-boy." Every body called him the "boy-hero," and so he was; but we know, you and I, that he had been a nobler kind of hero before, in silence and in secret, save to Him who "knoweth all things."

But Charlie was to be a cabin-boy no longer. The Board of Admiralty took charge of him, and made him a mid- shipman, and his proud mother felt fully compensated for having yielded her consent to his following his bent, when, as years rolled on, he mounted step by step in his profession, until at last the king knighted him, and made him Admiral Sir Charles Wager; and it is thus his name may be found now in the long list of England's honored admirals who years ago passed away to their rest.—Ill. Christian Weekly.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION is as yet merely a vision—one doubtless capable of realisation, but at the same time one which must be taken from ideologists and placed in the hands of practical men, whose work may perhaps, fall short of the poet's vision, but which will at least rescue from the sphere of shadows a scheme which has too long occupied that misty dwelling-place.—Belfast Weekly Telegraph.

WHERE SHOULD THE CONSUMER BUY?

In the ordinary course of trade the consumer buys his tea from the retailer, the retailer from the jobber, the jobber from the importer, the importer from the producer: This is commonly known as the regular channel of trade. This is necessary in most cases as many merchants, both whole- sale and retail, have not sufficient trade to purchase from the place of growth.

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