

THEY CELEBRATED ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT

There was a good attendance at the Arcade Hall last evening when St. Andrew's anniversary was fittingly celebrated. St. Andrew's "night" is the 30th of the month, but as it came on a Saturday, it was thought that it would be better to hold it last evening. Dr. McEwen, President of the Society, acted as chairman, and with him on the platform were Allan Studholme, M. P., James Chisholm, George H. Milne, Ald. Dickson, Mayor Stewart, Mr. Wm. McClelland, at the request of C. Congratulatory telegrams were received from Albany, N. Y.; Vancouver, B. C.; Trenton, Philadelphia, London, Baltimore, Windsor and Montreal.

Mr. W. M. McClelland, at the request of the President, read the annual address from the bard, William Murray. It was enthusiastically received.

Mr. Studholme was introduced as the John Burns of Canada. He spoke on fraternalism. It was one subject, he said, that all could think alike on. He hoped to see the day when the English, Irish and Scotch would be blended together in a unit.

Ald. Dickson referred in a short address to the glorious deeds of the bygone Scots, and also to the Scots of the present day had done for this city. He mentioned the Caledonian Company, Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton Provident and Loan and other large institutions that had Scottish brains at the back of them. Ald. Dickson said that the presence of Scotchmen was an uplifting element to any country.

Mayor Stewart, who addressed the little insight into his trip to Cleveland, and said he was glad to have the opportunity of living in such a clean city as Hamilton, morally.

Mr. George H. Milne told of the good work that was being accomplished by the charitable of the society. Mr. W. H. Wardrop gave a patriotic address on Scotland and its people that roused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. He also had the pleasure of presenting to the society two pictures, one of Alexander Murray, who was honorary president of the society in 1902, and the other of William Murray, honorary president in 1905. He hoped that the society would cherish these treasures, for such they were, in his estimation.

THE BARD'S ADDRESS

TO SCOTIA'S SONS, ST. ANDREW'S DAY, 1907.

Quick the seasons come and go,
With their weight of weal and woe,
But ye blithful bards once more,
Sing ye to us the core,
Lays as ye have sung before.

Old nineteen hundred ought and seven
Upon the whole has blithely driven,
Although he may have lost a limb
Or two when days were dark and dim,
He's still as steady, stout, and strong
As any lion that limps along.

Although he's wrecked some roads and
bridges,
He waxes away his woes like midgets,
And proudly promises at least
Abundant food for men and beast.
He's hatched a hundred great events
Which every Andrew's poet paints;
But this immortal year, O'er all,
That glorifies his name, he'll tell,
Will bear upon its bosom bound
The name of magical Macdonald.

And every lad, lass, and leper
Will magnify his name as never,
The world has centered from its cage,
And entered on its "Wireless Age."

Old Scotland, though she misses men
Immortal dying now and then,
And others dying of the sort,
To bless New Britain with new blood;
And though upon her gardens gay
The rain it may have lost a day,
Still proves by many a rare exploit
She's still supreme in mind and might,
And while she's busy with the breeze,
Of bannersmen to brave the breeze,
She'll rule the Empire and the Seas,
And do whatever she may please.

Old England languidly accords
Alliance to the House of Lords,
She only lets it all be said
So long as it amputates its head.
No more to Scotland will she stand
The antler of her head on hand,
Canadians willingly would man
With sachems from their sunny Senate,
And always will be glad to loan
Prime peer or two like Lord Strathcona.

Old Ireland loudly laments the loss
Of Blake, her bright Canadian boss;
But we in Canada rejoice
To have him here to help us voice,
Which once entrained us to the core,
May never sound among us more.
What only injures to the loss,
What neither need a Canon Bull
Nor cannon ball to keep him cool;
And Pat, without a blur or blot,
Would be a pattern patriot,
One worthy of a land whose sons
Can wield so well both wit and gun.

The Empire—proudest power on earth—
Exhibits ne'er an act of dearth,
Of aught that engineers the cause
That conquers all the world's applause;
And its illustrious Sovereign still
Adorns creation's highest hill.

The conferences at The Hague
Produced some plans to place the plague
Of war a wee bit in the home,
Where all that's wise and worthy comes;
But, until does some more delight
On any earth to bark down will "bolls"
Your bard can hardly hope that even
The Hague can hatch an earthly heaven.
Great King Charles, ever true,
Deserves our thanks by first express
For his beneficent example,
Breathing that exalted temple;
And, if we could believe him true,
We'd send the Car some taffy, too.

