THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

All hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard with sea-foam still wet,
Around and above us their spirits still hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
The rose of Old England the roadside perfumes;
The Shamrock and thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories crowded,
Delightful to trace 'midst the mists of the past,
Like the features of beauty bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows time o'er them cast.
As travellers track to its source in the mountains,
The stream, which far swelling extends o'er the plain,
Our hearts on this day fondly turn to the fountain
Whence bounds the warm currents that flow in our veins.

And proudly we trace them; No warrior flying,
From city assaulted and fanes overthrown,
With the last of his race on the battlements dying,
And weary with wandering founded our own.
From the Queen of the Islands then famous in story.
A century since our fore-fathers came,
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,
Enlarging her Empire and spreading her name.

Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens—
Ev'ry field she explores we are beckoned to tread,
Every laurel she gathers, our future day brightens—
We joy with her living, we mourn for her dead.
Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard with sea-foam still wet,
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

JOSEPH HOWE.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY MARY MURKLAND HALEY.

"Wife, this can't go on much longer," Mr. Mellen said.

He was leaning forward, his head supported in his hands; his speech was almost a groan.

His daughter Martha heard, and knew very well what he meant. Her father was recovering slowly from a long sickness; his wages had stopped, of course, the expenses of his sickness had been heavy; there were five children and only the oldest at work. What Mary Lou earned sewing with a dressmaker was the only income of the family, and the savings of thrifty years were melting away.

"I must do something," said Martha. She had thought this before, and had already crushed down her grief at the necessity for leaving school, having resolved that she would have her education in time, though it might come late and by irregular ways.

But what could a fourteen year old girl do? That was the question no thinking had yet answered. Martha kept turning it over in her mind as she started for school that morning, calling on the way for Callie Brown.

By the law of opposities which operates in school-girl friendships, Callie had a dilatory habit which was a constant trial to the energetic Martha.

Callie was behindhand, as usual, this morning. While she fluttered about giving her hair ribbons a frantic twist, buttoning her dress wrong, hunting for a mislaid book, Martha waited in hearing of the harmless gossip exchanged between Mrs. Brown and a neighbor who came on an early borrowing errand.

"Do you remember my husband's cousin, Emma Fessenden?" the neighbor asked. "We heard last night that she is going to be married."

"Do tell! Now she had a good position of her own, didn't you tell me?"

"She is a buyer for Deal & Drown—ladies' neckwear and handkerchiefs and laces and things of that sort. I did hear that she got as much as $1,200 a year. They say it's a kind of work women don't often do, but Emma always took to business."

"She must have thought she was going to marry well to give that up. Twelve hundred dollars a year is a good bit of money. But they say Deal & Drown are liberal folks to work for. A niece of mine tends in the store. She says there ain't a place in the city where they treat the clerks so well. I'd like my Callie to work there when she gets out of school. I want to keep her near enough so she can board at home."

Martha had a clue to her problem. She had never sympathized in the past with Callie's plans in life; she had meant to choose for herself some occupation where literary culture would count; but careers must be modified by circumstances.

Martha spent no time in idle regrets; she wrote a letter that night to Deal & Drown. The only reason why she did not mention the matter to her parents was that she wished to spare them the worry of uncertainty. She was sure of their approval of her plans; Martha had long ago proved herself so steady and self-reliant a girl that she was considered to need very little more control by her elders than the self-supporting Mary Lou.

All the week she looked vainly for an answer to her letter; and Saturday she decided to seek a personal interview with Deal & Drown.

It was not hard to get away from home Saturday morning; her help was not absolutely necessary in the housework. Her mother was a capable woman; it was from her that Martha had inherited the cheerful philosophy of life that argued, "What can't be cured must be endured," and carried its possessor lightly over emergencies which would have engulfed a weaker spirit. By rising early to do some tasks, and portioning others among the younger children, who were always willing to oblige their good-natured sister, Martha got away with a good conscience and sped away cityward.

Having the shrewdness to surmise that her youth might tell against her, Martha had put on one of Mary Lou's long skirts. She was glad to know that she was considered a large and serious-looking girl for her age.

In consequence of her dignified manner and her persistent enquiry for the highest authority to be consulted, Martha was passed along through the mazes of the store to a corridor said to lead to the manager's office. Here she met a young clerk, who blocked the narrow passage, and did not seem inclined to give place.

