

Observations made in Montreal

Englishmen Making Good Headway—A Deep Interest Taken in S. O. E. Affairs—The Good Work Done by the ANGLO-SAXON Noted.

Business having detained me here for some weeks past, I had the pleasure of visiting several of the S. O. E. lodges. I enjoyed the visits very much, indeed. I was most cordially received and kindly invited by the various officers whom I met to visit their respective lodges. I availed myself of the opportunity, very much to my profit. In several instances I met some of the "Old War Horses" of the Sons of England Society, but still retaining all the vigour and zeal of their early days in our case; that to me, was one of the many pleasures I received, for I respect and admire members that do not grow cold and indifferent as to the welfare of our society—as some are wont to do when the first impressions of their initiation has worn off. Many of the younger officers and members are exhibiting the spirit and zeal of the more mature ones. Brother Lee, in particular, whose reports of the meetings of his lodge (Denbigh) are a pleasure to listen to, the same giving his hearers a concise and correct idea of the good work they were doing.

I had the pleasure of meeting Bro. Wm. Hammersley, who is doing much for the prosperity of our order. Uniting are his efforts in the juvenile work, realizing that the Sons of England of to-day must foster and mould the Sons of England of tomorrow, and by the assistance he is sure to receive from the officers and members throughout the city, I feel convinced that the juvenile portion of our work will succeed. The lodges that I visited, viz., Denbigh, Excelsior, Grosvenor, Primrose, Westmont and Monarch, are now doing their utmost to create a closer bond of true brotherly love, which is the real intent of our ritual. I heartily endorse this movement, which has been set in motion by Bros. Best and Hutchison, members of Excelsior Lodge.

Lodge Westmont is of recent formation, but its growth is remarkable, and the members are such that will give special weight to the status of our society. A fine lodge with grand and new aspirations.

At these joint gatherings it was most refreshing to see the efforts made by each one present to take hold of the spirit of the meeting and enter heartily into all means for profit and social enjoyment, and with each other as to who could be most courteous and pleasant with his brother. That is the kind of rivalry that we should encourage in our midst—to go to our lodge meetings to entertain and benefit others. We must make up our minds to bear with each other's faults. If we do not, where is the efficacy of our obligations? If we are not different in our dealings with each other, as members, then the whole idea of "brotherly love" must seem a mere phrase to all intelligent minds. Our order being based on sound and patriotic principles must succeed in usefulness if faithfully carried out by individual members.

One feature was sure to appear during each meeting giving general satisfaction, combined with severe criticism—the retirement to the dining rooms on Craig street, where Bro. Morton, of Denbigh Lodge, in manager. All praise the skill and efficiency of himself and staff.

Bro. Hammersley's juvenile department also came in for a share of refreshments. I trust the idea of a closer bond of union, now set in motion in this city, will grow into an accomplished fact, and that the same may extend and permeate the whole of the lodges of our society to such an extent that men may see that there is something sound and true in the words "brotherly love," and that it exists in something more than name. We have a noble heritage, let us see to it that it is not lost. We must implant in the minds of our children and friends the love of England and all her traditions, as there is a possibility of it being forgotten to a certain extent in a colony so cosmopolitan as this must of necessity become. But with the united help of our own and other lodges of similar aims and objects, working conjointly together for the maintenance of British interests, we must become a larger factor in preserving a consolidated empire.

Dear sir, as the "Anglo-Saxon" is the most efficient medium we have of communications reaching the members, I venture to trespass on your space, knowing the interest you have for the growth of our society.

I find many are regretting the "Anglo-Saxon" and I hope the time is not far distant when we shall have the "Anglo-Saxon" as our recognized organ, and through the lodge in the hands of every individual member.

G. T. MARTIN.

Montreal.

A Thrilling Picture.

Toronto Saturday Night has always found a Christmas Number little less asked by the press, advertised only by its merits, and acceptable to everyone because of its well-told stories and prettily made pictures. For several years it used English French and German supplements, but for the past two years it has excelled all previous attempts by issuing immense reproductions of historical paintings, original and Canadian.

