

St. Andrew's Day.

Scottish Songs, Wit and Sentiment at the City Hall.

And an Overflow of Genuine Scottish Enthusiasm.

For Which the Ladies Were in Part Responsible.

Robt. Reid's Characteristic Address on Scottish Song.

Inopportune Illness of the Soiree's Champion—A Thoroughly Enjoyable Affair—Where Tartans Predominated.

The celebration of St. Andrew's Day this year was not one whit behind the celebration of other years. It was characterized by the utmost enthusiasm, for which the ladies appeared in no small part responsible. It was the first time in six years that the day was celebrated by a soiree, and the ladies proved to be every bit as loyal Scots as the men. They enjoyed the Scottish songs, they laughed at the Scotch wit of the speakers, and applauded the Scotch sentiment of all. Between times they talked, and it was not unpleasant to hear the Scotch accents in many of their voices, and altogether they added an indefinable charm to the proceedings. By a strange irony of fate, the champion of the soiree, Ald. Jones, was confined to his bed and could not attend. The hall was tastefully decorated, two prominent banners reading "The Land of Heather," and "Auld Scotch Yet." Before supper came a selection by Piner Donald McGregor, and after the pipes came grace by Mr. Reid. Mr. Peter Kerr, Boston, supreme chief O. S. C., was one of the guests of the evening.

After the tables had been swept by strong Scotch appetites, the work of installing the new officers commenced. The retiring president, R. K. Cowan, in calling the meeting to order, regretted the inauspicious condition of the weather, and referred sympathetically to the inopportune illness of the "great champion of Scottish entertainments, Ald. Jones."

"You could certainly not have made a better choice of your first officer," said Mr. Cowan, referring to the new president, "and in the other officers you have chosen wisely and well. The vice-presidents are enthusiastic, hard-working Scots in anything that pertains to this society."

"I take great pleasure," concluded Mr. Cowan, "in investing the new president, Col. Macbeth, with this badge of office, and all the responsibilities that pertain to it." (Applause.)

Mr. Cowan then installed also the first vice, Dr. McLaren; second vice, ex-Mayor Taylor; secretary, Dan Donaldson; treasurer, Ald. J. W. Jones. THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Col. Macbeth returned thanks for the highly-esteemed honor conferred upon him. He said that what he lacked in zeal he would try to make up in enthusiasm. He briefly went into the objects of the society, which he declared to be entirely charitable. It was doing a noble work in aiding deserving Scotch persons. From the society Mr. Macbeth went on to speak about St. Andrew, referring to the fact that he was not a Scotchman, but a good man, nevertheless, and one of the seven champions of Christianity. He spoke of some of the points of view of the other saints, but both St. Andrew and St. Patrick, he was glad to say, were excellent men, and he regretted to hear anything disparaging about their characters. Wherever Scotchmen were to be found, St. Andrew's Day was celebrated, and Mr. Macbeth remarked that it was a good thing for St. Andrew that the Scotch took him up. Certainly there was no likelihood of his being ever forgotten.

The president then proposed the health of the Queen, which was honored with the singing of the National Anthem.

"The Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor" brought three cheers and a stanza of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."

H. Ruthven McDonald then sang in a manner that sent a thrill through all present, "Scots Wha Hae." He was roundly cheered, and sang in response "The Laird o' Cockburn."

"The President of the United States" was the next toast proposed. Mr. W. H. Jacks, American consul, replied, referring to Mr. Cleveland he said, "I love him for the enemies he makes, because I believe he is right. I believe that he is endeavoring to administer the affairs of the country in a manner that he thinks is to the best interests of the whole people."

Miss MacLaren sang "Jock o' Hazeldean," and in response to a spirited encore she gave "Omni" Through the Rye." In both the songs Miss MacLaren's singularly sweet and flexible voice was displayed to splendid advantage.