"Miss—" he suggested insinuatingly.

"Miss Mellen," Martha said with stateliness. Some one coughed just then behind the thin partition; Martha, supposing the sound had drowned her voice was about to repeat her name, but it appeared the clerk had heard, for he relented at once.

"Oh, yes. Mr. Hersey mentioned your letter to me. He hardly expected you to call to-day, but he said if you did I might make an appointment with you for him for this afternoon. He was obliged to be out this morning, and he supposed of course, you would hardly care to wait for him."

"How long before he will be in?" Martha asked.

"Oh, not before eleven, I should say, at the earliest."

"I'll wait," said Martha, in a decisive manner which startled him.

"Well," he said, with a somewhat doubtful air, and led the way through a small room to a still smaller office within. He looked at Martha curiously as they emerged from the dim light of the corridor.

"Do you know it—if I am likely to get the place?" Martha asked, with an unconscious lapse from her stateliness.

"Well," said the clerk, "between you and me, the boss was rather taken with your letter, and he sticks to his first ideas pretty well. I should guess you're all right, myself."

This was a very open-hearted young clerk, who, for his habit of "talking too much with his mouth," as the manager said, would long ago have lost his place, but for his near relationship to this same manager.

There being no further excuse for conversation, and Martha suddenly remembering to have read that the young woman in business should not allow herself to be familiar with the male clerks, silence followed, and he left her, resuming his work in the outer office.

Martha found her long waiting dull—almost intolerable to her active temperament as the hours went by. The young clerk was called away on business, which he found so absorbing, that after his heedless manner he forgot all about Martha.

There was not much to look at—but dust. There certainly was a great quantity of that. Considering herself as good as engaged, Martha evolved the bright idea of endearing herself to her employers by making herself generally useful, according to the prompting of her temperament. How was she to know that the manager lashed himself into such a fury if one of his scraps of paper was mislaid, that it was allowed to go for long seasons quite undusted as he preferred.

Martha went out to the end of the corridor; no one was in sight. In a waste basket at the end of the stairway she found some scraps of cloth; with these she returned to the office, and proceeded to dust it thoroughly. Every book and scrap of paper she handled separately, returning it to his precisely former place and angle. Nothing was changed, yet everything was bettered.

Martha still needed occupation. The glass in the office window was almost opaque with grime. Martha had seen a faucet and small sink at the head of the stairway. There, still unobserved, she washed out her cloths, and returned to apply herself to the office window.

She was just finishing this task when the manager came in. He looked surprised, as well he might.

"I thought I might as well be at work while I waited," said Martha, cheerfully, giving a final flirt of her cloth.

"You are—"

"Martha Mellen. I wrote to you Monday."

"Oh!" He walked to the desk. "You must be the young lady—" He was tumbling his papers about, and presently found the one he was looking for. He remembered saving it from the waste basket, thinking it had value as a curio.

This is the note he consulted, written in a correct, but evidently immature handwriting:

"Deal and Drown—Gentlemen—I hear Miss Emma Fessenden is going to leave her place with you. I would like it. Respectfully yours,

MARTHA MELLEN."

The manager looked at Martha, and made a noise in his throat as if he were choking.

"Sit down," he said, pointing out a chair, and turning his own about to face her.

"Did you have an idea you would like to be a buyer for us?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had much experience in that work?" Martha thought the manager must have a nervous disorder, his face worked so very queerly.

"No, sir, but I can learn."

"Let me see—how old are you?"

"Fourteen," Martha reluctantly added.

"Do you—ah—do you think you could learn this business at once?"

"Oh, I know the place will be harder for me than if I had experience. But I need the money so much, to help my father, that I am willing to work very hard. If other people can learn it, I know I can."

The manager's face worked so uncontrollably that he turned to his desk to conceal it. After a minute or two he faced Martha again, and spoke with a new manner,—much more kindly, she thought.

"My dear Miss"—he referred to the note again—"Miss Mellen, it is supposed to take years of business experience and some technical training to fit one for the position of buyer. I have met few women who seemed to me well-fitted; those who are, work up from the bottom of the ladder."