This year the Battle of Queenston Heights is the subject, a picture nearly three feet long by over two feet wide, painted by a Canadian artist and reproduced by Canadian processes in

fourteen colors. The surroundings of the battle are the mountain up which our volunteers endeavored to climb, the historic gorge of Niagara, the distances which stretch through New York state, and the mist which rise from the whirl of the rapids. In the foreground General Brock is dying, supported by the arms of his lieutenants. The Regulars are charging past him, the Indians are skirmishing through the rocks and trees to the right, and Canada's hero, with his sword aloft, cries out, "Push on, York Volunteers." The picture excites that strange emotion which contains so much of patriotism that one scarcely knows whether to choke up with the coming tears or to shout with enthusiasm.

The story of the war is written by George Taylor Denison in so vivid a style that one can almost hear the musketry and the shouting of the charging brigades. The Saturday Night's Christmas Number this year is undoubtedly the handsomest and most worthy production of Canadian art, and should be sent by everyone to absent friends who live afar, but whose hearts have not grown cold when the name of Canada is loved ones in the Old Country, where they know so little of our history, it is the brightest and most thrilling Canadian souvenir ever provided. It can be found at all news-dealers, price 50 cents, or mailed directly from the office of publication at the same rate. It may be added that the book is crowded with interesting stories and illustrations—one story being contributed by the Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada.

Christmas in England.

Of late years, when there has scarcely been enough snow on the ground at Christmas-time to give the country even a reasonable appearance, it has seemed almost a mockery to continue to celebrate the same old customs and to perform the same ceremonies that are connected from time immemorial in the minds of the English people with a winter sky and landscape, which, in the days of our forefathers, were rarely absent at this season of the year. However, this may be, the customs always associated with an old-fashioned Christmas-tide are still practiced to a great extent; the piled-up wood fires still crackle and burn as brightly as ever in the ample old grates, and the stove-legged oaken tables still support as tender roast beef and as tasty and indigestible a plum-pudding as they ever did in the days of yore.

In England Christmas is a universal holiday. In the cities the banks are closed; offices are deserted. The stores in the towns and villages are all shut, and while the morning of a Christmas day is in every respect treated as a Sunday, the latter part of the day is given up to whatever outdoor amusements the state of the weather may render suitable; the evening sees the assembly of joyous parties and friendly gatherings, which last into the small hours of the morning, and are looked forward to by the younger portion of the community with an eagerness which the passing years have failed to diminish.

But to see Christmas as it is really kept by the people we must leave the cities and dive deep into the heart of the country, where the people mingle with the crowd that at the festive season enters the gates of the squire's hospitable mansion, or in the long, low rooms of the old farm houses. The real beginning of the festivities is on Christmas eve, when the large parties meet the friends from far and near round the festive board. Then the time passes merrily. There we shall hear many an old conceit or quaint superstition, which the season of the yule-log and the holly berry again brings round to their memories. At they sit round to their tankards they care very little for anything else but the fact that "Ye good old Christmas-tide" has come again. It matters little to them that the actual Christmas day was not even fixed on the 25th of December until the fourth century. They are prepared to celebrate the day as it is, and be merry, come what may.

As hinted before, superstition of the most absurd kind is everywhere rife at this season, and few persons who have spent Christmas among the people in the country villages have any idea of the extent to which it prevails. Within doors the hosts at Christmas time are very cheerful and bright. On the wide stone hearth a yule-log burns brightly, casting a ruddy glow on everything around, while the walls and pictures are decorated with holly, ivy, and several bunches of mistletoe, hung up in obvious places for equally obvious reasons. These decorations are usually kept up until Twelfth Night or old Christmas day.

It is only right that churches, which were built to the honour of him whose birth we celebrate at this season, should be as brightly decorated as they are; and in the little country church there is sure to be a full congregation from the squire, who is not so regular in his attendance, perhaps, as he might be, during the year, to the oldest peasant, who unearths from its year-long grave an ancient beaver hat, from which the silken gloss has long since fled, and which he dons in honour of the day.

