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OTTAWA, NOVEMBER, 1899.

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THE · ANGLO-SAXON

Vol. XIII., No. 2.

OTTAWA, NOVEMBER, 1899.

\$1.00 per year.

The Protection of Commerce During War

By Captain C. F. WINTER, Adjutant,
G. G. F. G., Canadian Militia, Ottawa.

This essay won for Capt. Winter the special silver medal of the "Royal United Service Institution," of England, and a cash prize of thirty guineas, in 1897.

"He who commands the sea controls trade and commerce; he who controls trade and commerce commands the wealth and riches of the world; and he who controls wealth controls the world."

These words of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most celebrated of British soldier-discoverers and colonizers, may very aptly be taken as a text for an essay upon a subject of such momentous importance as the protection of commerce during a time of hostile operations and conflict. For if Sir Walter's practical experience at the very birth, if one may so term it, of our Imperial greatness, taught him the value of sea-power, the experiences of the intervening three hundred years, with their rich stories of heroic effort, hardy perseverance, disasters successfully retrieved, and adventures gloriously concluded, ought fully to suffice to impress upon his countrymen of the present the concrete wisdom of his statements.

From very small beginnings the trade and commerce of England and the British Isles have grown steadily to the gigantic proportions of that of the Empire of the present day; the amount carried annually over the sea alone is computed to be of the value of over £1,100,460,000, or if the estimated value of the shipping of the British Empire be added (10,512,272 tons at an average value of £12 10s.) £1,231,713,400, and is rising steadily. To the ordinary mind these figures convey little or no impression—one is unable to grasp without serious reflection the actual meaning of such an array of counters; but when one considers that the total valuation of property in England subject to local taxation is

returned as under £160,000,000, whereas the British seaborne trade and shipping is fully eight times as great, one begins to realize the enormous interests of our people yearly entrusted to the wide expanses of the oceans.

But this phenomenal growth of trade and commerce, adding constantly to the material well-being and comfort of our people, as it has, has also, by that very fact, imposed upon us a responsibility, vast and all important to the future of our race. By the increase in our carrying trade, and the keen competition among shippers, the cost of necessities and commodities of all kinds has been cheapened to the masses of the people, and this through the kindred agency of free and open ports has now become such an established feature in Imperial economics that any interruption in, or interference with, the unhampered flow of the Empire's commerce would be followed, more or less, by sufferings and privations, on the part of some great section of the British peoples. To keep open the routes of commerce and to provide means for removing even the fear of disastrous consequences to our shipping, and the consequent abnormal rise in the prices of food products, is the great task entrusted to the Royal Navy, with its auxiliary fleets of chosen merchant-cruisers, etc. Napoleon said "An army moves upon its belly," and it is conceded by the best of experts that it is true, for without an adequate and regular food supply the best of Armies soon become useless. If true with an Army, how much more pertinent is it when applied to a nation, unable of itself under present day conditions, to feed its vast multitude of mouths from month to month, if its over-sea supplies are cut off or withheld! To a nation facing such an alternative, the defence of its trade routes and the protection of its commerce must always be of the most vital importance. To the United Kingdom commerce has become indispensable; and, if absolutely necessary to the comfort and welfare of her people, it is equally indispensable that it continue in the established routes with its accustomed regularity, its wonted short-cuts, and increasing frequency. Britain in her

present circumstances may be likened, comparatively, to a huge factory situated in the centre of a prairie or desert plain of immense extent, across whose trackless wastes most of the raw material for use in the establishment in the first instance, all the exported product, and much of the food for the workmen engaged in its manufacture, have to be conveyed. Jealous rivals live on the confines of this prairie, and in case of rupture of peaceful negotiations with one or any of them, the question of how to maintain the necessary shipments of supplies of all kinds over such long lines of communication, and keep its conveyance from being transferred from the factories' own vehicles to those managed by outsiders, becomes all-absorbing and important. Another example—in a much smaller way, of course—may be cited as presenting conditions similar to those under which British trade would have to thrive during war—it is that of the early immigrants crossing the American prairies before the days of railways. Hostile Indians on all sides made their routes insecure and dangerous, the prairie "schooners" were often wrecked and captured, the difficulties met with threatened extinction to trade and travel, but the spirit of expansion and the land-hunger of our English-speaking race made itself felt, and moved the government to plant military posts and establish garrisons to ensure the safety of what was so dear to the people as a whole. The similitude is not unstriking—the prairie was the sea, the immigrant trains the ships of commerce, the military posts and garrisons, telegraph lines, etc., the warships, coaling and refitting stations, cable lines, etc., which are the necessary adjuncts of that situation if the policing of the seas is to be as successful in the event of war, as were the measures taken upon the prairies of the West for the safety of the trade and travel routes not many decades since.

At the present time it must be most gratifying to Britishers that at last the Empire, as a unit seems fully alive to the importance of this great subject; and, in addition to Naval Defence Acts, vast credits for building ships and increases in officers and men on the part of the home government, a recent spontaneous offer by Cape Colony to contribute a battle-ship to the Royal Navy may not improperly be accepted as an evidence of a similar feeling and intention on the part of "Greater Britain" beyond the seas. The subject, however, is so wide and the interests involved so

momentous, as also our territories so dispersed and scattered over the whole globe's surface, that the protection of trade in the event of hostile menace is a task which may well engage the attention and best effort of the whole, because the very excess of territory which in peace is our pride may easily become in war an embarrassment and discomfiture. No true Briton, will, however, complain of the great responsibilities thus laid upon his shoulders by the progressive and expansive spirit of his fathers, but will rather set to work resolutely to devise ways and means to protect those freights upon the seas (the envy of his neighbors) in the event of any and all complications that may come to threaten their safe conduct. "What we have we'll hold" is indeed the concrete kernel of the sentiment that animates our people with regard to their Colonial Empire, and the same may be applied with equal truth to our wealth and commerce throughout the world. The necessity, however, for active and constant preparation is acute when we know from published plans of the Admiralties of foreign countries that in the event of war against Britain "commerce destroying" is to be prosecuted with the utmost vigor. French naval writers and public men have candidly stated their intentions of pursuing this policy in the event of war, and, in the United States, the doings of the "Alabama" and "Shenandoah" in the late civil war between the States are constantly utilised to show the popular course that would be followed should hostilities at any time break out between the Republic and the mother country. "Forewarned is, however, fore-armed"; and knowing, as we do, the most likely tactics of our enemies in case of war, there seems no reason why we should not prepare to counteract these efforts in every possible particular.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The most valuable records of the progress of Canada, is "The Statistical Year Book," prepared by Mr. George Johnson, of the Agricultural Department. A few years ago this book came in for a good deal of criticism from the then Opposition, but it has now become the favorite reference book by which the Government quote from to show the growth of Canada.

If brevity is the soul of wit all we who are "short" ought to be very jolly.
Why is summer the pride of the year? Why, because it goeth before a fall.

British-Israel's Friends and Foes.

Oxonian in December Covenant People.

That we possess, as was predicted of Israel, the "gates" of them that "hate" us has been long emphasized by our veteran Anglo-Israel editor, as a prominent item of the identification of Great Britain with that Israel. An equally cogent argument may be derived from the undeniable fact that they (the continental nations) do "hate" us.

It will be remembered that, when our whole national energies were taken up with the effort to rescue Gordon, Russia took that step on towards Herat which brought her so much nearer us in Asia. So now, at the moment of our national emergency in the South, the nations are anxiously watching their opportunity to inflict some humiliation upon Great Britain.

Russia, we learn in a despatch from St. Petersburg, to the *Daily Mail*, dated November 2nd, is hurrying up her railway schemes in Persia. A Russian engineer of eminence has been nominated chief of the future Russian State Railway in Persia, and has started, with thirty assistant engineers, for the purpose of completing the already commenced survey for the line from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. The consolidation of Russia's iron grip upon Persia is one of the predicted preliminaries to her launching her war hosts against that rival Power which is the object of her perpetual jealousy.