Fair Canada, in spite of croakers
And all created cranks and jokers,
Can claim that still she stoutly stands,
Amid her matchless lakes and lands,
"Mid general joy and jubilation
The Twentieth Century's grandest nation.
No earthly power or post pities
A people that can trade in treaties
And, by and by she down will "bolls"
Dominions that can hold their own
With any nation ever known.
In all that constitutes a State
Endowed with all that's up to date,
And ruled by statesmen who can stand
The storm of every earthly land.
The true some problems may provoke
To something sorer than a joke,
But Canada can stand some raps,
From either rivals, rogues, or Japs.
And, by and by, she down will "bolls"
To Britons all who seek her soil.
Of course, with all her wealth, she'd ne'er
On wealth alone depend for cheer;
Remembering evermore that ought
Like lasting bliss can e'er be bought
But with the priceless treasure true
Prepared and stored beyond the blue.

The Japs are furnishing B. C.
Will quite a second Yellow Sea
Of Oriental;
Who never on the earth agree
With Occidental;
The curf for this, as Kipling cries,
Should soon be seen beyond surmise;
Tis simply, said, as of old,
To camp more Occidentals in—
Selecting from the crowd, of course
The kind the country can endorse.

Our neighbors, the United States,
Of course are up to all the dates,
Although they now and then may worry
O'er things that murder, maim, or murray,
With mighty Morgan and his money,
They'll soon again get sound and sunny.
What'er between our coasts be cast,
No ill can enter that can last,
Or cloud within our ports appear
While shining Shepard harbors here.

Ontario, which so often preaches
With pride about its peerless peaches,
This season grows and grumbles
Because their tiny total teaches
That even towers have tumbles,
Ontario should not grumble much,
No other soil produces such
A wealth of fruit and flowers.

In all that's rare, what land can touch
This Province proud of ours?

What now of happy Hamilton?
No town from here to Campbellton
Can e'er with it compare
For aught that men or women want,
Or aught for which the poets pant,
Is either earth or air.

Possessing Ours most pushing people,
Most charming church and steeple steeples,
The Mountain and the Bay;
And with the prospect sometime soon
Of owning mansions in the moon,
With air-ships all the way;

No wonder if it sometimes crows
O'er such a crowd of conquered foes.

We all, at home as well abroad,
Will welcome the new Brantford road;
And another, glow with pride,
Will drink its health with "Three times three!"

With Hope upon our Board of Parks,
The poet will like like larks,
We now will hope, while still alive,
To see a new bright Beckett Drive,
Or how our soldiers were sniped, and fat
New streets like those of famous Flatt;
Whose grand and choice achievements we
Acknowledge with delight and gladness.

Without a thought of flattery, Flatt
Deserves, at least, a nice new hat:
He'd be a fit ideal to flatter.
Our hoary heights without a hat on,
He's earned a little every mark
No need to note or to recall
For that superb new Mountain Park.
Just how the "Tigers" rise or fall,
Or how our soldiers were sniped, and fat
New streets like those of famous Flatt;
Whose grand and choice achievements we
Acknowledge with delight and gladness.

On this new road and glad occasion
About our Saint's Association,
But, Andrew's bard perchance should tell,
In just a single syllable,
That, though we've lost our loved McKean,
Our Treasurer new and true has gleamed
For every Scot from o'er the tide
Who needs a helping hand and hand
Till food and fame he can command;
Adieu, dear brethren, bright, Adieu!
And long may Fortune favor you!
Your bard and brother,
William Murray.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY DINNER.

Perhaps the most interesting humorous contribution to the literature of "The Day" is the following "Chronicle of Saint Andrew," which appeared some years ago in the Indian Daily News, published at Calcutta. It is written in the style of the once-famous "Chaldee Manuscript," and though it contains a few local allusions, the bulk of it will be readily understood, and its humor fully appreciated by any who have taken part in such national celebrations as it is supposed to chronicle.

1. It came to pass, in the year one thousand eight hundred and four score and one, in the City of Palaces, dwelt certain wise men from a far country beyond the great sea.

2. (In that year the rulers of the city did that which was right in their own eyes.)

3. Now these wise men assembled themselves together, and they said one to another, Go to, let us remember our brethren whom we have left.