Martha was buttoning the cuffs which she had thriftly turned back while she had been at work. The manager looked back at his desk, and satisfied himself by poking his fingers about in two or three erratic channels that his papers were not disarranged. He looked through the clear glass of the window.

"Your idea is quite impossible, you see," he said, bringing his eyes back to Martha. His trained observation noted that though her hat was not stylish, it had neither draggled plumes nor flaring bows of limp ribbon. Her jacket was at least three seasons old (it was an inheritance from Mary Lou) but the buttons were firm in their places and the fraying buttonholes had been neatly stayed. Martha's eyes were bright and steady, her mouth grave and firm.

He touched a bell, and a young clerk came, still casting side glances of curiosity.

"Go to Selwyn, and find out what vacancies there are in the departments on the third floor."

The clerk hurried away, and the manager remained silent, beating his pencil on the arm of his chair.

"One on the ribbon counter," the clerk returned to make report, "and one after this week in the lace department, and—"

"That will do," said the manager in a tone of dismissal.

"Now, Miss Mellen, Monday morning you may have this chance at the lace counter. You will find something to learn, even there—but I shouldn't wonder if you could learn it. The salary isn't in the thousands,"—he seemed to choke again—"It's six dollars a week. Do you want to try it?"

"Yes, sir," said Martha, with finality and arose to go.

"And, Miss Mellen, if it will be any comfort to you to know it, I will remark that I rather think you will be a buyer in time, if you continue to keep it in mind." Thus he bowed her out.

When Martha had gone down the corridor, the manager put his feet up in the spare chair, and laughed in an abandonment of mirth. The young clerk, with his privilege of kinship, looked in inquiringly. The manager showed him Martha's note, and the two laughed together.

"I understand her to give her name 'Fellows,'" said the clerk. "That's how I came to let her in. But I couldn't seem to make her fit the Fellows letter."

"But, all the same, you keep your eye on that girl," said the manager, pointing his remarks with a wagging forefinger. "I've seen a good deal of folks in my time and I know when I see one that's going to get on. And that girl's one of 'em."

Martha, picking her way through the store, could have been made no more happy if she had heard this judgment; in fact, listened carelessly to the prophecy the manager had spoken to herself.

For she was going to earn money. Six dollars a week was far from the $1200 a year she had gone out to seek as a swift mental calculation assured her; but $6—car fare out—would buy a barrel of flour and leave something over for sugar. Six dollars would buy shoes and flannels and steak to help the dear father get strong.

Moreover, Martha did not need to be told, for the wisdom of another's experience, that a successful future was before her. That assurance was fixed in her own heart.

NEW INVENTIONS.

For the benefit of our readers, we publish a list of Canadian patents recently procured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal and Washington, D. C.

73,228—Lewis Norman Easterly, Wooler, Ont., Third seat for vehicles.

73,235—George Sims, Little Metis, P. Q., Starter for foot power machines.

73,238—Lucien Teyssier, Montreal, P. Q., Apparatus for manufacturing vinegar.

73,248—Louis Vandel, St. Claude, Man., Lubricator for axles.

73,290—Messrs. Guindon & Goyette, Montreal, P. Q., Cloth Roller tension device for looms.

73,283—Edward Stone, Waterloo, P. Q., Cutting apparatus for mowers and harvesters.

73,303—Napoleon Prince, Lorette, Man., Voting machine.

73,380—Vincent Brosseau, Montreal, P. Q., Improvements in butter and lard packages.

73,384—John Guelle Paint, Port Hawkesbury, N. S., Cigar.

Write Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, for a copy of their "Inventor's Help."

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—According to the Tribune, General's Buller's friends are not cast down by "The National Review's" publication of the alleged Colenso message. They assert that the truth will now be forced out, and that the complete text will show that the passage quoted is garbled.

General Buller's friends assert that he learned in advance that the "National Review" would have the articles which caused so much commotion, and decided to forestall them. The editor of the magazine is a son of the late Admiral Maxse and his sister is the wife of Lord Edward Cecil, the Prime Minister's son, who was with Baden-Powell at Mafeking.

There is a general appeal to the war office to make an official statement in regard to the heliographic messages from General Buller to Sir George white. General Buller, it is stated, has been advised by his friends to take legal proceedings against "The National Review"