A *Globe* correspondent reported on "the struggle for Persia," under date October 19th, as follows:—

"It is a noteworthy fact, and one which is particularly typical of Russian methods, that scarcely a day is allowed to pass at present without the Russian Press calling the attention of the authorities to the fact that now is the time for Russia to set to work with regard to Persia. The recent construction of what may be regarded virtually as a Russian military road from the Caspian Sea to Teheran, and the announcement that a Russian colonel has just been appointed by the Shah to reorganize the Persian cavalry, are in themselves sufficient evidence of Russia's fixed intention to set to work openly with a view to establishing its power throughout the Shah's territory.

Russian sympathy with the Transvaal is demonstrated by the news telegraphed from St. Petersburg on November 4th, that the Russian administrative authorities have granted to the students of the University of St. Petersburg and to the officials of the different Governmental and public institutions, authorisation to open subscriptions in aid of the Boers.

On the 6th the Paris *Figaro* intimated a sudden rise in the premiums charged for the insurance of British transports against war risks, arising from

a possible conflict between Great Britain and Russia, and it regards this as showing that the English insurance companies regard a rupture between the two countries as not improbable. The journal remarks that while Great Britain has nothing to fear from European action in Africa, there are on the other hand several points on the Indian frontiers where Russian armies would have nothing to fear from the British fleet.

It is not only Russia that is on the alert. "All Europe," says a Vienna paper (as reported by the *Globe* of November 3rd) "is anxiously awaiting an opportunity of taking advantage of England's weakness at the Cape to hit her elsewhere." Sir Charles Dilke, in the first number of the *Review of the Week*, while discrediting the possibility of any general coalition against us at present, yet admits that it might be formed secretly, and avers that at the present moment we are more generally hated than ever. It is a case of "all Europe" associated as "them that hate us."

We take the following from a lucid article in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 3rd, headed

"FOREIGN PRESS AGAINST ENGLAND."

"The persevering way in which most Continental newspapers mistake the acts of our Government, distort its aims, and falsify its policy surpasses belief. In France and Russia in particular, the grotesqueness of their caricatures verges on the impossible. As for the 'facts' with which they satiate the curiosity of their readers, they sound to us who know them like the ravings of a patient in the second stage of typhus. Here is an instance taken from the most popular paper in France, the *Petite Journal*. Describing the 'horrors' perpetrated by the 'treacherous English,' this pillar of fire throws light on our crimes for the edification of its countrymen; 'The English paralysed the Sultan by the war with Greece, which was likewise their handiwork. In France where we were on the look-out for English tricks, they actually got up the whole Dreyfus affair, as well as several of its side issues.

In Abyssinia they first cajoled Menelik and then egged on Ras Mangascia to march against him. In Uganda these hypocrites went the length of provoking the massacre of their own missionaries in order to acquire thereby the right of annihilating the whole aboriginal race and making themselves masters of Matabeleland. And those are but a few of the horrors perpetrated by these civilizing shopkeepers! Such are the stories which are repeated day after day by most of the journals in France."

We need not be surprised to find Russian newspapers chiming in, to the same tune.

"For instance, the *Novoye Vremya* writes (Oct. 16-28, 1899): 'Russia's sympathies have ever been on the side of the weak and oppressed. To stand up for such is ever the historic mission of our fatherland. Hence it is nowise strange that Russians should express their sympathy for the Boers, and that subscriptions for medical aid to the Boers

should flow in from all classes of society.' And this is written at the very moment that the Finns are being robbed of their autonomy, and are flying off to foreign lands in thousands. It has also appeared at the very moment that millions of Russians are suffering the pangs of hunger. . . . The money that might alleviate the distress of thousands of Russian families is going off to the Boers, the popular Press applauding. This seems biting off one's nose to spite one's face with a vengeance. The *Novoya Vremya*, which called for the persecution of Protestants in the Baltic Provinces, and of the Quakers, or 'Dukhobortsy,' in the Caucasus, drags religion into the Transvaal question as follows: 'The honest, religious farmers who are minded to shed their life-blood in the defence of their country will ever be nearer to the heart of Holy Russia than our secular foe—cold, selfish England. to help them is a noble—aye, a holy—deed. . . . We will at least heal their wounds, and for this purpose shall not grudge our hard earned money.'

The Transvaal agency at Brussels having circulated reports of Boer victories (of which the world had not otherwise heard anything), the Paris press indulged in fresh rejoicings at "the British D  b  cle!" The *Journal* of November 3rd, declared that the Dual Alliance (Franco-Russian) has now a splendid opportunity for settling accounts with England—the "British Goliath" having received a fatal blow from the "Boer David" (!), and the total collapse (!) of the British Empire being near at hand. "Nobody pities England in her trouble," says the *Autorit  *. "Satisfaction is unbounded everywhere" at the thought that "the English have been thrashed again." General Joubert is being variously claimed as of Breton or of Provencal origin—of French connection somehow. The *La France* of Bordeaux is responsible for the following:

"The English have a rude task to accomplish and victory, if they bring it off, will cost them very dear. Their effective military forces being very limited, it will be an incomparable occasion to settle with them all the differences in suspense, and they may well be uneasy regarding China, India, Persia, and likewise Egypt."

The *D  p  che de Brest* does not blush to say that, in order to augment the British forces.

"Recruiting sergeants are travelling through certain European countries—notably in Alsace-Lorraine—knocking at the doors of farmhouses and offering large sums for recruits for the war."

With these lies, with this animosity, does France repay the kindness received from us in the day of her own trouble. A correspondent of the *Globe* writes:—

"The French are frantic with joy because the British lost two regiments and a mountain battery in Natal on 30th (or 29th) October 1899. Let them look back to the 27th October, 1870, when Marshall Bazaine, with two other Marshals of France, 6,000 officers, and 173,000 men, capitulated to the

Germans at Metz. Did England rejoice over that calamity?" We might add also that at Sedan, 25,000 men were taken prisoners in the battle, while 83,000, with 70 mitrailleuses, and 550 guns, surrendered afterwards. Besides these, 14,000 wounded fell into the hands of the Germans, and 3,000 laid down their arms after crossing the Belgian frontier. Yet we can safely say that here France found nothing but respectful pity for that tremendous disaster.

Still more pertinent is the following, from the correspondence column of the *Daily Mail*:—

"When France was prostrate 'neath the heel of Germany, and Paris starving after her two sieges, England sent enormous stores of every description and capable men and women to distribute them among the hungry, destitute and dying inhabitants. This uncalled-for deed of Christian charity is already utterly forgotten, and France is only wishful to injure Great Britain, and to express her malignant joy at any reverse this country may suffer in South Africa or elsewhere. She is 'willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.'"

Germany, for the moment at any rate, puts on a semblance of friendship. It illustrates the bitter animosity of the French for Britain that Berlin has been inundated with free copies of several Paris journals containing articles denouncing England, and advocating Franco-German co-operation (!) in South Africa. The Germans will, however, follow a policy of prudence. In the words of the *Hamburg Correspondent*, "Germany is not going to be so simple as to pluck chesnuts for other people out of England's fire." Even Russia, in spite of what *Novoe Vremya* calls its "traditional animosity against England," reminds herself that "whenever she has taken action in common with other Powers she has never attained the desired result, and has only labored for the benefit of her partners." It is a case of hatred paralysed by the mutual jealousies of "them that hate us."

The prophets are full of encouragement for Israel in the day when her foes exalt themselves against her—"Fear not" is the burden of many a prediction. Israel is to be confident—none making her afraid. She is to trust in the Lord, who will be her tower of strength. One thing that astonishes our Continental critics most is the calmness we have assumed in the face of disaster. The *New Free Press* of Vienna reminds the world that—

"Napoleon named the English a nation of shopkeepers, but in our opinion the shopkeepers have put the chivalrous French to shame by the manly fortitude they have shown in the face of disaster. In every other country, including France, there would have been an outburst of popular fury demanding the sacrifice of some convenient scape-goat to appease the indignation of the nation, but in England there has been patience, order, and a just recognition of the difficulties of the situation."

