

A BRAND BANQUET.

REPRESENTATIVE AND ENTHUSIASTIC.

The Montreal Brethren and the Grand Lodge Delegates Banquet.—A Good Time Enjoyed.

The following report of the banquet tendered the delegates, by the Montreal brethren, was crowded out of our last issue:

Shortly after eight o'clock p.m. the city lodges of the Sons of England began to gather in the rotunda of the St. Lawrence Hall to welcome the members of the Grand lodge. At half-past eight the sound of music from the Sons of England Brass band was heard and the Grand Lodge delegates marched in, over one hundred strong.

The delegates were received with three hearty English cheers, and marched in to the tune of "Rule Britannia," by the band. They were received by the following members of the local entertainment committee: Bro. B. T. Sellars, D. D. G. P. York-shire lodge, chairman; Bro. C. Beckett, D. D. G. P., Denbigh Lodge, vice-chairman; Excelsior Lodge committee, Bros. Field, Chappell and Hutchison; Victoria Jubilee Lodge committee, Bros. Edwards, Brooks, Pink and White; Yorkshire Lodge committee, Bros. Bakers, Walker, Whiting and Thom; Primrose Lodge committee, Bros. Dodds, Richardson, Barthole-mew and Wadge; Grovesnor Lodge committee, Bros. White, Lowe and Vaughan; Denbigh Lodge committee, Bros. Wilkinson, Hammersly and Hil-ton; Lincoln Lodge committee, Bros. Hooper, King and Rivington; Royal Rose Lodge committee, Bros. Goncher, Ellis and Parr.

The gathering was thoroughly repre-sentative and most enthusiastic, a large number of invited guests being present and the delegates turning out in full force. The equipment of the dining room and the menu provided were perfect.

The tables were adorned with hot-house plants in profusion, the rose being a prominent feature. The Union Jack and other emblems dear to Old England, including a handsome oil painting of England's Queen, also formed part of the decorations.

The chairman, Bro. Sellars, was supported on either hand by Bro. W. R. Stroud, Supreme Grand President; Bro. T. Elliott, Supreme Grand Presi-dent-elect; Mr. Edgar Judge, Ald. Stevenson, Mr. William Galbraith, Provincial Grand Master of the Orange Order in Quebec; Bros. T. R. Skippon, Dr. S. B. Pollard, J. C. Swait, R. Ivens, Dr. J. S. King and R. Caddick, Past Grand Presidents; Bro. B. Hinchcliffe, Supreme Grand Treasurer; Bro. J. H. Clarke, Grand Chaplain; Bro. J. W. Carter, Supreme Grand Secretary, and Bro. Ald. Thompson. The vice-chairmen were Bro. C. H. Beckett, D. D. G. P., Bro. G. I. Richardson and Bro. J. A. Edwards, Supreme Grand Vice-President elect.

After dinner the loyal toasts of "The Queen," "The Prince and Princess of Wales and Royal Family" and "The Governor General of Canada" were duly proposed and loyally honored.

"THE ARMY, NAVY AND VOLUNTEER." was then proposed by the chairman, and Bro. J. A. Edwards, in responding for the Army, said he was proud to be present at such a gathering. He had worn Her Majesty's uniform since 1855, and he hoped to wear it many years longer, and he gave an interesting account of the achievements of the British soldier in bygone engagements, and remarked that he would always be found ready to defend his country and his country's interests. Bro. H. Wadge replied for the Navy.

"ENGLAND." Mr. Edgar Judge replied. He recalled personal memories of the old land in which he was born, in which land he had not set foot for nearly thirty years, and asked where was the Englishman who would sell his birthright, who would sever himself from the country from which he sprang, who would hand over this Canada which was now their home, and an integral portion of the British Empire, to do allegiance to a foreign Government? Was there one here to-night? (Cries of "No, no.") He was a mongrel Englishman; he did not care whether his name was Goldwin Smith or not—who would plot to rob his Queen, who would plot to sever this Canada from the British Crown to which they owed allegiance and reverence. For himself it was enough for him to re-echo the sentiments of the grand old man whom they had just lost. "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die."

Bro. R. Caddick, an old Montreal resident of twenty years ago, and Bro. W.M. Hammersley also responded.

"CANADA OUR HOME." Dr. J. S. King, in responding, said he was proud to be a Canadian of home manufacture, and dropping into poetry said that:

Though English, Scotch, Irish, French or Pole, Canadian is the name we give the whole. Save those, I blush to own that such there be, Who urge our union with our enemy, These I call traitors, and shall call them so Until a fitter name is coined below: Then hail, all hail, my own Canadian land, Fair and forever may thy beauties bloom. If Tories rule, and they be true to thee, I'll cry, Amen, and call it destiny; If Grits bear sway, and they to thee be true, I'll cry, Amen, and bow submissive too, But if a traitor seize the helm of state, Whate'er his name or station, death's his fate, For here my heart is pledged, my hand is thy defence, My own, my native land.

