

The Ubiquitous Scotsman.

A Californian, who landed at New York the other day after a tour through Scotland, recounted some of his experiences therein, and added, "You don't get away from the Scotch even when you leave Scotland. They seem to be ubiquitous. When I took passage for New York at the Scotch port of Glasgow I found that the ship and all its enginery were Scotch; that the captain and purser were Scotch; that the crew was Scotch, and that plenty of the passengers were Scotch natives, who spoke the English language in the Scotch way. When I glanced at the ship's library I saw not only the works of Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns and others among the older Scotch authors, but also lots of the new Scotch novels, half of which were full of that Scotch vernacular, which only a Scotsman can understand, and when I tried to read some of them they were like Greek to me.

"We heard Scotch songs in the cabin as well as in the steerage, all through the voyage, and the sound of them struck the sea, the sky, and the circumambient atmosphere. One day some of the passengers danced a Scotch reel on deck, while a Highlander, who wore kilts, played the Scotch bagpipes. Aboard ship all our comestibles, from mutton to the mustard, were genuine unadulterated Scotch. We had Scotch from daybreak to sunset, and by moonlight.

"One night a Scotsman told stories about the great men of his country, who

rule half the world, telling us that the first governor-general of the new Commonwealth of Australia is Scotch, that the last viceroy of India is Scotch, that the British minister at Peking is Scotch, that the Dominion of Canada has nearly always had a Scotch governor-general, that the leader of the Liberal party in Parliament is a Scotsman, that the Czar of Russia has a gigantic Scot to guard him, and that the chief of the Shah of Persia is a Scotsman. As this Scotsman talked to us aboard ship he tried to make us believe that Scotland was the biggest country in all creation.

"But we didn't get away from Scotland when we left the ship. As we neared the port of New York we saw the Scotland Lightship, and were told that Scotch Plains was in New Jersey. The first night after I landed here I went to the theatre and there heard, the music of "Bonnie Annie Laurie" and "Auld Lang Syne." Next morning when I went to breakfast at the hotel the waiter asked me if I would first take some Scotch oatmeal, and when I strolled out into the corridor I met an old acquaintance who said it was a good thing to begin the day with a "hot Scotch." He next asked me to join a party who were going to the links (that's Scotch) to play the Scotch game of golf, the lingo of which is broad Scotch. At the links I noticed that several of the players had sprigs of Scotch heather pinned to their Scotch golfing suits, and one of them seemed to be proud of a Scotch thistle. They spoke of caddies and clees and tees and putters,

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Increase over 1899 **677,136.37**

(See the statement on the last page.)