4. For behold we be in a far country, and it shall come to pass that men shall say of us, Ye be blameless on the earth; ye have fled from the land of your nativity, because the land of your nativity is poor.

5. This thing, therefore, will we do: we will make a great feast, so that the nose of whosoever smelleth it shall tingle, and we will call to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of our fathers.

6. So they appointed a day and many were gathered together, and they were feasting on the Land of Cakes and of Thistles, from the west and from the north, and from the east and from the south.

7. And behold a great feast was prepared, and men in white raiment ministered unto them, and a ruler of the feast was appointed, and sat in the midst.

8. And forthwith to each man was given a writing of the good things of the feast, and the writing was in a tongue no man could understand, for the language was the language of the Crapaud, which signifieth in the heathen tongue, a frog.

9. And some there were who pretended to know the writing, and the interpretation thereof; now these were hypocrites, for they knew but six letters of the writing, and those letters were H A G G I S, and even this much was a great mystery.

10. And the dishes no man could number; the people ate mightily, as it were the space of one hour. And no man spoke

to his neighbor till his inner man was comforted.

11. And while they ate, behold there drew near three mighty men of valor, clothed in many-colored garments; and they bore in their arms musical instruments shaped like unto a basket of silver.

12. And they blew mightily upon what seemed the tail thereof and straightway came therefrom shrieks and sounds as it were the howlings of the damned.

13. And the hearts of the people were comforted for this is that wherein their great enemy lieth.

14. And wine was brought in vessels, but the children of the North would none of these; for they quenched their thirst with the dew of the mountain, which is the water of fire.

15. Then spake the wise men of the congregation unto them and called to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of their fathers, and the people rejoiced exceedingly.

16. Now it came to pass when they had eaten and drunken greatly, even unto the full, that the hinges of their tongues were loosened, even the hinges of their knees.

17. And the ruler of the feast led to his home, and a third part of the multitude followed, and a third part remained, saying, "We thirst," and a third part rose up to dance.

18. And they danced after the fashion of their country, and their movements resembled the peregrinations of a lion upon a griddle, which is hot. Yet they seemed to think it pleasant, for they shouted for joy.

19. Now as for them that were without, behold, their drinking was steady, but their limbs were not so; yet they also shouted for joy and sang amazingly.

20. And they answered one to another and said, that notwithstanding the crowing of the cock or the dawdling of the day, they should still partake of the juice of the barley. So they encouraged one another with these words.

21. And now it came to pass, that as they sat, one came and said that he had seen a strange fire in the sky, but what it was he could not tell.

22. And some said, It is the moon; and others said, It is the sun, and some said, Both the sun and the moon; and others said, This is not the west, but the east, and some said, Which is it, for we perceive two in the sky?

23. And one said, I see nothing. Now the name of that man was Blin Foo, he was the son of Fill Foo, and his mother's name was Haid Foo; and his brethren Bung Foo, Sing Foo and Greet Foo, were speechless.

24. Then each man bade his neighbor farewell, embracing, and vowing eternal friendship, and some were borne home by men in scanty raiment, and others in carriages which jingled as they went; and others drove their own chariots home, and saw many strange sights; for they found grass growing and ditches in the midst of the way where they had not perceived them before.

25. And it came to pass that in the morning many lamented, and took no breakfast that day; and the men in white raiment brought up to them many cunningly devised tricks, yea, pick-naps, for their tongues clove unto the roofs of their mouths and the spittle on their beard was like unto a small silver coin, even a sixpence.

26. But when they thought of the previous day, they rejoiced again, for they said, Our brethren whom we have left will hear of it at the feast of the New Year, and they will remember us and bless us, and our hearts and hands shall be strengthened for our labor here.

27. And they went to their homes, and each man bade his neighbor farewell, embracing, and vowing eternal friendship, and some were borne home by men in scanty raiment, and others in carriages which jingled as they went; and others drove their own chariots home, and saw many strange sights; for they found grass growing and ditches in the midst of the way where they had not perceived them before.

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Mrs. Tingley and Theosophy

Newspapers and letters recently received from Europe indicate that Mrs. Katherine Tingley is meeting with success in the capitals and large cities of the continent. Mrs. Tingley is leader of the Theosophist movement, and appears to be in close touch with every detail of the work which she is directing. While in England, Hon. Miss Nan Herbert, daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert, and sister of Lord Lucas, accompanied Mrs. Tingley to the New Forest to visit the estate which Miss Herbert inherited, and which she has handed over to Mrs. Tingley for the furtherance of the work.