Whether they were Canadians by birth or by adoption they had reason to be proud of this country, which stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the imaginary boundary line to the south of us almost to the North Pole. Canada had the finest fresh water lake system, the most magnificent rivers, a great international railway highway, coal beds in the west and coal beds in the east, the most productive land to be found in any country, the most precious and valuable minerals illimitable in extent and incalculable in value, resources, in fact, unequalled. We had a country free from pestilence, free from famine, free from all that tends to desolate and distress humanity. Even in the old land they had no such freedom as we possess in this Canada of ours, and while we would not take second place to any one in reverence to that Mother Country which gave this thriving young Dominion birth, we must not forget that our courts of justice, our invaluable privileges of education, were of the freest and most stable character. We could serve our God as our conscience dictated.

UNMOLESTED AND UNDISTURBED

"The Supreme Grand Lodge" brought fourth a reply from Bro. W. R. Stroud, Supreme Grand President, who referred to the great progress which the Order had made and emphasized the fact that the Sons of England had no traitors in their ranks; if there were, they were certainly not at home. He spoke of the inherent principles of the Order, and hoped that this successor would be more successful in promoting its interests than he had been.

Bro. Thos. Elliott, Supreme Grand President-elect, hoped that the Order instead of being 13,000 strong would soon reach 50,000 at least.

Ald. A. A. Stevenson made a happy speech in responding to the toast of the "Mayor and Corporation," and extended to them a City Father's blessing. As a Scotchman, he would say that Scots would not yield to Englishmen in fidelity to the British flag. They wanted no Goldwin Smiths or Disas-trous Wimams."

"Sister Societies" was replied to by Mr. Wm. Galbraith, Provincial Grand Master of the Orange Lodge of Quebec. Bro. S. R. Skippon responded to the toast of "The Ladies," and "The Press" concluded the toast list.

During the evening capital songs were given by Bro. Ald. Hannaford, of Hamilton, who gave "What Englishmen are made of" with good effect; Mr. J. Lucas, who rendered "Canada our Home" (words by Mr. D. J. Cameron); Bro. Chapel, a comic song; Bro. H. Bartholomew, who was heartily applauded for his rendering of "Dear Old Land" and "I seek for thee in every flower," and Col. Stevenson, who, by special request, sang "Auld Lang Syne" in French. The proceedings closed with "God Save the Queen."

His Decorations.

The most decorated man in the British Empire as most people would probably guess, is the Prince of Wales. He has so many medals, stars, orders, ribbons, crosses, and similar gew-gaws of distinction that, ample and all as is the superficies of his Royal person, he couldn't even wear them all at once if he tried, and even if he wore nothing else. His medals wouldn't anything like go on to his left breast, and to get them all on anyhow he would have to pin some on his back and run others down the outside seams of his trousers. Even then he would probably be obliged to make a necklace out of the balance. Of orders alone he has eight of the British Empire, ranging from the Order of the Garter to the gold Jubilee Medal, and of foreign orders he has no fewer than fifty-four. As nearly all of these have stars attached to ribbons, or collars, or both, the mass of finery represented by the whole must be something enormous. This, of course, is taking no account of his innumerable decorations, insignias, etc., which he has in connection with his various Masonic and other offices.

Rambles in March in England.

