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#### FORTY-SECOND YEAR, }

#### GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1889.

ST. ANDREW'S NICHT.

Goderich Chiels Meet Around the Festive Board.

The tables of the "British Exchange" dining room literally groaned with the tiger. weight of the good things that were Dr

The occasion was the annual St. Anarew's diuner, and in addition to the usual delicacies of the season, the palat-able and truly national dishes yclept, Braxy Hama, Brochan and Brose, Caald Kail, Scotch Heid, Athol Brose, Caald Kail, Scotch Heid, Athol Brose,

Cand Kall, Scotch Heid, Alloi Drose, 'ry of Scotla's Bard is entwined with my Scotch Broth, &c., were on view. The chair was occupied by M. C. Cameron, the popular Chief of the Gode rich Caledonian Scotety, and ex-Chief Hutchison did the honors of vice-ohair. Punctually at 8:30 the chiels took their seats, after which ex-Chief Hatchison, helding which ex-Chief Hatchison, holding aloft the bistoric "I has but four books, and I read them by

HAGGIS.

HAGGIS, marched around the dining hall to music furnished by Pipers McKay and McDon-ald, and deposited the smoking "Chief-tain of the puddin' race" before Chief cameron, who at once delivered Burns' well-known address. Amongst the guests on the occasion turns, There's the Bible, Scot's Worthies, John Bun-yan and Burns,"

Amongst the guests on the occasion were Thos Gibson, M.PP., Wroxeter; Thos Strachan, ex-Reeve of Grey town-ship; Dr Campbell, Chief of Seaforth Caledonian Society; R. Carmichael, Seaforth; Dr McDonald, Chief Rod McKenzie, and Pipers McKay and Mc-Kenzie, Kintail; Chief McCrimmon, Las Hontes Luba Boad A McPher. Jas. Hunter, John Boyd, A. McPher son, D. McDonald, Lucknow, and A. Paton, Ingersoll. The Teast List. After the bountiful spread furnished

After the bountiful spread furnishe

possession-the passport to eternal fame. If Burns had not been a true poet-if by the genial proprietor of the "British Exchange," Mr G. B. Cox, had been done ample justice to by the large gathering, the tables were cleared, and Chief Cameron introduced the toast list, his writings had not had the stamp of imperishable genius upon them-his name would long ago have been forgottenith "The Queen and Royal Family,"

which was duly responded to by the singing of the "National Anthem." "The President of the United States," entenary ever was celebrated before

centenary ever was celebrated before His monument has been planted on the His monument has been planted on the consul Chilton, was endorsed by the Inging of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." "The Land We Left" was coupled with the names of D. McDonald, and

We clamb the hill thegither; And mony a canty day, John. We've bad wi'ane anither; Now we maun totter down, John; But hand in hond wo'll go. And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

Or for friendship deeply rooted in the past, where is the song to compare with "Auld Laug Syne."

"We twa hae paid!'t i' the burn, Frae moroing sun till dine; But seas between us braid hae roar'd Sin auld lang syne." Then for comic humor of courtship there

"Duncan Gray cam here to woo."

"Duncan Gray cam here to woo." For that contented spirit which, while feeling life's troubles, yet keeps "Aye a heart aboon them a'"-we have "Con-tented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair." For wild and reckless daring, ming-led with a dash of finer feeling, there is "McPherson's Farewell." For patriotic neroism, what can compare with-"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"

The grandest war ode in any language. Or for personal independence, if self-asserting manhood, stake — "A man's a man for a' that." These are a few of the permanent emo-tions of the human mind to which Burns her circae transmission for all time

Burns has given expression for all time. Burns knew no blood royal on earth, Burns knew no blood royal on earth, nor indeed any blood but the rich, ruddy blood of the honest men and bonnie lasses by whom he was surrounded. him always and everywhere— "An honest man, though eer sae poor, Was king o' men for a' that." "God hath made nations of one blood,"