Dr. McLaren took charge of the proceedings at this juncture, and introduced the toast of the evening, "The Day We Honor." In doing so he spoke in flattering terms of the gentleman who was to reply to the toast, Mr. Robert Reid, sen., who was, he said, so thoroughly and kindly known among the people of the district, and who could generally be found wherever Scotchmen are gathered together.

ROBERT REID ON SCOTTISH SONG. "I think it is about the 36th anniversary of St. Andrew's Day," said Mr. Reid, "that I have been trotted out in some shape or other, either to make a speech or sing a song. I have never tried to dance, but I may turn to that yet. (Laughter.) I have never been allowed to escape an anniversary of St. Andrew without exhibiting myself in some shape or form. I had made up my mind, however, that I should avoid the trouble of this anniversary. I told my friends that I was engaged with another matter, and my mind was so completely absorbed in the Free Library business that even Scotland itself could scarcely get an entrance into my enthusiastic nature. I would have escaped this time altogether, but my genial friend, Dr. McLaren, called upon me the other day and insisted that I should respond to this toast. I recognize that it is inexhaustible, but I am exhausted. However, when the evening comes and the day and the hour, fond memories revive, and I am here again, a victim of my Scottish nature."

"There is a great deal to be said as to the nationality. One thing struck me—that we have been tainted with being too plannish in always standing

shoulder to shoulder, and that we were unfair as it were, to other nationalities. I am quite willing to acknowledge that we are very clannish. If this is a crime, then let us bear it like men. There are some reasons why Scotchmen are perhaps a little more enthusiastic about their country than other nationalities. One reason which is quite apparent is the love of home and country, fostered by Scottish song. I think it was an old Scotchman who, in the seventeenth century, made the remark: 'Let me make the songs of my country and I care not who makes its laws.'

Mr. Reid then went into the history of Scottish song, being lavish in his quotations from Burns. He pointed out the peculiar influence patriotic songs were likely to have on the formation of national sentiment, saying: "I have heard old soldiers tell how in camps in India, when they were longed for home and speaking of their friends, the Highland pipers would start up, and they would have the whole place in joy one moment and weeping and wailing the next, over the wild melody of Lochlinvar. (Applause.)"

"You may teach your children all the mysteries of science, make them walking encyclopedias of knowledge, and tell them to tell them of the blood and martyrdom of their ancestors, but if they died for their liberty, Scotch people have been famed all over the world for their heroic determination to stand by the country of their birth and the country of their allegiance—the great British Empire. (Applause.)"

"It is no fault to be patriotic. It is a great virtue. Let our sons ever cherish that taunt—if it is a taunt—that we are clannish, and that we are too one-sided in our sentiments as far as Scotland is concerned. I do not believe it is a taunt. The feeling springs from the noblest feelings of our own love of home, inspired at our firesides by our fathers and by our mothers, and our teachers. It was that very fact which inspired our great poet himself. His mother, filled with Scottish song and love, taught him at her knee the beautiful melodies that were everywhere round the Scottish hearth sides, and even when he was a boy he felt the inspiration; even then he felt the tremendous power that moved him to the latest hour. All through his poetry there is that grand vein of heroic sentiment inspiring his countrymen. (Applause.)"

"I have no more to say. It is as I have said, the 36th celebration of St. Andrew's Day in which I have taken part. I don't know how many more thirty-sixes I will be able to attend, but it is doubtful how long I will be able to do so. And it is a very strange thing, and I am very sorry that we are not training some of our young Scotchmen to take the places of our older heads, that must necessarily be laid aside from this kind of work. I shall do it as long as I can, and do it faithfully. I shall never desert my duty in connection with St. Andrew's Society as long as I can fulfill that duty." (Applause.)

Mr. Reid then went into the objects of the society, dwelling on its charitable aims. He held them up as worthy of the support of all people of Scotch birth or lineage, and hoped it would never lack support. He was heartily applauded in conclusion.