"A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," says the old saying; and probably it is a true one, for it simply means that dry weather is very important for the farmer just at this time of year. In spite of its value, however, dust is anything but pleasant to walk in; so we are glad to avoid the high roads as much as possible, and to frequent either the green lanes and woods or the open moors. It is still too cold for many flowers to peep out of the green covering. But here is the bright little daisy with its wide open eye, and the golden celandine, and one or two other familiar friends. Surely we may find a few sky violets hiding their heads in a warm corner to-day? No, I cannot see any; but as I peer up and down the sunny bank treasure hunting, what is this curious plant that catches hold of me at every turn? It is that odd thing called Robin run the hedge, which is provided with little hooks that enable it to climb about and to run a long way from its roots and thus get all the light and sunshine it requires. Similar hooks are also attached to the seeds when they are ripe; and so they stick to the birds and the sheep as they pass by, and are carried out into the world far from their original home. This plant is also called goose grass, because the geese are so fond of it; and cleavers, because it sticks or cleaves to you. It is one of the 'bedstraw' family, formerly used for stuffing beds. But I don't want you now, my friend; so please let me go, to look after these little daisies that are smiling up at me and coaxing (not forcing) me to take notice of them. Everybody loves the daisies. They are baby's first friends among the flowers; and every year they are welcomed as harbingers of spring. A child who lived in London the greater part of the year, was once taken into the country and suddenly came on a daisy growing in a meadow. She threw herself on the grass in an ecstasy of delight and lovingly kissed it. In the north of England it is sometimes called bairn-wort, just because it is the "bairns," or children's flower; and in Wales there is a pretty legend connecting it with new-born little ones. The daisy is one of the great and populous tribe of the wellknown "composite" flowers. It has two kinds of blossom; the flat white flowers, like rays, round the edge and the little golden flowers in the centre; and all rest together on a soft cushion below which the little sister-florets use in common. It has many grand relations, however—the dahlia and sunflower, and the china-aster. The useful chamomile tea, and many others, are connected with the little modest daisy. Hark how the birds are singing to-day! Although no leaves are to be seen on the trees the blackbirds and thrushes are actually beginning to think about their nests. The skylark is trilling his glorious song, full of joy, up aloft; the yellow hammerflits about from hedge to hedge, and the robin and titmouse are chirping away. The missel-thrush—the largest of our songsters—is called in Sussex "the storm cock," because its song is supposed to predict wet and windy weather. What noisy debate the rocks are holding, up there in the tall elm trees! The white poplar, near by, is bursting out into a rosy blush. Hurrah! we shall not have long to wait for gentle spring and beautiful countifull summer.

The Landslide In England.

Extended accounts of the Sandgate landslide, brought by recent mails, show that a region extending along the Kentish coast nearly a mile and inland about 500 feet was affected. Nearly every house in the town was rendered uninhabitable by the cracking and crumpling of the earth's surface, although the subsidence of the land at no place exceeded ten feet. Investigation shows that the chalk rubbish or undercliff on which Sandgate stands is immediately underlain by a "green-sand," much resembling quicksand, and by a bed of clay, locally known as "clayte," which work up into a soapy condition under the influence of water. Next below this is the weald clay, sloping gently toward the sea, and particu-larly solid under all conditions. Ex-ceptionally heavy rains had softened the two slippery layers, and gravitation probably did the rest, although a notion prevails that certain recent heavy dynamite explosions, to get rid of a wrecked ship's hull, had prepared the way for the catastrophe. Land-slips due to similar geological causes, although much less serious in extent, have occurred within a short time at Folkestone, and still nearer to Sand-gate; so that the disaster becomes easily intelligible.

A Panacea For Ireland.

Mr. Joseph Choate, speaking at a dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the Delmonico banquet room, said: "Gentlemen, now that you have done so much for America—now that you have made it all your own—what do you propose to do for Ireland? How long do you propose to let her be the political football of all England? Poor, down-trodden, oppressed Ireland! Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free themselves must strike the blow!"

At this point there was laughter and several cries of "We can't" and "There isn't any way to do it." Mr. Choate went on: "You have learned how to govern by making all the soil of all other countries your own. Have you not learned how to govern at home; how to make Ireland a land of home rule?"

There was a confused murmur in the room, some laughter, some excited gesticulation, a few angry looks, several cries of "That's too strong; Choate is carrying his sarcasm too far."

Mr. Choate went on with a sarcastic smile of good humor on his face: "There is a cure for Ireland's woes and feebleness to-day. It is a strong measure that I advocate. But I am here to-night to plead for Ireland with the retaining fee in my possession, and I propose to plead. I propose that you should all, with your wives and your children, and your children's children, with the spoils you have taken from America in your hands, set your faces homeward, land there and strike the blow."

At this there was some laughter, the representatives of the other societies doing the most of it. There were many angry looks, many cries of "No, no," and two or three hisses, half suppressed.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEED.

Mr. Choate, still smiling and sarcastic went on: "Gentlemen, the G. O. M. needs you. He is clamoring for you. And the G. O. P. to which I belong has been so severely disciplined that it can get along without you. Think what it would mean for both countries if all the Irishmen of America, from Atlantic to Pacific, should shoulder their muskets and march to the relief of their native land. Then, indeed, would Ireland be for Irishmen, and America for Americans."

There was some applause, but scarcely any laughter. The banqueters were receiving Mr. Choate's good humored sarcasms silently and were waiting anxiously to see how far he would go.

Mr. Choate went on: "As you landed, the G. O. M. would come down to receive you with words of assured victory. As you departed, the Republicans would come down to see you off and bid you joyful farewell. Think of the song you could raise, 'We are coming, Father Gladstone, fifteen millions strong,' how the British lion would hide his diminished head. For such an array would not only rule Ireland but all other sections of the British Empire. What could stand before you? It would be a terrible blow to us. It would take us a great while to recover. Feebly, imperfectly, we should look about us and learn for the first time in seventy-five years how to govern New York without you. But there would be a bond of brotherhood between the two nations, up from the whole soil of Ireland, up from the whole soil of America, would arise one paean, 'Erin go Bragh!'"

