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romantic that of the late premier. Ten years ago to the mass of Canadian people he was unknown, to-day he is among the most renowned of Canadian statesmen. Commencing life as a reporter he becomes Prime Minister of Canada and a member of the Privy Council of the Empire; born in a Haligonian cottage he dies in Windsor Castle when the guest of his Queen and the associate and colleague of the foremost men of the time; rocked in a fifty cent cradle one of the great battle ships of England is his bier and the cannon of an Empire booms the requiem of nations over his pall (a burst of cheering)—and under the Southern cross—as well as where auroral lights flame through the cold vast vacancy of the polar sky—in India—in a hundred isles—over distant lonely seas—on the historic rock of Gibraltar—where the palaces of Stamboul fling their shadows in the Bosphorus—where the fortress of the Czar frowns over the Neva—in the city of the Kaiser—in the capital of European pleasure—in Vienna—in Madrid—in the capital of the Republic of the New World—in that seat of ancient Empire where the eagles of the Cæsars' flew—

"The flag was hoisted half-mast high,
 A mournful signal o'er the main,
 Seen only when the illustrious die,
 Or are in glorious battle slain."

[Loud cheers]. I agree with the opinion expressed by my friend Mr. McLean in an able article in the Canadian Magazine that we may expect the great imperial statesmen of the future will come from the Colonies. Twenty years ago I met Sir John Macdonald for the first time at a dinner in this city. When we went into the drawing room he and I conversed about a hundred things, amongst them, the future of Canada and in his eager way he sketched a time when nascent British nations and empires would come together

for mutual reciprocal imperial action and when those vast Territories which I have the honor to represent here to-night would be opened up and he said in his own eager way: "That's the time I should like to be coming up." He lived to see the Territories opened up and the progress in all that makes and distinguishes a people which we have made is a foreshadowing of what will take place in another quarter of a century—the index finger pointing to a great British nation, allied with the mother country yet freely working out the law of her own life—rich in all that pertains to the happiness, culture power and dignity of a great progressive and prosperous people (cheers).

Mr. McLean, M.P., said Mr. Davin brought gifts to this country among them a Parliamentary style and when that Parliamentary style rose up in the House of Commons they all know the effect it produced. Newspaper men who had done so much for the country were inadequately represented in the Cabinet because newspaper men had not enough *esprit de corps*; but of lawyers who hung together there were ten in the present. He hoped to see this remedied and that newspaper men would act on business principles and then they would see more journalists in Cabinets and stronger governments. [cheers].

Mr. Ives, M.P., said they had a specimen to-night of the eloquence which charmed the House of Commons. He dwelt on the hard, useful, practical work that the House performed and thanked them for the enthusiastic manner in which the toast was drunk. [Cheers].

Mr. Bengough delighted, thrilled, with two comic recitations and the other toasts being gone through a grand and successful banquet was brought to a close with "God Save the Queen."