Even the French papers cannot help expressing their wondering admiration. The *Figaro*, for

instance, compares London of the last few days to Paris in 1885, when the news of Lang-Son disaster overthrew the Jules Ferry Cabinet. "That, like Ladysmith," says the *Figaro*, "was but an incident, and not a wholesale defeat, but the general consternation made France seem to have suffered a second Waterloo." M. Jules Huret, who hurried over to England to "write up" the scenes of consternation that he expected to witness, expresses his astonished disappointment in the *Figaro* at finding nothing of the sort. "I assure you," he writes, "that nothing is changed here. The people maintain their customary impassivity. A policeman to whom I spoke about the disaster replied, 'It's nothing much. In fifteen days we shall have our own back,' and this is what all the English say."

So then our Continental neighbors wonder at us, at moments they fear us, all the time they hate us.

If British-Israel's foes stand thus obvious to the eye, no less obvious are her friends. They are her own children.

"Thy children shall make haste," saith the prophet Isaiah, in his 49th chapter addressed to Israel in the Isles; "Lift up thine eyes round about and behold: all these gather themselves together and come to thee. As I live, saith the Lord, thou shalt surely clothe thee, with them all, as with an ornament, and bind them on thee. The land shall be too narrow by reason of the inhabitants. The children which thou shalt have, shall say, The place is too strait for me, give place to me that I may dwell. Then thou shalt say, Who hath begotten me these?"

HER CHILDREN STANDING UP.

Colony after colony—Britain's daughter nations—grown to maturity now from the childhood in which they started as communities across the seas—have come forward with the request that they may be deemed worthy to fight side by side with the troops of the mother-land. Canada would even send a full brigade, did Britain call upon her to do so. Even little Malta desires to send a contingent. It is the Jubilee over again, this time to solemn and serious purpose. The hour of Federation is drawing near indeed.

Speaking at a banquet, prior to the departure of the Canadian contingent for South Africa, the Dominion Minister of Defence said that this marked an epoch in the history of Canada and the Empire. The people of Canada had at last fully realized the debt they owed to the Empire. Canada had thrown off swaddling clothes, and had become a full-grown member of the grand Empire which was making history to-day. And Canada was not alone. The Empire was no longer a Power with dependencies, but a Power made up of several nations.

For colonial co-operation we are naturally not unprepared. Nor, indeed, since the Spanish War does friendliness on the part of America astonish

us. But, although that is so, it is none the less a notable sign of the times. Mr. Russell Sage writes in the *New York World*:—

"We must unquestionably support England, not only because she stood beside us during our recent war, but because England and America combined would be more powerful, morally, intellectually, and financially, than all the rest of the world. Without lifting a finger we can, by our attitude, compel all other nations to keep their hands off. This will have the effect of not only shortening a war with the Boers, but preventing the disorganization of business and finance throughout the whole civilized world."

The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* comments on the movement among American women who have married British husbands to contribute ambulance accommodation for the wounded in the Transvaal:—

"Any defeat," the paper says, "which the British may meet with during the next six or seven days will be hailed with hallelujahs in France, Germany, Russia, Holland and Belgium. Consequently, we Americans, in order to be of service to the British, should stand by them when they really need it, and show that if the balance of opinion in Europe goes against them, that of 85,000,000 Americans will counterbalance it."

Our friends and our foes thus stand manifest. No differences of administration affect the unity of Our Race in the face of "Them that hate us."

SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED.

WAR OF 1812.

Take your History of Canada and look with me at the Battle of Lundy's Lane for a minute. Lundy's Lane was fought on Canadian soil near Niagara Falls on the 25th of July, 1814. The Battle of Chippewa had been fought only a few days before, and the British forces under General Riall who, although they fought as Britains have always fought, with such heroism that makes "all the world wonder" The History of United States by Montgomery, says, "Later they (the Americans) drove the British from a hard fought field at Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, near Niagara Falls." The Canadian History, by J. George Hodgins, F.R.G.S., says, "Here (Lundy's Lane) on the 25th July, this detachment (900 Canadians sent by General Riall from Twenty Mile Creek to assist the Canadians there in possession) was attacked, and was about retiring, when General Drummond opportunely arrived from York, and encountered the American forces. The battle commenced at 5 p.m. and continued until 11:30, both parties were reinforced, the strife was renewed. At midnight the enemy retired to Chippewa, leaving the British in possession of the field. The Americans lost 1,200 killed, wounded and prisoners, and the British 900, including General Riall who was captured. The Generals on both sides were wounded." The American historian claims the victory and so does the Canadian. Who has made the mistake?

Next month more comparisons will be shown.

Established 1887.

The Anglo-Saxon,

OTTAWA, CAN.

*A Journal devoted to the Development of
British sentiment.*

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

NOVEMBER, 1899.

"Shut up, or Else Get Out."

There are men in the public service to-day, and we say it with regret, who are nothing else than rebels. Every British reverse in South Africa has caused these men to chortle with joy, and to cherish the hope, long latent in the minds of some, that the French-Canadians will some day become the dominant people in Canada. This is no time for mincing matters, or being particular in the choice of words. We give these gentlemen in the public departments fair warning that so long as they are drawing British pay they must be loyal citizens. This is a free country and any resident has the right to express his own views, with this qualification, that when a man takes the Queen's shilling, inferentially it is an indication of his loyalty to the Queen. Therefore, these gentlemen who are braying so loudly just now—we were going to say if they have any decency about them—if they desire to give full vent to their opinions must adopt the only legitimate course left to them, that is, first resign their positions. Quickly would they find their chairs filled by better men.

The virtue of resignation is, however, not a characteristic of the French-Canadian. Under British rule in Canada he has enjoyed greater liberties than under any other flag. He has been guaranteed the fullest religious liberty, and the recognition of the language of La Belle France both in parliament and the courts. Some day it may be that certain French-Canadians, who are as asinine as some of their compatriots in the Government buildings, may bring matters to such a pass that there will be a revision of the arrangements under which the French-Canadians now enjoy their liberties in this country. As a preliminary we might suggest to parliament to make enquiry into the proportionate representation of officials by nationality or provinces, in the public service. If all the facts were known in this regard our English-speaking friends would be astonished to learn how the French have grafted themselves on to most of the good things in sight.

Let our readers clearly understand that we do not attribute disloyalty to all French-Canadians, far from it. The ANGLO-SAXON cheerfully admits that amongst our peo-

ple of Gallic extraction there are many good men and true. If, for instance, all French-Canadians were of the broad-minded and patriotic type represented by Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, then men of all nationalities in Canada could get along peaceably. Members of the Government know, however, that disloyal men are holding positions in the public service, and more than one minister, it is said, has remarked that if he hears of one civil servant in his department uttering treasonable sentiments, that man will quickly get his walking ticket.

While on this subject allusion may be made to the commendable action of Captain de la Ronde of the 43rd Battalion in meting out condign punishment to one of these rebels from the hill. If we do not mistake the temper of our people there are a good many more citizens of Ottawa who would be glad to assist Captain de la Ronde in more work of the same kind. In this connection, also, reference may be made to the truly British spirit displayed by young White, a well known member of the Quebec Hockey Club, and who has many friends in Ottawa. The son of a French-Canadian judge who resides not a hundred miles from the Capital, and who is a close friend of the Premier's, showed his pro-Boer sympathies by endeavoring to raise from amongst the students of Laval University a contingent for the purpose of assisting the Boers, and to fight against the British. And mind you, this action was proposed to be taken in a British colony. However, the authorities got on to the matter and promptly sat on the young gentleman. But he was not to be squelched. When the disaster occurred at Nicholson's Nek a crowd of Laval students stood outside the office of the Daily Telegraph in the City of Quebec reading the bulletins. The Judge's son was in the crowd and in the exuberance of his joy called for three cheers for the Boers. The response came from Mr. White who promptly grasped the fresh youth by the nose, gave it a vigorous pull, swung the young man round, and then applied his boot in a most vigorous manner to a soft part of the young Boer's physical framework.