"God hath made nations of one blood, was the burden of his gifted song. He sang the universal brotherhood of man,

donian Society, even pro tem, could be entrusted to a son of Erin, but, usi carefully reading the invitation, his better judgment triumphed, and he had decided to come along and see his old friend "Dan," and the other Scotchmen who would forgether on the occasion. (Loud laughter,) Away back in the Sixties he had spont many pleasant days in the county council, and made many warm friendships in Goderich that had lasted up to the present time. Perhaps another reason why he had at first doubted the genuineness of the invita-tion was that the dinner was fixed for

the 29th of November, and he knew that November 30th was St Andrew's night, but mature consideration forced him to believe that the day had been put shead so that there would be chance of encrosching upon the Sab-bath; or perhaps the keeping of the anniversary would be counted from the time at which the proceedings were

brought to a close. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Much had been said and much could be said in honor of the day they were now celebrating, but time would not allow him to enter upon the

not be equalled by any other twenty-two lines by any other poet of any country.

was the burden of the theorem of all his soul and all his strength, in a manner in which no man ever sang before in which no man ever sang before in which no man ever sang before to abow that their place was always in the shewed great insight into the big, throbbing heart of humanity, and his the land of his fathers, he was nene writings have done much to make proper fusion of all classes of society. In this respect Barns has been a benefactor of our race. The rich and poor are now of seeking a truer platform on which they and sobriety were the latters patent for and those below bound to get there in land of their rates. Our best blocks, time. Now what, we may ask, is it that irrespective of race, should be put for-makes our countrymen so successful 9 ward to develop the great country in makes our countrymen so successful? Some say his thrift, born of his narrow countrymen the necessity of avoiding what had almost got to be looked upon which our lot was now cast. resources at home; but thrift would not plause.) account for it all. My friend, Mr Mac- Reeve Reeve Proudfoot had hoped to be donald, who spoke to a previous toast, has mentioned as one of the Scotchman's intend to give an address. He was per intend to give an address. He was per-haps the best racial blendfin the room, peculiarities his power of "appropriating" haps the best racial blendfin the room things, and he mentioned a number of being an Irish-Scotch Canadian. There things, and he mentioned a number of instances. But, strangely, he omitted to mention that we have boldly and in the face of history not appropriated—that is too mild—but boldly stolen the Santed Andrew as our patron, and qualified him for that high office by dubbing him Scotchman; well, as Scotchmen have willed it so, it must be so—a fig for his-tory! The good St. Andrew must powred. never known the taste of ardent spirits (hear, hear, and applause,) and he was too old now to change his way, and would continue on the old line to the end. (Loud applause.) Like Paul before

ply to this toast, but he could not resist, the temptation of saying his best word for the isad whose hills and dales, and history were so dear to his on the others I have mentioned. Or take still another in which the calm otables and history were so dear to his on the others in which they pathetically. By request Mr Strachau, then sang a Gaelie song, which was one of the fatures of the evening. "Socia's Bard-Rubbie Burns," were share that love that has with received with three times three and si tiger. "Socia's Bard-Rubbie Burns," and has come forth is tiger. "To Campbell, Chief of the Seaforth true as steel and pure as gold. The stiger. "John Anderson, my Jo John. We clamb the hill thegither; And moy a carly day, takes the hand of her invitation signed by "Day that the seafures of that history than and stores and so the storms and gentlemen, twe clamb the hill thegither; and with are abilitient. We clamb the hill thegither; and with area abilition of sectary day, soin; the sectary day, soin; the sectary day, soin; the sectary day, soin; were many tore day, soin; the sectary day, so near Bannockburn the power and pride of the mighty Edward? (Ap-plause.) That they were able to do so successfully must ever remain one of the marvels of history. But they have had other and, happily, more peaceful Ban-nockburns since, for their whole subse-quent history has been a series of victor. Better for Scotland, and for England quent nistory has been a series of victor-tes over mighty opposing forces of every kind, in all the various walks in life, at home and abroad. But nowhere has their energy and indomitable persever-ance, their undaunted pluck and practi factory result the great problem of a free government "of the people, for the peo-ple, by the people. Let us then, while cal bravery been displayed to greater ad-vantage than in colonial life. It seems, for some reason, to do a Scotchman good to transplant him. (Laughter.) He always keeping a warm corner in our hearts for the old land, be none the less honest, manly, ratriotic Canadians, ever, remembering that true patriotism de-mands as its foundation a real and not a to transplant him. (Laughter.) He takes upon himself then a new and altogether more vigorous growth. Take our own Dominion. Uur Premier in the House of Commons, is that able old Scotch-man, Sir John Macdonald, who has, I sham freedom. Song-"Bonnie Charlie's now Awa'," by Mr Hunter. believe, held that high office for a longer

J. MCGILLICUDDY PUBLISHER

Song-"We've Aye Been Provided For," Mr Carmichael. period than that of any living man at home or abroad. Whom did he succeed?