Miss Herbert is an enthusiastic Theosophist, and the director of the Raja Yoga academy at Santiago de Cuba. There have been many inquiries as to when the school in the New Forest will be opened, and it may be said that it will be opened.

During the last twelve years, before going to the continent Mrs. Tingley said: "My visit to Europe at the present time is the result, in part, of the work that has been going on for many years at the international centre of Theosophy, Point Loma, California. While the Theosophical society has its headquarters in the United States, it is the work of the society to be taught and gain knowledge which will prepare them to take up the duties of life understandingly."

"Theosophy, to sum it up in a nutshell, is the science of life and the art of living. One of the great branches of the work is the Raja Yoga system of education, which I founded. At Point Loma there are several schools and a large academy. Children from all parts of the world come there to be taught and gain knowledge which will prepare them to take up the duties of life understandingly."

"There are many families residing at Point Loma who are giving the best efforts and the means for the advancement of Theosophy for the betterment of the world. Our work is entirely unsectarian and non-political. It has created and continues to create great interest in Europe, and there has been a large increase of membership during the last two years."

"While I have no disposition to be aggressive, I wish it to be widely known that the Universal Brotherhood organization, the International Brotherhood League, and the Theosophical society, are in no way connected with Mrs. Annie Besant."

When the famous Madame Blavatsky died, in 1891, she bequeathed her work in the Theosophical society to William Q. Judge, who met Mrs. Tingley while she was ministering to the sick and needy in a New York slum.

"Your work," said Mrs. Tingley, "Mrs. Tingley replied, 'I have never used the word itself—Theosophy. I know that humanity needs broader views of life, and from that hour she and Mr. Judge became co-workers.'"

Mrs. Tingley was a Florence Nightingale of the war between the north and the south. She is now described as an elderly, kindly woman with a sympathetic and convincing voice, agreeable manner and great intellect. She never has a word to say against those who attack her teachings and the principles of Theosophy.

"Mrs. Tingley's endeavor is to make Theosophy a living power in practical daily life," says the Stockholm Dagblad, in an interview with her. "Occult phenomena are not produced and spiritism is opposed as dangerous and misleading. Pure thought, pure life, faithfulness, even in the smallest actions, and unselfish work for others, that she asserts to be her programme."

"When Mrs. Tingley speaks regarding her work she is all enthusiasm. She has seen the Theosophical movement develop rapidly in America, and she is sure that the same will be the case in Sweden and in the other countries she intends to visit on this trip, which includes Sweden, Finland, Norway, St. Petersburg, and from there to Germany and Holland."

BOTH FEET FROZEN.
Flesherton Boy Who Ran Away Found in Precarious Condition.
Flesherton, Nov. 29.—A little ten-year-old boy, a Home boy, wandered or ran away from the place where he lived near Flesherton last Sunday morning about 8 o'clock. No trace of him was found until Wednesday night, when the child was found lying in a fence corner not far from his own home. Both feet were frozen and amputation may be necessary.

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SALTED A MINE.

PITTSBURG'S SOCIETY BROKER AN EX-CONVICT.

It is Reported That He Was Married in South Africa to Daughter of Lady Suffield, Who Had Quarreled With Her Parents.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 29.—Reginald Spaulding, or Oscar F. Spate, or George Frederick Spate, the man who proposed to introduce Pittsburg rich people at the court of St. James, is still in jail. There were developments to which caused the police to hold him.

Pittsburgers who win and dined Spaulding a few days ago will be horrified when they learn that he was at one time a convict in South Africa. But they take some consolation out of another report, that he is really the son-in-law of Lady Suffield, the woman whom he asserted would bring about the introductions.

A communication reached the Pittsburg police to-day from a source which they will not divulge to the effect that Spaulding under the name of George Frederick Spate in 1902 was married to Muriel, daughter of Lord and Lady Suffield, who left her home in London because of a difference with her parents, and went to South Africa during the Boer war as a Red Cross nurse. In consequence her parents disowned her, and her name was removed from the records of the British nobility.

Spate is alleged to have then interested his wife in a diamond mine, which he had "salted," and finally sold the mine to her and some others for a large sum. The mine was located at Sneeuwbergen. Before the discovery was made that the mine was "salted" Spate is alleged to have taken his wife into the interior of Africa, where he deserted her in the land of the Zulu chief, Mosilikapze.

