

SIXTY-THIRD
ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

St. Andrew's Society



..... OF TORONTO.....

FROM

November 30, 1898, to November 30, 1899,

WITH

Lists of Officers and Members

1900.

SIXTYTHIRD

ANNUAL REPORT

St. Andrew's Society



OF TORONTO

December 30, 1890, to November 30, 1891

Lists of Officers and Members

1900

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

OFFICERS FOR 1899-1900

President :

WM. MORTIMER CLARK, Q.C.

Vice-Presidents :

GEORGE KENNEDY. ALEXANDER NAIRN.

Managers :

MALCOLM GIBBS. JOHN CATTO. JAMES MURRAY.

Chaplains :

REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, D.D. REV. W. G. WALLACE.
REV. ARMSTRONG BLACK.

Physicians :

DR. I. H. CAMERON. DR. J. FERGUSON.
DR. J. T. FOTHERINGHAM.

Treasurer :

GEORGE KEITH.

Secretary :

JAMES BAIN, JR.

Standing Committee :

ROBERT SWAN. J. A. PATERSON.

Committee of Accounts :

B. JENNINGS. J. F. MICHIE. J. H. MCKINNON.

Committee of Instalment :

A. M. COSBY. G. R. R. COCKBURN.

Marshals :

THOMAS MCGAW. ALEXANDER FRASER.

Standard Bearers :

D. M. ROBERTSON. FRANK M. GRAY.
ALEXANDER ROSE.

Pipers :

CHAS. MUNRO. FARQUHAR BEATON. G. MURRAY.

Pipe Major :

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

PATRON.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Argyle, Duke of
Bain, James
Elgin, Earl of
Fleming, Sir Sandford
Gillespie, Sir Robert
Gilmour, Isaac C.

Howard, Allan McLean
Mount-Stephen, Baron
Mowat, Sir Oliver
Nairn, Stephen
Riddell, John

LIFE MEMBERS.

Burgess, Ralph K.
Cassels, Allan
Christie, William
Dunnett, Thomas
Gardner, G. M.
Gilmor, I. R. Angus
Harvie, John
Keith, George

Miller, Kenneth A.
Macdonald, Hugh
McGaw, Thomas
McMurrich, W. B.
Ramsay, William
Smith, Dr. Andrew
Walker David
Wilkie, D. R.

ELECTED 1899.

Banks, William, sr.
Black, Rev. Armstrong
Cockburn, A. P.
Cosby, Crawford S.
Darling, Robert
George, James
Goodall, James

Leckie, John
McIntosh, James
McMichael, A. H.
Reid, W. B.
Ross, William, jr.
Scott, James C.
Tennant, James

RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Adams, James
Adamson, William
Aird, John
Alexander, D. W.
Alexander, James
Allan, A. A.

Allan, Hon. G. W.
Anderson, T. O.
Armstrong, Thomas
Asher, Alex.
Bain, James, jr.
Ballantyne, Professor

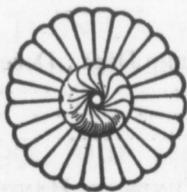
Barclay, D. S.
 Barron, Robert.
 Bayne, T. M.
 Bell, George.
 Bell, J. J.
 Black, Rev. Armstrong.
 Blaikie, John L.
 Blain, Hugh.
 Blue, Archibald.
 Boyd, Alexander.
 Boyle, David.
 Bradshaw, Alexander.
 Brimer, John.
 Brodie, John K.
 Brown, Alex. J.
 Buchan, Adam D.
 Burnett, George G.
 Burns, John
 Burnside, J. T. M.
 Cameron, Dr. I. H.
 Cameron, L. K.
 Campbell, A. H.
 Campbell, A. H., jr.
 Campbell, J. H. Mayne
 Campbell, Paul
 Campbell, R.
 Campbell, William.
 Carlyle, David
 Carlyle, William
 Carnegie, Charles
 Carrie, Robert
 Cassels, Hamilton
 Cassels, Walter G. P.
 Catto, Charles J.
 Catto, John
 Christie, William
 Clark, Dr. Daniel.
 Clark, Peter M.
 Clark, Gordon Mortimer.
 Clark, W. Mortimer
 Cockburn, Churchill
 Cockburn, G. R. R.
 Cooper, A. W.
 Cosby, A. M.
 Cosby, F. Lorne
 Cosby, Norman H.
 Coulson, Duncan
 Creighton, David.
 Cromar, Alex.
 Crombie, A. T.
 Curry, J. W.
 Dallas, Harry
 Darling, Henry W.
 Davidson, John I.
 Dick, David B.
 Dickson, Matthew C.
 Donald, Duncan
 Donald, Robert
 Donaldson, J. S.
 Douglas, John
 Douglas, William N.
 Drummond, H.
 Drynan, John
 Fairbairn, R. D.
 Ferguson, G. Tower
 Ferguson, Dr. John
 Fleming, F. A.
 Fotheringham, Dr. J. T.
 Fraser, Alexander
 Fraser, J. W.
 Fraser, G. B.
 Freeland, William
 Galbraith, William
 Galt, John
 Galt, Thomas P.
 Gibbs, Malcolm
 Gordon, Colin F.
 Gordon, W. H. L.
 Gowans, John
 Grant, Capt. W. Forsyth
 Gray, Frank M.
 Gray, James W.
 Gray, R. M.
 Greig, E. R.
 Greig, Dr. W. J.
 Gunn, James
 Hart, S. R.
 Hay, Edward
 Hedley, James
 Henderson, David
 Henderson, John B.
 Howard, A. McLean, jr,
 Imrie, John
 Irving, Andrew S.
 Irving, T. C.
 Jaffray, Alex.
 Jaffray, Robert
 Jamieson, Philip
 Jardine, Alexander
 Jennings, B.
 Jennings, Wm. T.
 Kay, Frank
 Kay, John Bryce
 Keith, Alexander
 Keith, D. S.
 Keith, George A.
 Keith, George E.
 Keith, John
 Kemp, John C.
 Kennedy, George