It was a nery thing to do in old Quebec and right in the midst of a crowd of French-Canadian students, but not one dared to raise a finger to assist their sprawling comrade. In like manner will others who are traitors at heart be treated if they go too far. To the talkative gentlemen in the Buildings we would say, "Shut up, or else get out."

A National Danger.

It may seem strange that any man should oppose the granting of a site in Canadian territory for the erection of elevators thereupon, and the diversion of traffic through our own country. Canada has spent nearly \$100,000,000 in enlarging and improving the St. Lawrence waterway, and next year we shall see the full fruition of this enormous expenditure, as the 14 foot waterway is to be ready for the opening of navigation. But in the case of the application of Mr. W. J. Conners of Buffalo, for the very cream of the elevator sites available in Montreal, the position of affairs

is vastly different to that which would exist were a Canadian corporation applying. It has suited Mr. Conners' purposes to have it made known that he is a Canadian by birth. He is, however, by his affiliations and business connections and by choice, an American citizen, resident in Buffalo. He owns the two principal newspapers, the Courier and the Enquirer, published in that city. He is also the leading man in connection with the elevator trust at Buffalo. This corporation lost hundreds of thousands of dollars last year owing to labor difficulties, and there is a prospect that these difficulties will be renewed next season. Mr. Conners and his American associates therefore looked around to see how they could ward off the attack of the longshoremen, and think if they can get a site in the Harbour of Montreal, and make a bluff at sending a portion of the trade of Buffalo to the commercial metropolis of Canada, that they will be able to bring the Buffalo dock laborers to the employers terms.

Now, no one can fairly object to Mr. Conners and his friends adopting this course provided that in so doing they do not interfere with national rights, or the legitimate business aspirations of other corporations. In enabling Mr. Conners to carry out his project the suggestion of the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal to give him the very best site, to the exclusion and detriment of other Canadian corporations, can be characterized as little short of criminal. Mr. Conners has hypnotized the Montreal Harbour Commissioners so that they do not see the peril involved in the course they propose to take. Protests have been made against their action by prominent officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the Grand Trunk and the Canada Atlantic Railway Company.

The latter corporation, which has its home office in Ottawa, has just completed its second season's business over the line from Parry Sound to Coteau. Nearly 15,000,000 bushels of grain, which heretofore found its way to Europe through American ports, has been diverted to Canadian routes by the energy of one man. The indomitable pluck shown by Mr. J. R. Booth has made him an object of pride to his fellow citizens, and of envy on the part of other cities. Having just completed his great railway, and with an admirable line of boats on the great lakes, Mr. Booth is anxious to secure a convenient site in the Harbour of Montreal on which to erect elevators. The grant of the suggested site to Mr. Conners and his friends will leave practically no space available for Mr. Booth or the C. P. R. and Grand Trunk. Is it right; is it fair; is it patriotic to give the cream of the Harbour accommodation of Montreal to foreigners? We think not.

Review Notes.

The Christmas number of The Saturday Evening Post marks a new departure in periodical literature—the first successful attempt to give for five cents, stories, articles and pictures by the same writers and artists who make the high-cost magazines.

For example, the opening story in the Christmas Post is by Rudyard Kipling, and the tale that of Private Ortheris and his dog, Garm; Joel Chandler Harris tells "Why

the Confederacy Failed," a stirring story of the Secret Service; and Ian Maclaren, Justin McCarthy, M.P., John Luther Long, M. E. M. Davis, W. C. Coup and W. S. Harwood contribute stories and articles. The verse in the number is by Edwin Markham, Frank L. Stanton, Mary E. Wilkins and Clinton Scollard.

The half-tone page headings, illustrating Christmas in History, are by Charles Louis Hinton, Frank and Joe Leyendecker, W. S. Lukens, George Gibbs, F. L. Fithian, Emlen McConnell and Harrison Fisher. The handsome colored cover is by Henry Hutt. The Christmas Post will be on all news-stands December 21.

Amongst new books that will be issued shortly "In Old France and New," by Wm. McLennan; "Beyond the Hills of Dream," by W. W. Campbell; "Lives of the Lieut-Governors of Upper Canada," by D. B. Reid, Q.C.; and "Types of Canadian Women, Past and Present," will perhaps be of most interest to Canadians. The authors are all Canadians, Mr. Wm. McLennan, a popular lawyer of Montreal, whose two novels, "Spanish John" and "The Span O'Life," the latter written in collaboration with Miss Jean McIlwraith of Hamilton, have been exceedingly well received. In his new volume, "Old France and New" he re-publishes two series of short stories which a few years ago appeared in Harper's. The series relating to Old France appeared under the collective title "As Told to His Grace." Those dealing with New France were in dialect, which occasioned some very favorable comment. Mr. McLennan is now in Italy, where, for the benefit of his health, he will spend the winter.

Miss McIlwraith whose very successful collaboration with Mr. McLennan in the "Span O' Life," together with her previous novel, the "Making of Mary" has brought her well deserved laurels will issue through Briggs a History of Canada for Young People.

I shall now, however, proceed to estimate the area within the Canadian Northwest, including the Province of Manitoba and the Provisional Districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, which could, under favorable market conditions, be made to contribute to the world's wheat supply. Mr. A. M. Burgess, late Commissioner of Dominion Lands, fixed the area of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories fit for agricultural operations at about 390,000 square miles. I am inclined to think, however, that this calculation is far too liberal. A moderate estimate of the tract lying within the wheat belt, as defined by the Geological Surveys Branch of the Department of the Interior, would be 262,000 square miles. This includes the Peace River District where wheat has been successfully grown for years. Out of this area, 101,000 square miles are located within the semi-arid district, leaving 161,000 square miles of wheat lands under favorable climatic and soil conditions. An allowance should be made of some 25 per cent. of the total to cover lands unfit for cultivation owing to adverse topographical features, which would leave a balance of some 121,000 square miles, or 77,440,000 acres.

The Canadian Irrigation Surveys Corps has carefully measured the water supply available for the irrigation of the semi-arid district, and the supply which could readily be made available through the construction of a system of storage reservoirs on the east slope of the Rocky Mountains, and it has been found that, estimating on the basis of one second foot of water for every hundred acres (the duty of water as fixed at present) an area of 6,500,000 acres can be artificially watered within the semi-arid district. This, added to the area under humid conditions, would bring the total wheat lands of Manitoba and the Northwest up to about 84,000,000 acres.—C. W. Peterson in "Canadian Magazine."

Sons of England

*These pages are open for Correspondence
from members and Editorial Discussion.*

"Party Politics in the Sons of England."

Editor of the ANGLO-SAXON:—

DEAR SIR,—I noticed a letter in the September number of the SAXON from a Mr. Patching trying to *patch* up the statement made by "A Member" in the August issue relating to the above subject. In the October issue "A Member" again makes some statements which, I think as an outsider, and one who has seen the Record a good deal, and read it on account of its "Fraternal Insurance" news of the Sons of England, and that "A Member" is justified in what he said. Evidently Mr. Patching does not know *some* of the members of the Sons of England as well as I do or he would not say that they are all imbued with a political independence or impartiality, and I know some of the executive officers of the Sons of England, who are what Mr. P. called "Blue." If the ANGLO-SAXON has a Conservative editor and has had a leaning towards that great party, is it any wonder? What has the Reform party ever done for the Sons of England or any other Society which would not admit to its membership the Co-religionists of the "Boss" and his "Buttons boy" (the Premier.) Can Mr. Patching be a Grit and a member of the Sons of England at the same time, and look with an honest eye upon the manner the present government handled the incorporation act of the Sons of England? I say, that every member should not only lean towards the "Party of Progress," "The party of true Loyalty to the Queen and Empire," "The party that forced the 'Boss and his boy' to send a contingent to South Africa." I do not know a man that has a grain of spunk in him that would have anything to do with a party that is preaching one thing and doing another, that is fair to your face and strike you behind your back, and that is what the present government is always doing to the Mother Country, and if, as Sons of England, we do lean towards the party of loyalty, I do not wonder. I hope the ANGLO-SAXON will live long to see the flag of the Sons of England raised above the ramparts and the ring, who is opposed to its just and only legal claim, swept away from the control of such a grand and patriotic organization as the Sons of England is, and their organ, which I understand is only the organ of the so called "ring" and not of the whole organization occupying the place prepared for it in that splendid picture of yours which appeared in the ANGLO-SAXON a few years ago. I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

Ganenoque, Nov. 1899.