That other equally able, although perhaps less fortunate Scotchman, the Hon Alexander Mackenzie. Again, our local sponded ; Song-"Half-Past Ten," Mr Robert premier at Toronto is another noble Scot, the Hon Oliver Mowat. Then in com-

Dickson.

merce we have our Allans and Ogil-vies, our Gordons and Mackays, our "A Galashiels Episode," was neatly told by Mr Gibson, the finale bringing down the house. "The Parliaments of Canada," was Browns and Gillespies, our M.c. donalds and Moffatts, ir. fact the

whole uoble bead roll of the most prominent men in the Dominion in commercial life is a succession of briefly replied to by Mr M. C. Cameron. Song—"The Queer Folk o' the Shaw," was sung by Mr A. P. McLean with dramatic effect. Song—"Mary of Argyle," by Mr R. Scottish names. In my own profession, that of law, have we not, to say nothing

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T. Strachan. Mr D. McDonald, in rising to re-spond, stated that the bill of fare con-yeyed to him the first intimation that he

was expected to make an attempt at a reached the 432d edition, while they append to night. He said : I think it is a fitting and proper thing that Scota-men should gather around the festive and of Scotsmen-but of the world at large. And still his memory is fresh board on the natal day of their patron maint to do honor to his memory, and place their national virtues before the and green-still he blooms in immorta world. I say this, said he, because the youth-still in our imagination, he walks-

predominant religion of the country, the caution and thrift of its people, and their so-called clannishness have bear "\_\_\_\_\_ in glory and in joy. Behind the plough on the mountain side." Burns was, by all odds, the greates made the unmerited butts for ridicule genius-the most wonderful man the 18th century preduced. and sarcasm. (Hear, hear.) It has been

notrothfully said that the Scotchman is "Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form Swells from the vale and midway leaves th a poor fellow, incapable of making much ond prayers and money (laughter); storm. Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread. Eternal sunshine settles on its head." and that he is a man who wants to monopolize all the good places in this world and the world to come; who

Yes, the "eternal sunshine" of immortheops the commandments and every-thing else worth keeping (renewed langhter); who swears by Holy writ and tality, settles on our poet's head today As to his position as a poet we would his political newspaper (hear, hear); who serves God every Sabbath day and

"It's coming yet for a that." Thousands of printing presses, with caseless enterprise and energy, sound the greatest poets the world has ever produced. Take even his prose writings, especially his letters to Mrs Dunlop, and those to his brother poets, and they would be considered models of composi Mammon the rest of the week. (Laugh-ter.) It has been said further that farthings were introduced to allow Scotchmen to be generous; and with an utter disregard of truth he has been charged would be considered models of composi with being fond of seeing spirits—on the table (loud laughter); and, lastly, it has tion even in our own day. His poems

been said that Sootchmon have refused to allow that downtrodden and persecut-"Tam O'Shanter," "The Vision," "Ad to allow that downtrodden and persecut-ed race, the Jews, to use the marts of eir country for trade and commerce. But if I mistake not, every one of these libels and slanders have now been with dcawn, and withdrawn by the very and withdrawn by the very shines forth in peerless splendor. He is coming yet for a' that." thereof. (Loud applause.) It has composed two hundred of the finest The telephone, with the magic sound of actawn, and withdrawn by the very authors thereof. (Loud applause.) it that had not been done the gathering here toright would have been a full refutation of the calumnies. He thank-ed them for coupling his name with the has given their ultimate and the toright would have been a full refutation of the calumnies. He thank-ed them for coupling his name with the has given their ultimate and the toright would have been a full refutation of the calumnies. He thank-ed them for coupling his name with the has given their ultimate and the toright would have been a full refutation of the calumnies. He thank-ed them for coupling his name with the sum of the calumnies are widt