King, John
 Knowles, James, jr.
 Laidlaw, William
 Langmuir, J. W.
 Lauder, S. D.
 Lindsay, G. G. S.
 Litster, T. H.
 Little, Simon G.
 Lochore, Alexander
 Lockie, J. S.
 Love, J. L.
 Love, R. W.
 Lowden, John
 Lumsden, H. D.
 Lyon, T. Stewart
 Macallum, Prof.
 McCrimmon, Neil
 McDonald, C. S.
 Macdonald, J. Bruce
 Macdonald, James H.
 Macdonald, James
 Macdonald, J. Gordon
 Macdonald, J. K.
 Macdonald, Randolph
 Macdonald, W. C.
 Macdougall, Judge
 McGillivray, J. A.
 McIntosh, D. T.
 MacIntosh, John A.
 MacIntosh, Thomas
 MacIntosh, W. D.
 MacIntyre, D. A.
 MacKay, Donald
 McKeggie, J. C.
 McKellar, Lachlan
 MacKenzie, Alex.
 MacKenzie, J. J.
 MacKenzie, W. Innes
 McKenzie, William
 McKinnon, J. H.
 McKinnon, S. F.
 McLaren, Hon. Peter
 McLean, Hugh C.
 McLeod, J. E.
 MacLennan, Hon. James
 McLennan, J. C.
 McMillan, H. T.
 McMillan, John C.
 MacMurchy, Angus
 MacMurchy, Arch.
 McMurrich, George
 Macpherson, G. E. S.
 Macpherson, J. B.
 McPherson, R. U.
 McQueen, John K.

Massie, James
 Maule, Percy S.
 Michie, Charles H. S.
 Michie, John F.
 Milligan, Rev. G. M., D.D.
 Mitchell, G. M.
 Moffatt, Wm.
 Morison, John
 Morrison, James L.
 Mowat, Frederick
 Mowat, H. M.
 Murison, Rev. R. G.
 Murray, James
 Murray, W. T.
 Nairn, Alexander
 Osborne, J. K.
 Park, James
 Paterson, John A.
 Paton, J.
 Patton, Dr. J. C.
 Pearson, James
 Playfair, John S.
 Prentice, David
 Primrose, Dr. Alex.
 Proudfoot, Hon. W.
 Rae, G. M.
 Rae, Wm.
 Ramsay, J. F.
 Reid, Charles
 Reid, G. B.
 Reid, G. P.
 Reid, John Y.
 Rennie, Robert
 Riddell, W. R.
 Ritchie, Fred. A.
 Ritchie, George
 Robertson, D. M.
 Robertson, J. Ross
 Robertson, Thomas
 Rogers, W. B.
 Rose, Alex.
 Rose, Daniel
 Rose, Hugh
 Ross, Alexander
 Ross, Hon. G. W.
 Ross, Dr. J. F. W.
 Ross, J. H.
 Ross, James L.
 Ross, William
 Scarth, James L.
 Scott, James
 Scott, R. F.
 Scott, Wm.
 Shaw, Lieut.-Col. Geo. A.
 Shaw, John Ross

Simpson, Wm.
Sims, P. H.
Smith, Dr. D. King
Smith, James
Smith, Robert A.
Somerville, Andrew J.
Somerville, C. Fred.
Steele, R. C.
Stephen, Peter
Stewart, Dr. W. T.
Swan, Henry
Swan, Robert
Tait, Joseph
Taylor, C. W.
Thomson, D. E.
Thomson, J. D.
Thomson, J. Ironside
Thomson, William
Thorburn, Dr. James