Should it ever fall to the lot of a stranger to be walking through the country lanes at midnight on Christmas eve, he will be startled to hear, on the last stroke of twelve, the iron clang of the church bells far and near ring out the best chimes of which they are capable, and from Land's End to John o' Groat's not a church tower that possesses bells will be silent. When these cease the waits begin their rounds, and going from house to house, and village to village, they sing carols and Christmas hymns until the light begins to

glimmer in the eastern sky and another Christmas day has dawned.

The custom of singing carols at Christmas time may be traced back through many a long century. In the classic city of Oxford, the stronghold of ancient customs and ancient opinions, Christmas has been celebrated for centuries with much of the pomp and pageantry of the Middle Ages. The procession song of the Boar's Head, the singing of the surpliced choir in the college chapel are still observed as in scarce any place else.

There are many other customs in the large cities, and old-fashioned traditions in the country, still preserved in many parts of England, which limit of space forbids us to mention; and though some of these may have already died out and others are now gradually becoming extinct as the years roll on, we are sure of one thing, namely, that England will ever be the home of Christmas gatherings and rejoicings of some sort; and if the old-time pastimes and quaint old ceremonies are giving way to others of a different sort, let us hope that the English people will ever thankfully remember, in their mirth and Christmas celebrations, the occasion when He who made such happiness possible, and who has made us, as a nation, what we are, was born in a stable and cradled in a manger.

AN INCRIBLE CURED.

AFTER TREATMENT IN CANADA'S BEST HOSPITAL HAD FAILED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record—Ten Years of Intense Suffering From Acute Rheumatism—The Whole Body Contracted and out of Shape in Every Limb—Again Restored to Active Life.

From the Newmarket Advertiser.

We suppose there is not a resident of Newmarket who does not know Mr. J. A. Moffatt, who does not know of his years of suffering and who has not heard of his release from a life of helplessness and pain through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed we doubt if in the annals of medicine there is a more remarkable restoration than has been accomplished in Mr. Moffatt's case, and he deems it his duty to mankind to make the facts known through the columns of the Advertiser.

Ten years ago Mr. Moffatt was working in the Newmarket Hat Factory. Through the influence of the damp room, and possibly some carelessness in regard to his health, he was attacked with a severe cold which eventually settled in his limbs. For some years he was almost a constant sufferer from rheumatic pains and spent much money in treatment for the trouble, but with no result beyond an occasional temporary release from pain. Finally to make matters worse he was attacked with malaria and rheumatic fever. He was then forced to go to the Toronto General Hospital where it was found that he was afflicted with torticollis (wry neck). During the first six months in the hospital he was under the treatment of the staff of electrician, but the powers of electricity entirely failed, and after a consultation of physicians it was deemed advisable to perform an operation. Six weeks later a second operation was performed. The operations proved successful only so far as they afforded temporary relief. He remained in the hospital from November, 1890, till January, 1892, and with all the modern remedies and appliances known to the staff of that well equipped institution no permanent relief could be obtained. He was then advised to go home, partly in the hope that the change might prove beneficial, but instead he continually grew worse, and in March 1892, he was again forced to take his bed, and those who knew his condition did not believe he had long to live. At this time every joint in his body was swollen and distorted, and he suffered the most excruciating agony. If a person walked across his bedroom it intensified the pain as though he was being peirced and torn with knives, and if touched he would scream aloud with agony. In this state of hopeless suffering he remained bedfast for eighteen months, all the while using all manner of medicines from which relief might be hoped for. Then he was put under the treatment of a celebrated Toronto specialist, but



with no better result. After this last experiment failed, he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time discontinuing all other treatment. At the end of three months there was a very noticeable improvement in his condition, and so much so that his mother thought he could be lifted outside. He was still so weak, however, that he was only able to stay up a few minutes as before. When taken back to bed he felt a tingling sensation going up from his toes and through his joints and spine. The next morning when he awoke the pain had left his body and had lodged in his arms, then for some weeks flitted from place to place in the arms and then disappeared, and he has not had a particle of pain since. All this time he was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and slowly but surely regaining his strength. Then at invalid chair was procured, and he was wheeled out, eventually he was able to wheel himself about. The continued use of Pink Pills constantly added to his strength, and then chair was discarded for crutches, and then the crutches for a cane. At this time (Sept. 1895) Mr. Moffatt had so far recovered that he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the Advertiser and procuring a horse and buggy he was engaged as local reporter for the paper. The once utterly helpless invalid is now able to go about, and get in and out of the buggy without any assistance, and is at his post of duty whenever called upon.