The Ottawa lodges have struck a unique idea in the way of amusement during the winter months. They purpose having a series of six concerts in the six different Lodge rooms of the city. Each concert taking a different form. The series was opened by a smoking concert held in Stanley Lodge room at which a remarkably large number were present. The second is to take the form of "An Old English Boxing Night," and will be held December 28th. A ticket of admission to the series is 50 cents, and the charge for single night concert tickets is placed a little higher.

Bro. Harry Bolton, secretary of Lodge Royal City, Guelph, Ont., has in his possession a very precious document, being a letter of recommendation from General Sir Redvers Buller, now commanding the British forces in South Africa. Bro. Bolton recommendation from General Buller when the latter was lieutenant in the Fourth Battalion, 60th Rifles, St. John, N.B., thirty-one years ago. The following is a copy: "I have known Private Harry Bolton, late 4th Battalion 60th Rifles, for several years. I have no hesitation in recommending him as a very sober trustworthy, steady man in every respect."

REDVERS BULLER,

Lieut. 60th Rifles.

St. John, N.B., 12th Oct., '68.

We rejoice with all the members of of the Sons of England Society over the action of the Executive in keeping in good standing in the Lodge those members of the Order who are fighting in Africa for God, Queen, Country and the honor of the Order to which they belong. It is highly creditable to the Sons of England Society to be represented by such true and stalwart men as have gone from the Society's ranks to fight in the Transvaal.

On an occasion of this kind it is very advisable that an Order like ours should show its patriotism by not being backward. Men of sterling worth are required, and to find such men no better recruiting ground is offered than the lodges of the Sons of England Society, which is now one of the largest patriotic and fraternal organizations in existence in Canada. Investigation will show that the qualities which have placed the Society in the position it has occupied are the very qualities which make Englishmen the best fighters in time of war, and the best citizens always.

The lamentable part of the matter in connection with our Society is the lethargy again displayed by the Executive. We commend their action, but would give it far greater commendation had they acted more quickly. Already many of the subordinate lodges had resolved to keep the respective members of their lodges in good standing while away. Then, at a rather late date, the Grand Executive decided that they would take charge of the matter. The old saw reads that it's better late than never; but how good it is when it is on time.

Brandon Lodge of Brandon, Man., held a very brilliant meeting on Nov. 21st. It was a record breaker. There were two initiations, 11 proposals, and one member re-joined. A substantive repast had been provided which the members greatly enjoyed. At this part of the programme

Bro. King, editor of the Brandon Independent, read Kipling's poem "The Absent-Minded Beggar," which is causing such comment just now. A shilling collection was taken up which realized the sum of about \$15.00.

A rather notable initiation took place on this evening. Harry Lopp, an old British soldier who had been through "Majuba" and "Isundula" joined, to further swell the ranks of the Order in Brandon. Bro. Lopp is a prosperous farmer.

Royal City Lodge, Sons of England Guelph, Ontario, celebrated its eleventh anniversary in a happy fashion. Over one hundred members and their lady friends enjoyed an oyster supper, and a fine programme afterwards. Songs were sung, recitations were given, and patriotic speeches were made by the home and visiting brethren.

The president of Royal City Lodge, Bro. Edward Power, occupied the chair in a most acceptable manner. Speeches were given by Mr. J. W. Brill, Bro. Jesse Weland, of Galt, D.D.; Bro. E. Collyer, and the Second Vice-President of St. George's Society. Capital songs and recitations were offered by Miss Matheson, Miss Lou Bolton, Mr. John Hunter, Mr. W. P. Howard, and an instrumental solo by Mr. E. Bridgeman. The accompaniments were cleverly played by Miss Engeland.

The successful gathering is largely owing to the organized effort of the committee, Bros. J. Broadbent, C. Ryde, E. Power, H. Doughty, F. Smith and Harry Bolton. Two marked features of the evening were the speeches by Mr. Brill on his recent trip to England, and Bro. E. Collyer on his experiences in the Klondike.

A Timely Discourse upon the Burning Issues Within the Ranks of the S. O. E.

To the Editor of the ANGLO-SAXON:

Without waiting to ascertain to the full the effect my last liddite shell which doubtless must have deftly dropped plump into the very nest of the Toronto ring doves, it is perhaps as well to hold a little discussion over the agitation caused by the address of the Winnipeg D.C. to the S. G. V.P. on the occasion of his late visit, the same having been made manifest by the squealing of their sycophantic literary menial.

In connection with this same address, it is perfectly just and reasonable to assume had it not been for the precaution taken by the Winnipeg District Council in voting that a copy of it be published in the ANGLO-SAXON, as well as in the Record, it would never have seen the light of day outside the city of its inception.

What better proof of this statement can be found than in the fact that though the one copy was mailed to Toronto and the other to Ottawa, by the Secretary of the Council, both at the same time, the SAXON'S appeared in the Sept. issue, while that of the Record was not forthcoming till the following month, and then with the excuse that it was

received too late for earlier publication.

As a preliminary to a little wholesome talk with the readers of the SAXON, let us quote the same passage in the address which the S. O. E. Record has taken for its text:—

"Our necessities have time and again been brought before Supreme Grand Lodge, both in and out of Session, only to be filed away for all time, and our requests regarding representation at S. G. L. meetings have been wholly ignored." What is their reply to this? They do not deny the statement of fact but blandly seek to explain away their shortcomings by a wearisome tirade concerning their tender solicitude on behalf of the Winnipeg brethren, and tell of the great efforts being made by proxies in their behalf for the last three years. Now in regard to the value of proxy representation something must be said.

Men are recommended to our lodges for proxies who are members of Eastern lodges, some of them most probably members of the Executive Council whose interest it is to keep things in statu quo, the result has been that in no case has a proxy member of any Winnipeg lodge rendered an account of his stewardship; nothing is heard of Grand Lodge proceedings by the lodges till members receive the Grand Lodge Report, they never know whether their delegate voted for, or against, their wishes, or indeed if he voted at all.

How absurd, then, to try to placate the Western brethren with such a venal and inefficient substitute for personal representation. It appears to us in the West that our Ontario brethren, or the most of them, are centred within a very prescribed ring fence, say some two hundred miles around the city of Toronto; they seem to have no idea of the enormous area of space which goes to make up their heritage as English Canadians.

For the reason that most of them can attend Grand Lodge, if they so desire, for a trifling money cost of a very few dollars, they seem to imply the outside brethren whose expenses in some cases might reach even a hundred dollars, should be kept away altogether, they being quite content so long as the Utlanders pay their dues in and help to keep up the S. G. Executive. If the distant brethren are not able to bear the whole cost of their fare that seems none of their business. Such sentiments as these are surely not calculated to build up a great and powerful society such as the Sons of England might, and should be; a society not only as wide-reaching as the whole of this great Dominion, but capable of exercising its benign influence in every part of the British Empire.

But a much more liberal sentiment will have to prevail in Ontario, both amongst the brethren of the Order and their Executive, before any improvements may be expected in the direction of expansion of the Order.

"General community of interests" must be the motto. The PERSONAL representation of Grand Lodge of the distant sub lodges by delegates from amongst their membership is a demand that can be no longer got over by soft words, or by a tyrannical assumption of unconstitutional authority on the part of the S. G. Executive.

