

cieties here—St. George's, St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's. The St. George's carried a white flag with a red cross; the St. Andrew's a blue flag with the thistle; and the St. Patrick's a green flag with harp and shamrocks. The three societies turned out in procession together on their Patron's day, headed by a brass band. The St. Andrew's had a highland piper, W. Milne, with James Cuthbert on one side and A. Frazer on the other side, all three dressed in full highland costume (kilts). The two men on each side of the piper carried broad swords. After some years these processions died out, St. George's and St. Andrew's celebrated with a dinner. After some time, the temperance men of St. Andrew's got control and had things changed to a temperance dinner on St. Andrew's Day. The other members did not like the change. There was a young Irishman named Kelly who was studying law in Hon. G. S. Boulton's office. He was at the dinner, he saw how disgusted the old men were and wrote this poem:

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY IN COBBOURG.

Weel, Sandy lad, what news frae toun?
How drave St. Andrew?—Speak ye loun!
A brawsome night I trow ye had;—
Tell's a' about it, Sandy lad.

Hout, auld earl! twall gar ye greet,—
Ye ne'er sat down to sic a treat
O' weakly congo, coffee, cakes,
An' sie like stuff as Tam Pratt bakes.—
An' nuts, an' figs, an' plums sae dry,
The vera swine wad pass 'em by;—
An' speeches that war dryer yet,
Wi' nought ane's drougthy gab to wet;—
Not e'en ae stoup o' honest yill,
Nor Usquebae fresh frae the still;—
Nor sparklin' wine brent out o' France
To mak the lassies' blue een dance;—
No Tup's head there, no Haggis braw,—
The like o' it ye never saw.