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it "cures when other medicines fail."

Four Months in England.

Reminiscences of a Visit to the Old Homestead—A Ramble Around Familiar Places—No Place Like Canada.

Hello! here's the Rambler again, all alive too, and very much alive, alive to the fact that Canada is a first-class country for any Englishman to work and live in.

I have been about four months out of the country, and although I enjoyed myself immensely, although I saw sights and amusements in the "right little, right little" island, yet to work for a living, and to enjoy life in its highest sense, I come back to Canada. Do not think for a moment that I wish to deprecate old England, far from it. I love my old home and country too well, but when I see thousands of people who never see God's green country, when I see those same people working all day at the chain forge or some other grimy hot work, and then have nowhere to go but the local "pubs" in the evening, why, I give a deep sigh, and say to myself, Ah! if these people only knew Canada as I do, poor beggars, but there, they seem happy enough; it is a case of "where ignorance is bliss."

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

But let me tell you a little about my trip. Got aboard the "Parisian" at Montreal. There was an immense crowd going over, including the Boley team. What a mixture of feelings one has on an occasion like this! A tremendous feeling of elation at the near prospect of visiting home, and then that depressing feeling about sea sickness; but altogether the feeling was a happy one. Such a lot of children, and it was very amusing to see the way these youngsters stuck up for their country. There was one family (six, I think) from somewhere in Michigan. They had been there five years, and were going to visit the Motherland. Now, some of the children had a pronounced Yankee accent, but with betide the one who taxed them with it. I said to one of them: Bertha, guess "America" will you? Well, I guess not, was the reply; God Save the Queen, if you like; but don't take me for a Yank. That child was not sea sick; she knocked about too much. These

children were the life and soul of all the entertainments on board ship. There was a brother S. O. E. with his wife and family on board. He came from Toronto. His badge was to be seen just anywhere that he was. Sunday afternoon we reach Moville, Ireland, and land the mails and about 50 passengers. I fairly hungered to get off there, but went on, and at last landed in Liverpool. I landed at Liverpool, close to Birmingham by the way, and there with father, mother, brothers and sisters, Canada faded away from my mind. How different some things seemed. Those at home seemed as though they were speaking with some new and curious accent. I could not help laughing, and yet, of course it was I who had really changed, and it was they who had the right to laugh, and they did; but everything else was the same—the same old hedges, the same fields, the same heavy crops, the same old rabbit warren, and then last, but most important, the same old cellar, wherein was stored several barrels of real home brewed English ale. Was I a teetotaler then? Well hardly. Without a blush, without a penitent sigh, I can say, I drank lots of that beer.

One of the great treats was visiting the old spots; our old parish church, for instance. This church was built in the middle of the sixteenth century, or the time of King Cridda, before the arrival of the Saxons, and many such old places as these. I spent a lot of time in Birmingham. The old bull ring is still there of course. The Market Hall, surrounded by "pubs" is still there, too. Birmingham (or old Brummagem), now boasts of a Lord Mayor, and prides itself on being the best governed city in the world, which I believe is the case.

CANADIAN ENERGY IN ENGLAND.

And yet this grand old town is to receive a lasting taste of Canadian energy and push. The street railways, of which there are steam, electric, cable and horse, are to be converted into a system of electric services like those at Montreal, Toronto, etc., and Mr. Ross, the leading spirit in these cities, has just returned from Birmingham, after organizing a company to carry out this change.

But there, that is enough for now, a little more another time, if you like it. From your old friend,

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