There was considerable applause as Mr. Choate bowed and sat down, but nothing like the cordiality which had greeted his rising.

Rome and the Common School.

The common school system seems to be working badly in New Brunswick, as well as in Wisconsin. It generally does work inharmoniously. Where the Roman Catholics do not rule they complain loudly. Where they have the majority they work things so as to disgust the Protestants. A petition to the Legislature of New Brunswick has been largely signed complaining of Roman Catholic teaching in the public schools, and asking for more stringent regulations. It appears that in some parts of the province, notably at St. John, Moncton, Bathurst and Fredericton, the school boards employ members of Roman Catholic religious communities as teachers, who carry on instruction in conventual buildings. It is also alleged that these persons are permitted to teach without the qualifications required in day teachers. Still graver accusations, however, have been made by the Rev. A. F. Thompson. At a recent meeting of the Provincial Orange Lodge he said: "I am prepared to prove that in one place in Gloucester, Presbyterian children in the last term were compelled to kneel and repeat the

prayers of the Roman Catholic Church and cross themselves. In another school a Protestant young lady was dismissed because she refused to teach the Roman Catholic catechism. She was accepted back when she consented to comply with the conditions, and now holds office by this tenure." These practices are the exact counter-part of those reported from portions of Wisconsin, except that there the priest is said to have not only taught the Protestant children to cross themselves but baptised them wholesale. This is the way in which free countries would be ruled with Rome in the ascendancy. The purpose of the Roman Catholics probably is to get the Protestants into opposition to the common school system. It is possible that some such project underlies the concessions made by Mgr. Satolli on this question, or at least that some such result may follow. The Church of Rome has tried towards this system the wind policy by thundering against them, it is now going to try the sun policy and make the schoolstool hot for the Protestants.—Monteral Witness.

20 Miles to Procure Medicine. Winfield, Ont.

DEAR SIR:—Am selling your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" in this locality. I have customers who come 20 miles for the sake of getting Morse's Pills. This speaks for itself as to their value. I use them in our family with "the most satisfactory results." My wife has been cured of sick-headache by their use. We could not do without them.

Yours, etc., A. KRAMPEN.

AIMS, OBJECTS AND BENEFITS OF THE SONS OF ENGLAND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Organized in Toronto, December 17th, 1876

To Englishmen and Sons of Englishmen

The mission of this Society is to bring into organized union all true and worthy Englishmen; to maintain their national institutions and liberties and the integrity of the British Empire; to foster and keep alive the loving memory of Old England, our native and Motherland; to elevate the lives of its members in the practice of mutual aid and true charity—caring for each other in sickness and adversity and following a deceased brother with fraternal care and sympathies, when death comes, to earth's resting place.

Great Financial Benefits, viz: Sick pay! Doctor's attendance and medicine and Funeral Allowance are accorded. Healthy men between the ages of 18 and 60 years are received into membership. Honorary members are also admitted. Roman Catholic Englishmen are not eligible.

Reverence for and adhesion to the teachings of the Holy Bible is insisted on.

Party politics are not allowed to be discussed in the lodge room. No disunion is permitted. The Society is secret in its proceedings to enable members to protect each other and prevent imposition—for which purpose an initiation Ritual is provided, imposing obligations of fidelity to the principles of the Society on all who join it.

The Society is making rapid growth and has lodges extending over Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, having a membership upwards of 12,000 at present, the ratio of increase being for greater as the Society's influence and usefulness is better known. Lodges have been started in South Africa and will soon probably be started in England, etc.

The Beneficiary (Insurance) Department is providing insurance to the members for \$1,000 or \$2,000 as desired, at the minimum cost, insured by any other fraternal Society in Canada, and is conducted on the assessment system. The assessments are graded. A total disability allowance is also covered by the certificates in class "A." There are no disability claims in class "B." No Englishmen need join other organizations when the inducements of this Department are considered.

Englishmen forming and composing new lodges derive exceptional advantages in the initiation fees, and 12 good men can start a lodge.

The Society is governed by a Grand Lodge with subordinate lodges—the officers of which are elected annually.

In our lodge rooms social distinctions are laid aside and we meet on the common level of national brotherhood, in patriotic association for united counsel and effort in maintaining the great principles of our beloved Society. As such we can appeal to the sympathetic support of all true Englishmen—asking them to cast in their lot with us, thereby swelling the grand roll of those bound together in fraternal sympathies and in devotion to England and the grand cause of British freedom.

Any further information will be cheerfully given by the undersigned.

JOHN W. CARTER, Grand Secretary.

Grand Secretary's Office, Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, April 1st, 1882.