If the majority of the Ontario delegates who can attend S. G. Lodge at trifling cost cannot see the disadvantage under which those living a thousand or fifteen hundred miles away are laboring under, and feel themselves justified in pledging their respective lodges to submit to a levy for the formation of a fund from which, the costs being pooled, all the lodges will pay a like share of the expenses incurred by delegates attending Supreme Grand Lodge. Then the Western brethren have but the alternatives of either applying for and forming a Territorial Grand Lodge, or applying to the Manitoba local legislature for a charter under the Friendly Societies Act for letters of Incorporation as the Independent Order of the Sons of England or any other appropriate name which may be selected, a Manitoba Charter being as good in Manitoba as an Ontario one in Ontario, each having the same disadvantages in doing business outside its province.

That the readers of the ANGLO-SAXON may more fully understand how easily the cost of all the delegates visiting Supreme Grand Lodge in Session and thus enabling the most distant lodges to attend, can be calculated. Free Lance would suggest first, the limiting the number of delegates from each district to say, one delegate to every 150 members (lodges not being a factor in this connection) though each delegate shall have a vote for each lodge he represents in his district. Ascertaining the mileage of each delegate, distant or near, adding together the whole mileage of all the delegates, then finding out the cost of fare on all the railroads by the mileage ticket system, thus we shall be able to find the cost for mileage of the whole of the delegates in the aggregate. Then by counting heads of the members of all the lodges on a basis, as declared by them in their last Quarterly Report, we can divide the mileage cost by the membership per capita, and find the exact amount of levy required from the membership. It will be found that the cost to each individual member of the Order will indeed be obtained by bringing the most distant membership in touch with the Supreme authorities thus giving them a chance of voting intelligently upon who shall, and who shall not sit upon the Executive Board, and it is to be sincerely hoped doing away with not only a useless but harmful group of individuals who are forever tinkering at the Constitution till they have knocked it so out of shape the original founders of the Order would never know it for the creature they of honest and set purpose caused to spring into being some quarter of a century since.

The Constitution of '89 with some changes in relation to rates, and responsibilities to the membership was indeed far preferable to the one in present use with its irritating attempt at initiating the cast iron rigid frigidity of such purely BUSINESS confederations as the Workmen or the Foresters. The old form of Constitution, if at times it was somewhat vague, left every chance for a liberal interpretation being put by the lodges upon its mandates, and one would think that in what should in every sense be a truly fraternal and patriotic society, such as the S. O. E. it is just what is required.

If new lodges at times made mistakes it was usually

in a fraternal spirit and in the right direction, furthermore the lodges were alone the sufferers, not the Order or the S. G. Executive.

Experience teaches even in lodges. But it seems as time goes on that the Executive, having become used to the subservient of the lodges in patiently yielding to their demands for more money, and being apparently content to submit without protest to be shorn of many of their privileges, at length over-reached themselves when they launched the proposition to insist upon handling the Sick Benefit Fund of the sub lodges; this was the last straw which in an illcalculated stretch of greed came well nigh into breaking the back of the patient animal. It is about useless for the Record to tell the membership "there is no such proposition before the Order now." That there ever was is sufficient of itself to suggest to every one how the cat jumps in the S. O. E. Executive Chambers.

Well may they withdraw such a proposition. But it is too late, we know only too well by the experience of the past, how dearly our Executive does love to handle large sums of money. How efficiently they invest it has been made manifest by the Shaftesbury Hall episode, to say nothing about the S. G. Officers Grand Tour, and more recently the Sons of England scheme—all of these adventures were, no doubt, profitable enough to individuals, but by no means so to the Order to whom the money belongs. In connection with their last great fund handling scheme, let us for a moment give play to fancy and imagine a case in which after the S. B. Fund has been sent to be administered in Toronto, a brother falls sick, say in Winnipeg. Having declared on the lodge his sick pay is voted; the lodge secretary not being a very prompt individual, takes a week to send the order to the S. G. secretary, it is three days on the road, and when it arrives at its destination it is probably pigeon-holed by the Grand Vizier for a few weeks till the S. G. Executive hold a meeting. After passing, and being duly vided by these august members of the Order at this, or a succeeding meeting a month hence, it again finds its way to the Grand Vizier, then owing to accumulation of work in this G. V.'s office, the order is not mailed for some two or three weeks more; again after another three days on the road, arrives the day after the sick members lodge meeting and further action remains over till the next, when the W. Secretary will have a chance to pay it to the 1st Com. man, who at his leisure will convey it, some two or three weeks later to the unfortunate brother who has by this time either long since recovered, or is dead and has been buried, and become almost forgotten by all save the members of his own family.

In connection with, though not within the article itself in which the Record tries to placate the Western brethren, it seeks to draw another herring across the track under the head line "Facts and Figures" in which it gives us the astounding information that "Lapses" are not a benefit to the Beneficiary Dept. Is the Record silly enough to suppose that any member who knows anything about Life Assurance will for a moment suppose that in a Mutual Assessment Association a lapse can be a benefit.

In only one sense is it possible, and that is when an old life is replaced by the addition of a young one, even then it would be better to keep both, and in this connection it may be stated that this great Northwest as a recruiting ground for the Beneficiary is an invaluable acquisition as a recruiting ground as it is *par excellence* a young man's country, and a majority of the new members are young men.

Let the S. G. Executive and its mouth piece ponder these things, while in the meantime it furnishes its next text to be commented on by Winnipeg Free Lance.

THOS. C. ANDREWS.

Coward Enough to Die.

Fear takes possession of even the bravest of mortals at some eventful crisis. Some more strong of mind and with greater will power suppress this fear. But some, like Christie, cursed with some physical or mental weakness may be carried away in the throes of it.

Christie was weak constitutionally. His mother had been a professed invalid and Christie had inherited a portion of her ever distressing nerves. Intimate relations with whiskey and water and a constant intercourse with cigarettes did not tend to efface the evil. Nevertheless when the gallant 14th Battalion, volunteers, were ordered to the front in 1864 to help repel the threatened "Fenian Invasion," Christie dropping a good position,—with a promise of his replacement—his rum and water and his cigarettes, buckled on his knapsack, and took his departure with his company and a happy heart.

Light-hearted enthusiasm made the drudgery of drill and the loneliness of sentry and outpost duty weigh lightly. But tho for weeks all went well Christie had always a lingering fear of his nerves and he felt that in some critical moment they would surely fail him. He had no presentiment of the overwhelming disgrace that through them was to be his.

News came to Prescott, where the 14th was stationed, that the Fenians who were encamped at Ogdensburg had received important reinforcements and ammunition. With the reinforcements a new general had also arrived, one who had seen much service in the late war and it was assumed that an attack would be made on Prescott immediately. The Fenian general knew men well and foresaw the excitement and enthusiasm aroused by his popularity and fighting fame would go far towards winning the victory he hoped to gain. Within the camp all was excitement and preparation. Rations and ammunition were served out to his

men, boats were bought, hired, or more often stolen. The whole army was under arms, and everything in readiness for action.

The British commandant at Prescott was not to be caught napping. Guards were doubled and pickets thrown out along the waterfront, for miles on either side of the town. The troops slept in their uniforms and rifles were stacked in the barrack-yard. Rockets were issued to the outposts and every precaution was taken so that timely warning might be given to the commandant and his men.

About two o'clock in the morning a rocket was seen ascending from the main camp of the Fenians at Ogdensburg. Down the river about a mile another answered it. Then two and three from Ogdensburg in rapid succession. Then a rocket went up from the Canadian side and shortly after a private from the outpost at the railway bridge, a mile or so below the fort, reported to the commandant that boats had pushed out from the American side of the river. It also appeared as tho the Fenians would attempt to cross by the bridge also, as dark masses could be discerned dimly about the farther approach. The lieutenant in command of the outpost had mined the bridge and was laying trains of gunpowder towards a clump of bushes, that afforded cover for his men. There he would await further orders. But in the event of the Fenians making an attempt to cross, would destroy the bridge.

Helter-skelter at the bugle call the men tumbled out, snatching rifles and helmets as they ran, hastily forming up in the barrack-yard. The roll was called and the men were stood at ease. It was then that the first act of the tragedy of Christie's life was played. The whole battalion was the audience.

