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SCOTTISH SOCIETY NEWS.

SONS OF SCOTLAND.

STRATHCLYDE CAMP held their regular meeting on Friday last, Chief J. W. Grant presiding. There was a fair attendance. The routine business being got through in quick order, preparatory to a night of intellectual enjoyment. D.D.G.C. Fraser made an official visit, and initiated two new members. Among the visiting brethren were Chief Winchester, Bruce Camp, Past Chief Crowe, Edina and Bro. Imrie, Burns. The secretary delivered an able and very instructive address on the "Life and Works of Carlyle," which was much appreciated, speeches being also given by D.D.G.C. Fraser, Chief Winchester and Bro. Imrie, who also gave his famous poem "The Sons of Scotland," the same being enthusiastically received. A very hearty vote of thanks was tendered the speakers. All being very much gratified by their evening's enjoyment.

GUELPH GAELIC SOCIETY.

THE meeting of the Guelph Gaelic Society on Friday night was an enjoyable event. The programme was varied and interesting, consisting of vocal music, piano selections short

speeches in both Gaelic and English, humorous readings from the columns of the *Scottish American* and *SCOTTISH CANADIAN*, and pipe music by the Society's piper, Mr. Willie Thain. The night of meeting was changed from the first and third Fridays of each month, to every alternate Tuesday, beginning August 8th. The writing and reading of the minutes in Gaelic was inaugurated and will in future be a feature of the business routine of the Society.

A Highland Wedding.

A VERY pleasant and picturesque ceremony took place on Wednesday evening the 25th inst., the occasion being the marriage of Miss Minnie Rutherford, step-daughter of Pipe-major Ireland of the 48th Highlanders, to Mr. Colin McRae, of Denver, Colorado.

They were united at the Church of the Messiah, corner Dupont street and Avenue road, by the Rev. Mr. Gillespie. The bride was led to the altar by her step-father and was attended by her two step-sisters, Dora and Kittie, as maids of honour, and by four bridesmaids—Miss Maggie Rutherford, Miss Minnie Phillips, Miss Grace Ireland and Miss Minnie Pickett. Mr. Adrian Spear Rutherford, of New York, performed the services of groomsmen, assisted by Mr. Donald Morrison. The bride, who was becomingly dressed in white, wore a tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. There were a number of 48th Highlanders present in uniform, conspicuous among them being staff-sergeant Wm. Harp, in full regimentals, as was also the pipe-major himself. After the ceremony the guests were driven to 33 Avenue road, where several happy hours were spent in doing justice to the hospitality of Pipe-major and Mrs. Robert Ireland, the former enlivening proceedings with well executed selections on his favourite instrument, the great Highland bagpipe. Dancing was kept up to a late hour and was distinguished from the ordinary way of tripping the light fantastic by the frequency of the strathspey and reel.

Mr. McRae is a Ross-shire Highlander, having been born in Dingwall, and as if mountain air had some fascination for him, he was not long in America when he went to reside amidst the grandeur of the Pocky Mountains thus making up to a certain extent for the absence of his native Ben Wyvis. After the honeymoon he will convey his bride to his home in Denver.

SHE'S NO DEID YET.

A TRUE STORY.

John Tamson was a farmer dooce,
Retired frae active life,
Wha lived fu' cantie in wee house
Wi' Nannie, his auld wife.
Fu' smoothly ran the wheels o' time
Wi' John and Nannie at hame,
Jist like a sweet weel-jingled rhyme,
The days a' seemed the same.
He had a gairden that he kept
In order a' hissel',
His care on it he lavish beapt;
Nae weed could therein dwell.
But when could winter's mantle white
Had happed auld mither earth,
And frost's snell breath did keenly bite,
He liked his ain dear hearth.
Last winter upon auld Yule day
He heard frae neebor Lang,
That Nellie Jack in last sleep lay.
To fun'ral he mair gang.
Next afternoon at yin o'clock
He donned his Sunday best,
And wi' his staff o' polished oak
He took his way oot west.
He rapped at the kitchen door,
Whilk Jamie to him oped,
And gied to John upon the floor

Millions of
Women use it
for all purposes
Laundry and
Household
and find it a
great comfort
and saver of
Labor



Has no equal
for purity, nor
for cleaning and
sweetening, nor
preserving the
clothes and
hands from injury,
nor for
all-round
general use.

REFUSE CHEAP IMITATIONS

What he had little hoped for—
A hearty welcome wi' a laugh
That thro' him sent a chill:
"Ye're jist in time to help me quaff
Her health wi' richt guid will!
Ye're come, na doot, to speer for Nell:
She passed a restfu' night;
The doctor says she'll sune be well
And a' thegither richt."
John naething said aboot report
He'd heard the day afore,
But stayed a while—made visit short,
Reached hame as gloamin' wore.
Auld Nannie sune speert fu' John cam back,
Foot fun'ral news to get.
"I gied to bury Nelly Jack.
But found she's no deid yet."
Quo' she—"That was a shame o' Lang
Wha tellt tale to mislead—
Ye walking the deep snaw amang.
To bury yin no deid!"
When spring cam roon' wi' balmy breath,
And birdies litte sang,
Auld Nellie weel and hearty baith,
Was jist as ever strang;
And no a bit was she the waur
O' tale that did mislead
John Tamson walking sax mile faur
To bury her no deid!
WM. BEATTIE, Toronto.

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