Mr. J. W. McIntosh sang "A Highland Man's Toast," and was heartily applauded. Mr. Wm. Templeton followed with the dance of the sailors' hornpipe, and was cheered by the audience for his effort.

SISTER SOCIETIES.

President George N. Sayer, of St. George's, was the first to respond to the toast, "Sister Societies." He spoke of the points in common between St. Andrew's and St. George's Societies, and thanked those present for the hearty reception of the toast.

President John M. Daly, of the Irish Benevolent Society, said that he always felt a sort of a kinship with the Scots, as they went from Ireland to Scotland originally. (Laughter.) In a humorous vein Mr. Daly went on to speak to the toast, asking those present to be lenient with him, on account of his size, coming, as he did, after the big presence of St. George's Society. He, too, thanked the audience for the kind reception of the toast.

Mr. Peter Kerr, of Boston, Mass., supreme chief of the O. S. C., was the next speaker. He had come 1,000 miles, he said, to bring greetings from the sister societies across the line. "I congratulate you," he said, "on the success you have already attained as an organization. I can find many stand the labors you are engaged in—bringing joy and comfort to many a home that might otherwise be thrust upon the charity of a cold, unsympathetic world. I hope you will go forward in this work successfully, that you will go on increasing in power for good and usefulness, but that the necessity of extending aid may become less as it becomes manifest that there is joy and want need. But as long as there is a Scotchman in need, I hope that you will be in a position to alleviate the distress."

Miss Mutch then sang "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," in accents of one to the manner born and with the voice of an artist. In response to a vigorous rendition, she sang in an equally captivating manner, "The Bonnie Briar Bush."

Mr. Wm. Allan danced the Highland fling in a manner that aroused whatever latent enthusiasm there might yet have been slumbering in the breasts of any of those present.

Ex-Mayor Taylor, second vice-president, here took charge of the toast list, and in a patriotic speech proposed the toast of "Canada, Our Home."

"CANADA, OUR HOME."

Mr. John Cameron responded, saying: "It is an honor to reply to the toast of 'Canada, Our Home.' I wonder how many know the extent of Canada? I wonder how many know that the Dominion, if carried up, would make 170 countries of the size of Scotland? Why, take our banner Province of Ontario alone. Its area would afford room for about ten Scotlands, and provide a comfortable subsistence for 20,000,000 of people. During the past summer I had the opportunity of spending a month with Indian guides and canoe men in that vast and partially-unexplored section of our own Province lying west of Lake Superior. In that section is to be found the longest unexplored canoe route yet remaining in North America. In that region are to be found fish, and furs, and timber, and gold, and iron ore; there is still the habit of the moose; there can be traversed numerous lakes and rivers never yet accurately published to the world. There is the great Rainy River, its fertile front increases now rapidly being settled; there the noble Rainy Lake; there the Lake of the Woods—not a lake of a thousand islands, but a lake of tens of thousands of islands. In that region is the Atakokan River, with turnings every few hundred yards, on which I spent two days in a canoe, and upon which we ran 27 rapids in one day. How many here have heard of our great Ontario river, the Seine, in our Ontario Northwest? Everybody has heard of the River Seine of France, but how few have heard of our noble Canadian river of similar name? How shall I describe our Ontario River Seine? It is long and wide and deep, with verdant banks and great trees on its banks. It flows along with resistless