ed them for coupling his name with the toast, and resumed his seat amidst loud applause. Mr Thos. Strachan was glad to be pre-sent, to see the old friends whom he had to respect so highly in former years. When he go: the invitation he could not resist the chought of wishing be once more amongst the old friends allong ago. Although only a young After the labors of the day—perhaps to prepare a home for her at Ellisland. After the labors of the day-perhaps no place where he would prefer to be wet and weary—he would look towards brother, the everlasting thunder, awakens born in than Scotland, nor would any the hills that separated Dumfries from the echoes among ten thousand hills and no place where he would prefer to be born in than Scotland, nor would any other person if they fully appreciated the situation. (Loud laughter) Though Scotland was only a small speck on the face of the globe he did not see how the world could get along without it, for it Bad meduced creater monit it meduced creater moni world could get along without it, for it had produced great men in its warriors, statesmen and poets, who had done much to meuld the world's history. In the days when the could be along to history in the battles of his country, and he is leaving his sweetheart on the shore : days when the ancient Romans subju-gated England, the Scots not only held their own, but the enemy had to build "The trumpets sound, the banners fly, "The gittering spears are ranked an' ready ; The shouts o' war are heard afar; The battle closes thick and bloody; But it's not the war o' sea er shore, Wad make me langer wish to tary; Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar-It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary." walls to keep them from encroaching on their preserves. (Applause) He did not,

Or take that popular song :

"\_\_\_\_My fause luver stole my rose, But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me."

by this, wish to disparage other nations, by this, wish to disparage other nations, but merely to show that Scotchmen, the world over, had a country and a history of which they might well be proud. This ras an occasion when Scotchmen had he privilege of holding up the land of heir nativity: and if a line in the land of poor maid who has been deceived and

privilege of holding up the land of poor maid who has been deceived and enativity; and if a little self-glorication was indulged in, it was highly of Burns-able under the circumstances. aughter.) He had not expected to re-

the sun ever shope, and still the sun of dity, a land where integrity, industry can unite for the furtherance of the great ends of our existence. Nature loves fusiou and hates isolations, and countrymen the pecessity of avoiding contryment the necessity of avoiding mations are strong in proportion to the completeness of their class fusions, and weak in proportion to their class isola-tions. Robert Burns has twanged out the Divine idea of human brotherhood in the dividence of the state of the state of the state of the state the dividence of the state of the state of the state of the state the dividence of the state o the Divine idea of human brotherhood from the sympathetic strings of his great, bir heart and us are gll of one blood to big heart-and we are all of one blood to. night. It was when piercing with his eagle eye the pretentions and shams that alienate man from man in this vale

of tears that he composed his immortal poem : Agrippa he would like all his country-"A man's a man for a' that."

men to be not almost, but altogether, Since the great poet of Nature passed from Nature up to Nature's God, what

persuaded as he was upon this line. (Loud and prolonged cheers ) mighty forces have been at work to Song-"Robbie Burns," by R. Carbring about the realization of his grand prophetic, glorious dream ! The cheap postal system of the world, daily, hournichael

"The Sister Societies," was the next to all

ly we might say, sends messages to al lands, proclaiming our poet's prophecy-"It's coming yet for a' that."

A duet by Messrs Thos Gibson, M. PP. and Thos Strachan, "A Man's a Man for a' That," with the alternate verses in Gaelic, was capitally sung at this stage. This was followed by a song as fully ap

the enthusiasm up to fever pitch, and was greatly enjoyed. During the even-ing Mr A P McLean and others of our

tory! The good St. Andrew must now re-

main a Scotchman till the crack of doom. (Prolonged laughter and loud applause.) But will thrift and the "predatory in-

toast honored. Dr McCrimmon, Chief of the Luck-now Caledonian Society, was loudly cheered as he rose to reply. He was pleased to be with the Goderich society, and had enjoyed himself most heartily. He had partaken of everything Scotch within reach on the table (laughter) and had taken in and highly relished the ex-

cellent speeches. When Lucknow held its Scottish gatherings he was always glad to welcome the friends from Gcde rich, who have ever been kindly diapos ed toward the Caledonians of the north ern village. (Hear, hear.) He did not altogether agree with Mr Gibson's reference to Mr McGillicuddy. We all knew the latter to be an Irishman proud of his country, but always ready and will-

sons of the heather. Song-"Scotland Yet," by Mr Paton. Song-"The Pride of Glencoe," by

