

Scene : On board the S. S. "Clansman," rounding the Mull of Cantyre, in a heavy sea—Donald, pitying his companion, "Throw it up Dugal; throw it up man," Dugal—"Na, na, Donal, its whusky."

At the last ordinary meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness the paper for the evening was contributed by Mr. Charles Fraser-MacKintosh, of Drummond—entitled "The Cùthberts of Castlehill." This ancient family, now practically extinct, was in the 16th and 17th centuries the most powerful and rich in lands in Inverness and vicinity.

At Inverness on Tuesday of last week Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, clan historian, was presented with a cheque for £406, in name of the Highlanders and others at home and abroad who appreciate his literary labours. Mrs. Mackenzie was also made the recipient of a gold watch from a number of well-wishers.

Mr. Walsey, of the department of Public Works, Ottawa, tells the following story:—Many years ago, when a Highland Regiment was stationed at Quebec, I was passing the sentry on a very cold morning—about 40, below zero—when I observed that the man's cheek was frozen. I went up to him and said—"your cheek is frozen, sir," to which he replied—"You maunna talk tae the sentry, ma lad; gin ye've ony complaints tae mak' ye maun mak' them tae the sergeant."

ST. ANDREWS' SOCIETY OF TORONTO—We have been favored with a copy of the annual report of this useful society. It shows a membership of well over 300. Relief was given to no less than 450 applicants at a cost to the society of \$652.50. This is a very large number of applicants for a society, with national limitations, to attend to, and while it demonstrates the depression in the labor market, it also proves how necessary and admirable are the functions which the society fulfills. An interesting feature of the report is the account it gives of Principal Grant's anniversary sermon, and of the proceedings at the annual festival of the society. A special feature at the latter was the presentation of an old English oak carved grandfather's clock to Geo. Kennedy, L.L.D., on his retirement from the position of secretary after ten years of service. In their enthusiasm over the toasts, the St. Andrews' brethren went back beyond the days of Malcolm Canmore, and they consequently lisped in the old Scot's tongue, thus:—

"Guas e, guas e, guas e, Nis, nis, nis.

Tuas e, suas e, suabas e." A ris, a ris, a rithisd."

They should have taken council of the Gaelic Society in this matter.

Our Montreal Letter.

"LEODHASACH" SKETCHES THE MONTREAL CALEDONIANS.

Max O'Rell said, on one occasion, that: "If two Englishmen were placed on an island by themselves, and if, say, at the end of two years enquiry was made into their condition, it would be found that they had not spoken to one another because they were not introduced. If two Scotsmen," he added "were placed in a similar position, it would be found that they not only had cultivated each others acquaintance, but had formed a Caledonian Society."

The French humorist had evidently the Dominion of Canada in his mind's eye when drawing the comparison, and so far as the latter part of the statement is concerned, he had good grounds for it. With regard to the former, those hailing from that part of "Greater Scotland," commonly called England, can dispute the allegation if circumstances permit.

The Montreal Caledonian Society is the first in the Dominion. Its present list of ordinary membership is well nigh 800, and while liberal with donations to deserving objects, it retains a substantial banking account.

The young Scot, on coming to Montreal and making it his home, does two things—He goes to church, and joins the Caledonian Society.—There is no mistake about the latter. The winter "socials" of the society in St Andrew's Home, a habitation appropriately named by Col. Stevenson—"Campbell's Castle,"—are synonymous to what the Main street church in Glasgow is to the average Highland lad and lass resident in the fair city of St. Mungo,—a trysting place where "kent faces" are sure to be met. Preparations for the "games" follow the socials, and the event is but another occasion for that jovial reunion, which Scots alone know how to hold and enjoy. The popularity of the officials enhances all these celebrations, and in the history of the society no more popular election ever has taken place than the one held on the 17th March. These electoral events are accompanied, as a rule, by a little "breeze." But then, a Scottish Society, where the election of its officials fails to raise a breeze, is devoid of its national charm.