force, here and there widening into lakelets. It has islands in its course as beautiful as those of the Rhine; it is marked by numerous rapids, deep canyons and immense falls that have leaped and thundered for unnumbered ages. I have seen the River Rhine, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Danube, but a more picturesque, varied and interesting river than our Ontario River Seine I have never known, as its waters wind their way to their ultimate outlet, the Hudson Bay. (Applause.) But what, it may naturally be asked, is the future part intended by Providence to be played by this great domain of Canada, with its area 170 times larger than the area of Scotland, and its future population hundreds of millions? We talk of empires—the British Empire, the Russian Empire, the Turkish Empire, the Chinese Empire, the great empires, and the British Empire greater of them all. But there is an empire grander in importance, greater in its future influence on the destinies of mankind—the empire of the whole English-speaking world—an empire which includes Scotland, England, and Ireland, and Australia, and the United States, and Canada. It is an empire of mind, of freedom, of Milton and Shakespeare; of ideas uniting order with liberty. This empire of influences and principles we fondly believe to be eternal, indestructible. (Applause.) Vast may be the mutations which shall mark the world's history during the next 50 or 100 years. Of the material empires named, it may be the lot, as Providence shall direct, of one empire to increase, and of another to decrease; but of the great empire of principles and influences of which the English-speaking world is the exponent—that we believe, shall last while lasts the world. The English-speaking genius and ideas and principles seem to be able to adapt themselves equally to the needs of English-speaking republics, of an English-speaking monarchy, or of great English-speaking semi-independent colonies, that may themselves one day be great monarchies, or great republics, or parts of great confederacies, accordingly as they shall elect. At this moment there is talk of the closer union of certain European empires whose inner feeling is naturally any but friendly to the English-speaking ideas of free speech and free constitutional government—empires in one of which freedom of political speech means Siberia; another, where it is a crime punishable with imprisonment to make even the slightest adverse literary criticism of the poetical productions of an emperor; and still another empire, from which the most frequent cablegrams are those which tell of the massacres of Christians. Only in the empire of the English-speaking world is understood and exemplified the true and large idea of toleration, or of constitutional freedom and self-government. (Applause.) At such a time it is the bounden duty of friends of well-ordered liberty everywhere to do what in them lies to cement and make closer and still closer, the bonds which should unite Great Britain, the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The speaker or writer who so endeavors is the friend of that true liberty in which Milton exulted; the speaker or writer who so endeavors is the friend of that true liberty in which the English-speaking world is united, and which he himself as an enemy to the highest interests of mankind." (Applause.)

Mr. Robert Morrison sang "Oh, Sing to Me the Old Scotch Songs," and as an encore, "Bonny Mary of Argyll." Mr. Oliver Leslie replied to the toast of "The Ladies," and Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald sang a medley, which he christened "Haggis." In response to the inevitable encore he gave "Sweet Afton."

The hour was 12 p.m., and Mr. Thos. H. Fagan was called on to reply to the toast of "The Learned Profession." Owing to the lateness of the hour he dispensed with a speech, and the gathering was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

The singing folks afterwards indulged in a dance.

Can You Forget?

Can you ever forget the joyous days of childhood? When sleep overmastered you like the odor of rare flowers? When to awake was a new joy, and every succeeding day a new life? When appetite was ravenous and digestion waited on it in a sort of ecstasy? Such was a condition of perfect health, and nothing more.

Compare this happy state with your present condition? If there is any difference, it is the measure of your progress towards a condition of disease.

Would you regain this Paradise Lost? Then remember whatever your form of suffering may be, when you sift the matter down to the bare facts, the cause is impure blood.

The kidneys have everything, yes, all, to do, where purity or impurity of the blood is concerned.

It is their work or duty to filter and purify the blood.

If your blood is impure it is not necessary that your condition should never alter or be brought up to the perfect state just described. Once the kidneys are set right the work of purification recommences.

Science is the truth which comes to help you in the hour of peril.

The only condition is your prompt acceptance of this truth in the form of treatment.

The sum of medical research, special study, and years of practice in the treatment of the kidneys is embodied in three words—"Dodd's Kidney Pills."

And they always cure kidney disease. And nineteen times out of twenty that is all that ails you or anyone else.

The Royal English College of Surgeons, London, have refused to open their doors to men.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as stiffness of neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

Nowhere do plays and operas enjoy anything like such runs as they do in England.

Minard's Lintment Cures Diphtheria. The Earl of Kintore has been appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen.