Waldie, John
Walker, Charles
Wallace, Rev. W. G.
Watson, John
Watt, G. S.
Webster, A. F.
West, Thomas
Williamson, H. W.
Wilson, George
Wilson, James H.
Wilson, P. T.
Winchester, John
Wishart, Dr. D. J. G.
Wood, Hon. S. C.
Wright, Henry
Wright, Prof. R. Ramsay
Wyld, Frederick
Wylie, James



ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

TREASURER'S REPORT

FOR YEAR ENDING OCT. 12, 1899.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Oct. 13, 1898	\$73 62
Member's Fees	468 00
" Certificates	2 00
Life Membership, Thos. Dunnett	20 00
Aid Returned	2 00
St. Andrew's Day Collection	40 50
Donation, Neil Currie Estate	3,500 00
" Geo. H. Lewis	15 00
" Jas. George	6 00
	<u>\$4,127 12</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

Manager's Orders	\$539 32
Secretary's Orders, Printing, Advertising, Etc.	58 75
Keeping Burial Plot in order	8 00
Deposited to Credit Permanent Account	3,520 00
Balance October 12, 1899	1 05
	<u>\$4,127 12</u>

Balance in Dominion Bank Savings Dept, December 31, 1898.	\$4,000 00
Interest for 1898	121 95
Deposited, N. Currie donation	3,500 00
" Life membership	20 00
	<u>\$7,641 95</u>

FUNDS ON HAND.

Balance in Dominion Bank Savings Dept., Oct. 12, 1899	\$7,641 95
Cash in Bank	1 05
	<u>\$7,643 00</u>

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE KEITH,

Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE MANAGERS

OF

St. Andrew's Society, Toronto,

For the Year Ending October 12, 1899.

YOUR Managers have again the honor of submitting to you the Annual Report of their stewardship.

The number of orders issued were 326 and the amount expended was \$539.32.

We have, we believe, relieved all deserving applicants.

We remain, yours sincerely,

MALCOLM GIBBS,
JOHN CATTO,
JAS. MURRAY, } *Managers.*

During the year 1899, four meetings of the Society have been held. The names of fourteen gentlemen have been added to the roll, and sixteen removed through death, removal from the city and failure to pay the annual subscription. The total number on the roll, as amended, is three hundred and nineteen.

Honorary Members.....	13
Life Members.....	16
Resident Members.....	276
Members Elected in 1899.....	14
	<hr/>
	319

Allan McLean Howard, having been a resident member in good standing for fifty years, was elected an honorary member.

The Society deploras the loss, among others, of Sir James D. Edgar, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Mr. Alexander Grant, a member of sixty years' standing and Mr. Hugh Miller, who, joining the Society in 1843, had taken an active part in all its work, rarely having missed a meeting. Both Mr. Grant and Mr. Miller were elected Honorary Members on the completion of their fiftieth year. In Mr. J. Y. Reid the Society lost a member who had earned the regard of all who were in any way associated with him. All these leave behind them memories which their brother Scots will long cherish with kindly appreciation.

The proprietors of *The Weekly Scotsman*, Edinburgh, and William Ramsay, Esq., of Bowlands, have again favored the Society with boxes of heather from Scottish hills, for which the thanks of the Society are due.



ANNUAL SERMON

THE Annual Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Milligan, in Old St. Andrew's Church, on the evening of Sunday, November 26, 1899, to an audience larger than any previous year, both of members of the Society and the general congregation. The text was from Luke xi. 41, "Give alms of such things as ye have."

The revised version is "Give for alms those things which are within a better rendering." Our Lord has been rebuking in this part of the Gospel history, the external holiness of the Pharisees. They make clean the outside of things without attending to the inside. In our text, Jesus shows those He was teaching how to make all things clean. It is by giving for alms those things which are within.

We shall cleanse ourselves and others in the degree we give in disinterested service what comes within the circle of our endowments and opportunities.

Preaching for a Society like St. Andrew's, whose main object is charity, it may be well for us to think, on this occasion, in a broad, comprehensive way, of the nature and issues of charity.

1. Its nature is to give, in a disinterested spirit, according to the measure of our gifts and opportunities. This means to give unselfishly, as God calls us to do, and that His call in this matter is to be determined by our gifts and graces, and the open doors of His providence. Giving, thus regulated is, we are here taught, the indispensable condition of a true and fruitful life.