If the report of Spaulding's marriage is true, his wife would be a sister of Hon. Charles Harbord, who was A. D. C. to the Marquis of Lorne in Canada, and of Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, who was extra lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales during her tour of the colonies.

MUST BE FREE OF DISEASE.
Otherwise Japanese May Not Be Landed in Victoria, B. C.

Ottawa, Nov. 29.—Japanese Consul-General Nosse complained to the Immigration Department to-day that a number of Japanese holding passports were not to be allowed to land at Victoria.

Hitherto it has been the habit to allow diseased immigrants to land at Victoria for treatment. In this way the steamship companies have been working off a large number of this class. The Dominion Government has, therefore, decided to permit no more diseased immigrants to get off the

FOUND GUILTY OF CONSPIRACY.

President of the Alberta Retail Lumbermen is Convicted.

Edmonton, Alta., Nov. 29.—The lumber combine case closed to-day, when Mr. Justice Sifton delivered judgment, finding the defendant, W. H. Clark, guilty on one count in the indictment, and imposing a fine of \$300. This count is that Clark did conspire to combine with P. D. Prince, of Calgary, and others to prevent or lessen competition in the manufacture of lumber.

His Lordship, in referring to the decision, reviewed the evidence adduced. There were twelve counts in the indictment. He found a verdict of not guilty in the other eleven counts. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Clark is President of the Alberta Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, and in that capacity was made the defendant in the action.

INSULTED LADY; WOUNDED SON.
Spanish Supreme Court Judge Tried for Crime.

Madrid, Nov. 29.—Supreme Court Judge Rojas was arraigned to-day for attempted murder.

Upon leaving a theatre some time ago he followed a prominent lady, who was accompanied by her son, and declared his love for her. The son resented his intrusion, and Judge Rojas shot him with a revolver, seriously wounding him.

Doctors say the judge is insane, but he insists that he is sane, and he is conducting his own case. He pleads in extenuation of his offence "force of passion, fanned by a lovely woman's coquetry."

WHEAT STEALING IN WEST.
A Plum Coulee Man Accused by a Neighbor.

Morden, Nov. 29.—Anthony Nerada, living three miles north of Plum Coulee, has sworn out a warrant for Abram Epp for stealing wheat. On a recent evening Epp, it is alleged, secured his brother's team and wagon, and during the early morning went to Nerada's granary, and after filling his wagon box with wheat, started in the direction of Myrtle to market the grain.

He had only got a few miles when he was tracked and closely followed by the owner of the wheat on a bicycle. When Epp noticed that he was being followed he took the end board out of the wagon box and started his horses on the gallop, scattering 80 bushels of grain along the road for miles.

Epp drove to Rosendine, where he took train for Winnipeg. It is thought he is now with relatives at Regina or Herbert, Sask.

WINS APPLAUSE.

NEW MINISTER PRESENTS RAILWAY REPORTS TO HOUSE.

Commons Only Sat for a Few Minutes Yesterday, and Proceedings Were Formal—Question by Mr. Borden Answered.

Ottawa, Nov. 29.—With the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne held over until Monday the session of the House to-day was more or less a formal affair, a few minutes sufficing for the transaction of business, which comprised the presentation of several petitions and the laying on the table of a few blue books. An interesting incident was the maiden speech of Hon. G. P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals. It was a modest effort, consisting of only two or three sentences, in laying the reports of the Transcontinental Railway and Railway Commission on the table, and in answering a question by Mr. Borden, but it was not allowed to pass without recognition by the Liberal members, who pounded their desks vigorously when the new Minister sat down.

KILLED AT PARRY SOUND.
Charles Coulter, of Port Robinson, Victim of a Fatal Accident.

Port Robinson, Nov. 29.—Word was received here to-day that Charles Coulter, steam shovel cranesman, was accidentally killed while trying to board a construction train at Parry Sound this morning. The deceased was 23 years of age. His parents reside here, his father being Mr. Thomas Coulter, general merchant. Young Coulter left home only two weeks ago to follow his occupation at Parry Sound. The remains will be brought home for burial.

INSOMNIA
"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and in only two or three days I have been able to sleep as soundly as I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented to be."
—Thos. Gullard, Esq., Ill.

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