

WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT.

Camp "Glenarry," S. O. S., is making arrangements for a big re-union to be held this month under its auspices, in which Camps "Alpin," Alexandria, "St. Mungo," Martintown; and "Aberdeen," Cornwall, are to take part. Chief Dingwall says that Camp "Glenarry" will be the Banner Camp of the order before the end of the year.

MARTINTOWN, ONT.

Camp "St. Mungo," S. O. S., has decided to support the *Fiery Cross*.

TORONTO.

Mr. Geo. Thompson, rec.-secretary, Camp "Robert Burns," writes us as follows: "At our last regular meeting, held in the Temperance Hall, the *Fiery Cross* and its objects were considered and I was instructed to acknowledge the same, and to express our good wishes for your undertaking. We will do all in our power to assist you in your noble work."

The Gaelic Society of Toronto, among the societies, has taken the lead, in support of the *Fiery Cross*, as will be seen from our advertising columns.

The Toronto Caledonians had their customary Dinner at the Walker House, under the presidency of Capt. D. M. Robertson. The proceedings were most enthusiastic, and among the guests were Col. Davidson and Major Crosby of the 48th Highlanders; Allen Cassells, president of the St. Andrew's Society; Alex. Muir, author of "The Maple Leaf," etc. The vice chairs were occupied by Dr. Clark and Mr. Geo. Vair. An interesting part of the programme was the presentation of a gold watch to Staff-Sergeant Harp, 48th Highlanders, the winner of the Grand Aggregate prize at the D. R. A. meeting in Ottawa.

NEW YORK.

Gaelic Society.—A very successful gathering was held under the auspices of this society on Halloween. Interesting addresses on the Samhuinn customs in the Highlands were delivered by Mr. Neil MacDonald, the president; Mr. Wilson MacDonald and Mr. Donald Currie. Mr. L. D. Robertson recited a poem composed by him for the occasion. The rest of the evening was spent in the recital of song and story. Dr. Farquhar Ferguson, John Campbell and John Mackenzie were proposed for membership.

MANITOBA.

S. O. S.—Until the present the Sons of Scotland have made no vigorous attack in that promising field, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, but now that they have made a beginning the work will be pushed forward. The first Camp was opened by Grand Organizer W. C. Commins, at Morden, last month, and it has among its members the most prominent men in the district. The officers are—Thomas Duncan, M.P.P., past chief; Alexander Lawrence, chief; H. Mickle, chieftain; John A. MacIntyre, secretary; James Lawrence, treasurer; Rev. H. J. Borthwick, chaplain; L. MacKenzie, marshal; J. P. MacGregor, standard-bearer; John Gilchrist, senior guard; J. C. Craig, junior guard; Dr. Burnham, physician; D. D. Stewart, J. A. Cowie and P. Rutherford, trustees.

To Captain Ritchie.

Some Feeling Lines Addressed by an old Friend.

The retirement of Captain Ritchie of the Allan Liner "Parisian" has been a subject of universal regret among the many Montrealers who have crossed the Atlantic under his care. One of his oldest friends in Canada has written the following lines in commemoration of the occasion:—

Full forty years through storm and calm
He sailed across the sea,
And many a wild Atlantic gale
He faced right manfully.

Beginning as a prentice boy,
Before the mast he wrought,
And prompt at duty's every call—
No favor e'er he sought.

And as a sailor climbs aloft
To gain the summit high,
Where on the lofty pinnacle
Alone he breasts the sky.

So steadfastly, and step by step,
Through every rank he passed,
Until the flag of Commodore
Was his to fly at last.

And while to trust and duty true,
With firm yet kindly hand
Full well he knew how to direct
All under his command.

For by his men he was esteemed
Through many a changing crew
Whose circle as the years passed by
Still wide, and wider grew.

But best of all was he beloved
By those who on the wave
As passengers were in his care—
For he was wise, as brave.

And never yet was storm so fierce
Nor sudden danger frowned
Which found him taken unprepared
Though fury raged around.

But when at length by years and toil
His strength began to wane,
A wise resolve he acted on—
No more to sail the main.

Thus in the years which yet may pass,
Ere sinks time's setting sun,
He can look back right cheerfully
On life's stern battle won.

And though less oft his friendly hail
Shall greet us as of yore,
We'll hope again his hand to clasp
This side the Atlantic's shore.

But should it hap that ne'er on earth
His form again we'll see,
The hope to meet in Heaven we'll hold,
Where parting shall not be.

—John McDonald,

Montreal, 16th November, 1895.