The captain of the company that was next to Christie's, knowing activity would best keep the minds of his men from dwelling on the arduous and trying trials that would soon be theirs, and allay any nervousness or uneasiness that might possibly arise, put his company through the manual. Other captains followed his good example—

Christie's did not. That was unfortunate. If he had this story had never been written. Christie could feel his nerves tingle as he wondered vaguely how he would stand fire; whether he would flinch or not. Then he thought of the great disgrace if such a possibility as his finching should occur. His ready imagination pictured vividly the shame that would be his; the stinging taunts of braver men than he; the jibes and jeers of even boys on the streets. But worst of all would be the wound to his own self-vanity. He felt that that it would be a torture impossible to bear.

In the midst of these morbid thoughts his eyes were drawn towards the muzzle of his rifle. For a second he could not believe his eyes. Then a great wave of fear surged o'er his inmost soul, drowning all his manhood. That which he had so much dreaded had come to pass,—and worse. Points of flame, red and green and gold, leaped high from the rifle's open mouth. The rifle itself, white hot at the muzzle, radiating to a dull bronze-red near the stock, seemed as though dancing a devil's reel as it hopped and swayed in his fevered vision. He felt the hair rise up-end on his head, the blood rush to his face only to recede precipitately, leaving it burning hot and white. He felt his manhood slipping steadily from him, and fear and agony tore his heart. But his eyes remained riveted to the rifle's volcanic muzzle, while he was powerless to move them.

He was a sight to behold, and make you think. His helmet had fallen off and his usually well-groomed hair was like the arched back of a black pussy cat when she meets a strange and inquisitive dog. The blood had flown from his face, which was now the color of, and looked as tho' composed of flour. His eyes were widely open, protruding from their sockets in a steady glare. Points of limpid flame, red and blue and yellow, danced fitfully across the dilated pupils. His rifle, butt to the ground, he grasped by the barrel with hands white and nerveless, his arms extended and his knees slightly bent, knocking nervously against the stock, which they fitfully

pressed. Convulsive spasms chased themselves, at intervals, from the very tips of his upstanding hair to his feet. His lips, dry and white and wide apart, twitched idiotically, while a lump rose occasionally in his throat, and dropped with a horrid gulp. He was the very embodiment of fear.

A white froth circled his pallid lips as he vainly struggled for speech. As the sergeant ran to him and hastily dashed some whiskey down the gaping throat, he burst out:

"Fire! Fire! Do you not see it?"

His voice was hoarse, his lips were parched, and the lines of fear seemed chisled into his face. The sergeant sprang to his side:—

"Where?" he asked.

"There! There! from the rifle! Blue and green and red flames flaring up. Oh, my God!"

The sergeant's voice was calm and even as patting him encouragingly upon the back, "Where, Christie, my man?" he asked again.

Christie glanced, an agonized, entreating glance, upon the sergeant's kindly face.

"There"—but as Christie's eyes came back to the muzzle no flame was there.

The knowledge of what he had done came o'er him in a wave. The moment's distraction had been enough to draw his frenzied mind somewhat from its aggravation. A brief second served to dispel the illusion of his fevered brain. As he realized his position a dry sob rose in his throat and a fierce spasm tore his frame. He sank exhausted to the ground muttering inarticulate dribble.

The ambulance corps was quickly on the spot, and the limp, lifeless form was hurriedly removed to the hospital. For days the doctors worked and watched with grim determination. Always were watchful nurses near, with quick restoratives.

"His nervous system" said the doctor "is almost completely shattered. It will take months of the most careful watching and constant care before his complete recovery. The most hopeful sign is his complete forgetfulness of the disastrous incident that placed him

here. Some day he may remember, and then—but—ah, well; we must always hope for the best."

That was precisely what happened. He did remember.

His sister had been telegraphed for on one of the occasions when Death's grim arm had almost rearhed the feeble form, and its gruesome fingers were almost closed upon his languid life. Her tender care had nursed him successfully through more than one impending crisis, and her loving care had made the long hours less tedious than they would have been. And now, on his approaching convalescence, her hearty laugh and cheery ways went far towards keeping his mind from brooding on himself, which the doctors knew, was to be greatly feared. Together they talked of happy days gone by, and days as happy yet to come; of home and friends; of mad exploits of schoolboy days; of conquests on athletic fields and other conquests yet more real, that both had gloried in. And ever was the happy hour approaching nearer day by day, when he should see, without confine, the vault of heaven, stretching blue, and feel the south breeze kiss his cheek with soft love touch ecstatic sweet, kept constant in their minds.

At last one evening the doctor informed them that, in his opinion, fresh air and sunshine were now necessary for the patient, and ordered him to sit, well wrapped up, to guard against any possible chill, on the sunny balcony of the south facade. At the delightful news joy filled both their hearts. Miss Christie laughed and sang with joyous glee, and brightened many a poor patient's lonely day by her light-hearted "ohat." As she left in the evening she cautioned Christie to take the best of care, as she would surely be with him on the morrow's afternoon, when he was first to see the sun-lit outside world for so long a time.

It was midnight when Christie was awakened by the nurse, to take his medicine. As he thought of the coming day, sleep fled, and woo it as he might would not return. He counted the strokes as the town clock changed

the hours, and lay, patiently dreaming, the intervals between. At two the surgeon and an officer went the rounds of the wards. Christie watched their forms approach in the vague light. They stopped beside his bed.

"Curious case," said the surgeon.

"Very," assented the captain.

"The most remarkable nervous trouble I've met in years" said the surgeon as he wiped his glasses and looked with complacency upon the result of his labor.

"When a man sees fire coming from his rifle just as he is about to face the enemy, and when he knows that not even a blank cartridge is there, there is something more than nerves the matter. A regular blue funk is what I would call it. The nerve business is all show."

They moved away, but the mischief was done. That night in the barrack-yard came back to Christie with vivid realism. The thoughts of how his comrades would look down upon him for his cowardice stung him to the very heart. And he knew that the story would spread like wild fire, growing as it spread. He saw that for years to come the stigma of shame would stick to him. Heroic deeds he might indeed do, but still this first great shame would stay. All the thoughts that had troubled him on that disastrous night surged thro his mind once more. He felt that a life, such as he would have to lead henceforth, was hardly to be borne. He was not brave enough to bear it. He was even coward enough to die. He reached out and grasped a medicine bottle. He knew what it contained—laudanum. He was only afraid that there would not be enough for his purpose. He wondered vaguely what his sister would say, and what those who thought him afraid to die by an enemy's hand would think when they found him brave enough to die by his own.

He had become so pleased with himself during these ruminations that he was almost about to put the bottle away when he heard the footsteps of the surgeon coming back alone. Then as he remembered what the captain

had said he put the bottle to his lips and gulped the contents down.

In the morning Miss Christie donned her newest and brightest gown; she remembered how her brother had admired it one afternoon she wore it for his inspection. With a light step and a happy heart she tripped merrily up the hospital steps and along the corridor to the ward where her brother lay. A sad-faced nurse met her at the door. Miss Christie looked, then apprehension seized her.

"Is Jack worse?" she cried, then rushed towards his bed.

The face was white and lifeless, and the eyes were closed in death. Miss Christie staggered at the sudden blow.

"Oh! Jack! Jack!" she cried out and fell in a swoon across the bed.

The Woman's Canadian Historical Society, of Ottawa.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society took place on Friday afternoon, Nov. 10th, at four o'clock, in the Y. W. C. A. hall, the president in the chair. There was a good attendance of members. The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and adopted on motion of Mrs. J. T. Macdougall, seconded by Mrs. W. W. Campbell. The report of the executive followed, and was adopted on motion of Mrs. S. E. Dawson, seconded by Lady Ritchie.

Correspondence—Letters had been received from the following: Sir John Bourinot, Mr. Benjamin Sulte, Sir Sandford Fleming, Hon. Mr. Justice Taschereau, Mr. S. E. Dawson, Mr. John Christie, Mr. Chas. Dedrickson and the Canadian Home Journal.