If you are bald, or find that your hair is breaking or falling out, it will pay you to call at Madam Ireland's parlors, 211-2 Dundas street, who can positively restore hair and prevent falling out. Her celebrated toilet and shaving soaps cannot be excelled, and her fine medicinal face powder is of the finest. These can be procured from Cairncross & Lawrence. ywt

Call at TRAFFORD'S and select the cover for your parlor suite, Turkish chair, Spanish couch, divan or fancy rocker, for Christmas present, and save money now and worry at the last moment.

ODOROMA removes discoloration from the teeth.

UNDER TONS OF ROCK!

Eleven Men Meet Death in an Iron Mine.

A Number of Others Injured—Names of the Unfortunates.

Brewster, N. Y., Nov. 30.—Nineteen years ago 50 tons of rock fell into the open pit of the Tully Foster iron mine here, killing six miners and maiming three others for life. From that time until today the hanging walls, which rise 400 feet above the working level of the pit, with long underground inspection. If this inspection revealed any sign of danger, work was abandoned until the threatening overhanging rock had been dislodged. The ore is taken from an open pit. The opening at the surface is about 600 feet in its greatest length, and 400 in its greatest width. Years ago the method of mining was in the usual way, by shafts and drifts opening into rooms about 25 by 100 feet and 75 feet high. The pillars left to sustain the roof were of solid ore, about the same dimensions as the rooms. When this method of mining had continued down to the 400-foot level it was decided to lift to the surface the rich pillars and floors, which were formed entirely of ore carrying not less than 62 per cent of pure iron. This work had progressed down to the 400-foot level. Huge derricks, with long booms, supported the heavy cable, with car attached, which was dropped to the working level, loaded and hoisted to the surface.

Yesterday afternoon about 30 men were at work on the 400-foot level. The entire northwest wall, containing over 100 tons of rock, fell into the pit, killing eleven men, and inflicting serious injury upon several others. Wm. Aspell and nine others got out alive. Aspell and his companions, as soon as the boulders stopped rolling down the slope, looked over the wreck, and saw Patrick H. Murtha struggling to get up. He was pinned fast by a rock. They assisted him, and he was placed on the car, hoisted to the surface and taken home, where he died 30 minutes later. Just as the rescuing car started on the return trip more rock fell, and it is reported that one of the three Italians mentioned above was killed. Rocks were thrown off the bodies of Michael Gannon, Thomas Dennis, John Fagan, an Austrian known as No. 234 and two Italians, Nos. 310 and 394. All were dead and horribly mangled. Mark Critchley, who seemed to be fatally hurt, was taken home, as also was Patrick Burns, who will recover. Darkness came on rapidly, and falling rocks continued to threaten rescuing parties, when Mr. Tompkins ordered all hands to the surface.

The bodies believed to be in the pit are those of James Fox, James Clark, a stranger, and four Italians. As the car raised body after body to the surface the walls and moans of the bereaved ones melted to tears the strong-hearted men of the rescuing party, and touched with sorrow the hearts of hundreds of onlookers. The mine is owned by the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, of New York and Scranton, Pa.

DROPPED DEAD.

Hamilton, Nov. 30.—Mr. Patrick Blake, an ex-grocer, dropped dead at the City Hospital, Thursday afternoon. He has been in that institution for about a week, being treated for heart disease. He arose from his bed, against the doctor's orders, and walked to the bath, where he fell and expired in a few minutes. Deceased was 55 years of age.

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It gives the whitest, sweetest, cleanest clothes after the wash.

It prevents wearing and tearing by harsh soaps and hard rubs. Rub lightly with Surprise Soap—the dirt drops out. Harm less to hands and finest fabrics.

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A Handsome China Dinner Set, hand-painted and gold, 100 pieces, \$17 99.

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Smokeless Powder,

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Chilled Shot and Shells Of Every Description,

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