

A whirlwind of cheering and applause shook the banquet hall, when at a dramatic moment the chief magistrates of Chicago and Winnipeg shook hands across the table in token of the mutual good will and fraternity that have never been so strong as today in the minds of the citizens of dominion and republic.

Toastmaster Selph in introducing the orator from Nova Scotia said:

The sweet poet who sang to you just now said that I had made a religious society out of you tonight; he accused me of relying upon the Bible. Well, if I did, I told the truth, because he made you both laugh and cry, and when a poet, even from Detroit, can do that to a man in Chicago, it is going some. But we leave the land we live in now and go a little further north from Detroit; we will go into the Old Dominion. I present to you tonight, gentlemen, the Honorable Edward M. Macdonald, a member of parliament of the Old Dominion. In addition to that distinguished honor he bears that of honorary lieutenant colonel of the 78th Highlanders. There is a bond of sympathy existing between the Old Dominion and the United States and it is exemplified in the distinguished gentleman I now have the honor of presenting to you. (Applause.)

Mr. Macdonald, who was received with immense applause and cheering, spoke as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, gentlemen, fellow-Scotchmen: My first duty to you tonight is to express to the gentlemen of the St. Andrew Society of Chicago my very deep and sincere thanks for the great honor which they have paid me in asking me, as a brother Scot from the northern half of this continent, to come here tonight to join in this festive gathering and to enjoy this splendid banquet. I am sure that every one of us up to this moment has enjoyed every second of this night's festivity; and I want to say to you that after hearing the eloquent speeches from my friend, the Mayor of Winnipeg, and the distinguished journalist from Detroit, I think it is but right

that I should mention to you the fact that I am a Scotchman. You would not recognize it by my voice, as you would by the voice of my friend, the Mayor of Winnipeg, because there is that curious thing which never fails that the lowland Scotchman bears the impress of the motherland by the burr of his tongue which will always be recognized. You would know that I am a Scotchman because I am a Macdonald; there has never been a Macdonald who has not been a Scotchman; but we who are of the Highland race, those of us who cherish the ancestry of the men who lived in the barren western highlands, we by some inscrutable rule of Providence are not able to carry with us the impress of the mother tongue as do the men who are the lowlanders. And I come to you tonight as a representative of many men whose fathers in the olden days followed Bonnie Prince Charlie when Scotland was at war for Scotland's sake.

#### From New Scotland.

I come to you from a part of the fair Dominion of Canada, to which I am so proud to belong, which bears a special distinction in commemoration of the old land, that far-away place, three days' journey from here, the most eastern part of this continent,—New Scotland, Nova Scotia. I come from a portion of that fair dominion where came the men who so many years ago fought for the lost cause, the men who were inspired by their devotion to the Stuart family, and who in the great days long since gone once governed Scotland. And I am glad to say to you that I see in front of me at this gathering a representative of the clan. They came to this new Scotland and they have through all the intervening years preserved their devotion to the language, to the institutions, to the story and the sentiment which has dominated the Highland race. And they cherish it today, just as they did one hundred and fifty years ago, because in that new Scotland we are proud of the fact that there are more Highlanders today than there are to be found in old Scotland between John O'Groats and Oban.

#### Represents Canadian Scots.

I come to you not as my friend the