Mr Strachan. "The Land We Live In," was coupled with the name of Mr J. T. Garrow, Q C Mr Garrow, who was enthusiastically received, said : I am pleased to meet so many old friends around the board to do honor to Auld Scotia's patron saint. I have not in the past attended many such meetings, although as good a Scotchi -or at least Scotch-Canadian-as any of you, but if this is an average Caledonian supper you may count me as hereafter

ot fond of long speeches, I will be rief. But although not able to make uch an address as I would like, I will

"The Press," responded to by D. McGillicuddy. Song — "Toddlin' Ben," by Mr

"The Ladies,"-Drs Shannon and stinct" account for all ? Must we take no account of Scottish pluck, of Scottish Macdonald. bravery in the face of danger, of his "The Hos

"The Host and Hostess," was fittingperserverance and endurance, of his ad- ly replied to by Mr G. B. Cox. He has aptability to surrounding circumstances, of Scottish pride and self respect, of his love of truth and hatrea of shams, nor love of truth and hatrea of shams, nor him pleasure to know that his efforts of his affection for home and kindred, were appreciated by all who had been

or above all of his love of God and of country? These are the things that make Scotchmen great, and which we of Scot-Scotchmen great, and which we of Scot-tiah blood, in building up this new country, should strive to initate if we would not become degenerate sons of noble sires. We are too apt to make unfair compar.

ison between this fair Canada of ours and the glorious old land. We, Canadian received the proverbial "three times He was in good born, sigh for a country with a history, three, and another." we would like a literature of our own, fettle, and had enjoyed a most pleasant we want a past in addition to the glorious | evening. The hour was late, he said, future plainly before us; all this is quite and Scotchmen like to do everything in natural, but we forget that we are at good order, and he believed the duty of the beginning of our career while Scot- the hour was now to adjourn, after the land is hoary with centuries of develop-ment. Time and a glorious past have Scotch fashion, and seek the repose thrown a glamour over every hill and valley in it. Yet they there had their work well done, and an evening well insignificant beginnings as we are having ours. After all it is not the hill and the dale that makes Scotland what it is.

dale that makes Sociland what it is. Without the people the country would be a mere wilderness; very fair to look upon, I admit, but still a wilderness. You must clothe the hills, and people the valleys with the heroic race from which we spring to give them enduring human interest; wait patiently and we too will have all we now lack and sigh for, and that Sociland has in such abua for, and that Scotland has in such abun. course of his life occupied some impordance. Like Scotland, we here belong to tant places, but in none of them did he the "true north" of Tennyson. And it is but history speaking when I remind you Chief of the Goderich Caledonian Sothat in all times the northern people have ever been the conquerors and ultimaterul-to see so many brother Scots from outersof the world. We have a noble coun-try here of infinite capabilities, in which we have but to be true Scotchmen in the hoped to see them and many others prewe have out to be true reotonmen in the best sense to make it the happy home of smiling millions. Nor are we lacking in the heroic element. What greater heroes have we in modern times than the pio-neer settlers of this colony—men who left their fixed habits and the narrow interval and in any other pre-petuation of the celebration in Gode-rich. (Cheers.) He closed a rousing five minutes' address amids prolonged apselves and their children, in the wilder-

ing Mr A P McLean and others of our townsmen showed that they could hold their own in the dances of the Gael. A finely delivered recitation by Mr Paton, of Ingersoll, "On the Birth of

preciated, by Jas Hunter, of Lucknow, with the greatest of pleasure a Caledonard "Castles in the Air," by R Carnian. 1 do not intend to make a speech,

and "Castles in the Air, by it Car nian. I do not intend to make a speech, michael, of Seaforth. A Stotch reel by Messrs Rod Machaeler in the theme you Kenzie, Alex Macpherson, Colin Machaeler in the subject is a large one, and as the donald and Dr Macdonald here worked

freedom in their train, whistle, shrill and clear, the stirring strain : "It's coming yet for a' that." The vast fleets of steamships ploughing Mourn," and others have rarely been equalled. It is, however, as a song beat the same millennial music with

writer that the star of the peasant bard whiter that the star of the peasant bard white for the peasant bard their paddles : It's coming yet for a that."