

OF HALLOWE'EN

you think inseparable from birth and boyhood beside other streams and under other skies, I set this as a not unworthy claim that, despite the hundred and thirty years of Canadian life, the blood of the Cameron of Lóchiel and of the Grant of Craig Ellachie and of the Macdonald Mohr himself that mingles in my veins is to this day untouched and untainted by any Towland or Sassenach or alien blood of any kind.

I know, sir, that all this has nothing to do with the toast to which I am charged to respond, except as some apology or defence for those who are responsible for my place upon the list to-night. And now for the toast: "The Day and a' wha honor it."

I am no authority on days and times and seasons, and the significance of Halloween to me may be entirely different from what it is to you. My thought goes back to the place and the days when for me Halloween was a great night. It was not in Scotland, or in Nova Scotia, but up in that district of Middlesex county known as East Williams, and in that Garden of Eden between McPherson's Church and Cruickshank's Bridge, through which that classical stream, the Sauble, flows. You may not have seen that noble river, sir, and if so life has still some object for you. Where it takes its rise no man