The papers for the day were "Mlle. Mance and the early days of the Hotel Dieu of Ville-Marie 1634-1639," by Mme. Pigeon, and "Early Settlement of Prince Edward County" by Miss Morsey.

The former told the ever interesting and heroic tale of the founding of Ville-Marie in 1641. The writer connected closely with the success of this enterprise, two almost forgotten names, Jerome C. Roger de la Dauversiere and Mlle. Jeanne Mance. "Mr. de la Dauversiere," to quote her words, "was the first to form the plan of establishing a colony in the island of Montreal, and of associating a congregation of religious women to provide nurses for the sick in that distant country. Mlle. Mance was the first woman to join in the idea and was the pioneer sister of charity in Montreal." We are told that the event which started M. de la Dauversiere on his patriotic and religious project was the joint guardianship by him and his brother of the civic hospital of the town of La Fleche in Arzon, which

devolved upon them in 1631. It was "an old dilapidated building in which the sick were nursed and cared for by three women servants." They re-organized the institution with the assistance of three ladies of rank who offered themselves as nurses, and who thus "became the founders of an Institute destined to shed the light of Christian virtues in old and new France, and to be the parent of many other refuges for destitute, suffering and dying humanity." The successful re-construction of this charitable institution caused the hope to spring up in M. de la Dauversiere, that he would succeed in forming a new sisterhood under the patronage of St. Joseph, with the intent of sending some of its members to the Island of Montreal to care for the well-being of a new colony. The details of the formation of "La Société des Messieurs et Dames de Montreal" were graphically recounted. Its object was to send out a colony and to build a town "which should be at once a home for the missions, a defence against the savages, a centre of commerce for the neighboring country, this town to be called Ville-Marie." Through the influence of Father Fallemont the island was purchased from M. de Lauzon for the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, the purchasers binding themselves to its colonization. So confident was the new company that Providence would bless their undertaking, that ere the land was promised, they had sent provisions, tools, implements, etc., to Quebec to await the arrival of their intended settlers. To quote again, "Sister Grosjeau of the house of Laval, France, writing on these matters, observes that it required but few words to announce the invoice of these casks, but a long while and much labor and money to fill them up, and says that even stones were sent from La Fleche to lay in the foundation of its sister city, Ville-Marie."

The aims and spirit of the new company were wholly religious, and in accordance with this, its two chief agents, M. de Maisonneuve and Mlle. Mance who now presented themselves had each previously conceived the idea of leaving France for the New World, actuated by religious motives. This determination of Mlle. Mance attracted much attention, and was the means of introducing to the notice of Mme. de Bullion, a wealthy widow who eventually decided to become the founder and patron of a hospital in the new colony, asking Mlle. Mance to act as representative. The latter acquiesced, adding "that she was going to New France with the firm resolve of doing there whatever work would be assigned to her, provided it were conducive to the glory of God, and the good of others."

The small ships sailed from La Rochelle, carrying the first settlers, M. de Maisonneuve on board the one with twenty-five men, and Mlle. Mance on the other with twelve men, two women and a Jesuit priest, Father Laplace. The third vessel bearing the rest of the contingent sailed from Dieppe. Many trials awaited them before they at last reached the goal of their desires, the island of Montreal, on the 17th of May, 1642.

It was in January 1644 that Mme. de Bullion made the following settlement and provisos binding by an act before

an notary,—“that a person who wished to remain unknown donated to the company of Montreal 42 thousand francs for the establishment of an hospital, the sick of the country to be fed, nursed and treated there; 36 thousand francs to be placed for revenue; the balance to be used for the erection of the necessary buildings. Mlle. Mance was to be administrator until her death, when she would be replaced by the Sisters of St. Joseph, instituted at La Fleche.” The first building for which the Iroquois provided guests consisted of “a kitchen, an apartment for Mlle. Mance, another for the servants, two wards for the patients, the whole forming a building 60 x 24 feet.” Hard times were come to the little colony by reason of the deadly incursions by the Iroquois and the demoralization of the Company. Mlle. Mance was despatched home and succeeded in re-organizing the Company on a substantial basis. But the fortune of the colony continued in a desperate condition, owing to the increasing hostilities of the Indians and the decreasing number of the colonists. Mlle. Mance again came to the rescue with a remittance of 20,000 francs out of the hospital's endowment and M. de la Maisonneuve hastened to France to seek recruits. In 1652, the defenders of Ville-Marie were only seventeen in number, re-inforced by ten men sent to their help from Quebec. They held out until the return of M. de Maisonneuve with 108 men, eighteen months later. “It was considered at the time,” said the writer, “and is still conceded, that through her wisdom and prudence Mlle. Mance saved not only the colony in Montreal, but the whole of Canada.”

Three Sisters of St. Joseph came out in 1659. They had many difficulties to overcome ere they started, many dangers to encounter on the voyage, and hardships extreme awaiting them. The writer recounted much of absorbing interest concerning their heroic labors, struggling as they were incessantly, against want, deprivation, danger and cold. Mlle. Mance continued to administer the financial affairs of the hospital until her death in her 66th year.

The writer concluded,—“These were the beginnings and the early days of the Hotel Dieu of Ville Marie, a religious institute which for 255 years has been dispensing its charities to friend and foe alike; seeking no favors but receiving them gratefully when offered. Love of poverty and justice, benevolence, meekness and mercy are still the watchwords among the successors of those three pioneer women in the new world, who loved their God above all things and proved it beyond all doubt by their works.”

The second paper contained the gleanings of a summer spent in Prince Edward county. The writer touched on the original inhabitants, Indians of the Massasauga tribe, on the early French explorations, on the intercourse between Indians and the French, coming down to the settlement of this most interesting county by United Empire Royalists, Hessians, the officers and men of a disbanded British regiment and “later Royalists.” Mention was made of the most prominent of these pioneers. The following story of the War of 1812-13 is related—“Not far from this

old house was a block house, which was used as an arsenal during the war, and prisoners have been kept here until they could be taken across the Bay and driven in waggons to the fort at Kingston. One day a “gig” containing a company of American soldiers landed on the point not far from McDonald's Cove, their object being to capture Col. McDonald, a colonel being considered “big game.” He, surmising their intention, and having only three or four men at hand placed them in the woods, with instructions to whoop and yell like Indians. His nephew was sent to interview the soldiers. He told them that a band of Indians would be upon them directly, keen after their scalps. The soldiers thinking they were lost, surrendered, were taken prisoners and kept for some time in the arsenal spoken of above. Their chargin may be imagined on discovering the true state of affairs.”

A description of Picton and a resume of its development, with a glance at the features of landscape which make the country famous, completed the sketch.

W. W. Campbell's poem, “Our Bit of the Thin Red Line” was read during the interlude between the two papers, by Miss Kenny.

Mme. Sirouard and Mrs. Wm. McDougall were elected vice-presidents on recommendation of the executive.

The discussion concerning the expulsion of the Acadians was resumed, Miss Read quoting the authority of Chas. J. D. Roberts to support the views advanced at the last meeting contrary to the opinion held by Mrs. Dawson as expressed in her paper on “Acadia.” The cor. secretary was instructed to ascertain from Mr. Roberts, the sources whence he obtained confirmation of his position on this question.

Adjournment followed at five-thirty o'clock.

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F. Tubbs, Pres. H. T. Gravin, Sec.
Hulton street.

Victoria.
Alexandra, No. 118.—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.
Saltington 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. 160. 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.
Geo. B. Willett, 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. R. D. 2nd Monday each month. Visiting brethren welcome.
G. H. Bridge, Pres. W. Taylor, Act'g Sec.
14 Albemarle, st. 17 Arty Lane.

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

Westville.
Forest of Dean No. 192 meets every alternate Saturday night at 7.30 o'clock in Robt. A. McDonald's Hall, Westville, N.S. Visiting brethren always welcome.
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