The spring or centre of all true life by man for man is pity or compassion. The man whose aim in life is wise, is he whose eye is fixed sympathetically upon the needs of his fellowmen, and who feels bound to supply these out of the resources God has bestowed upon him. We are to expect, in every relation in life, to find occasion to compassionate and help those who come in relation to us. For this end our powers and opportunities are given us. It was this end our Lord set before His disciples when He washed their feet. They were not to lord it over one another, but to minister one to another.

And what were they to give?

Their money? That would be to give by proxy. That would be as unworthy as the man who should put an hireling to do the work he is personally commissioned to do. We must, to comply with the requirement of God upon our service, give what is within us—give ourselves. We must fight His battles, not through mercenaries, but by ourselves taking up the weapons of heavenly warfare. The whole of life is, according to one view of it, a vast charitable organization whose members are obligated to minister to one another's need. A man's intellect is superior to his fellow's that he may devise for them as a parent does for the children whose protection and education are committed to his care. Superior endowments and experience come to their possessor as parental gifts imposing parental obligations. The lesser is intended always to be blessed of the greater. Strength is to minister to weakness, wisdom to folly, hope to despondency, prudence to rashness, courage to timidity, and magnanimity to meanness. Evil is to be overcome with good, want with the plenty of compassion. This is the divine law of "supply and demand." Charity thus conceived

demands not merely personal service, as opposed to proxy, but entire service as opposed to that which is partial and because partial so woefully defective.

Give what is *within* you. In charity there must be an organic connection between the giver and his gifts if there is to be fruit unto holiness for himself or others. His gifts must be embodiments of himself—*he* must be *in* them if they are to have their best, their divinely intended result. With the same personal interest that men invest in gold mines, does the truly benevolent man devise and give for the good of his fellowmen. He plans for and expects rich dividends in improved human character. Need we wonder that proxy visionary relationships to either material or moral investments should so often end in grief and failure? So much for the nature of benevolence.

Let us consider now its *issues*. The primary object of washing of hands and vessels was to prevent the eating of sacred offerings in defilement. Men washed to come in right festive relation to God.

But to God all things must be clean inside as well as outside, for He made both. In disinterested kindness, our text tells us are we to find true cleansing for all that *is in us*.

How shall my *mind* be *real* in its working and true in its processes and issues? This can be answered by inquiring why do men err in their judgments and conclusions. Because they are selfish. Something men wish to do or not to do biases their mind and pollutes their judgments. They fail to summon *all* their mind to reach conclusions they ought but do not wish to reach and follow. Readiness for unselfish service is the salt of the intellect preserving it from corrupt issues.

In your charity give your best intellect. Make your

investments there with caution and penetrating judgment. Take care lest your alms hurt. Mere perfunctory service will not avail in charity more than in religion. A loving heart summoning the mind in you to a wise exercise in almsgiving makes charity real. Aye and makes *us* real; for a mind thus exercised is healthfully exercised for all other service through that one unselfish service. "Behold, all things are clean unto you."

Give what is in you, of mind, in a disinterested way, and thereby you grow to have a healthy mind in all things. Disinterested giving trains the mind to habits of well-balanced and fair thinking. Thus giving what is within is twice blessed, blessing him who receives, and more deeply still, him who gives. Enriching are the reactions of thoughtful charity upon mind as well as heart.

Doubly cleansing is the effect of a careful, well-bestowed benevolence.

Give also what is in you of conscience, but give it benevolently. Conscience otherwise may do hard cruel things. A man with an energetic conscience and a narrow view of life may do much harm. Fancying he serves his neighbor for his good, he may all along be largely gratifying his self-will. Self-will, in the garb of conscience, is hard to reveal even to the man himself who is its victim. If anything *in* us needs watching it is our conscience, especially when it thinks it has a duty to help men. Give your moral powers solely for the good of your neighbor. See how you can reach to quicken and develop his moral nature, not in the shape you would like, but in the way possible and natural to him. When the conscience carefully engages itself for the good of our neighbor, then only is it apt to be void of offence to him.

Another issue of our powers used benevolently is that thereby are we fitted to know God.

If morality must find its basis in religion to be stable, so must religion find its fruit through morality. We are prone to separate the first Table of the Law from the second. God, however, hath joined them and we separate them at our peril. Religion can only be humane and just as it is moral.

The Pharisees separated among other things that should not be apart, the laws setting forth our duty to God and to our neighbor. They wrote "Corban," on what children should give to their parents and under the cover of honoring God really dishonored parents. It is, on the contrary, by being rightly related to men in motive and actions, that we come to know God. Children find their first lessons in reverencing the Divine by honoring their parents.

As we are pure do we believe God is pure. As we forgive can we believe in forgiveness. As we act on principle and not from interest or whim, can we believe that the foundations of God's throne are righteousness and justice. To the merciful, God shows himself merciful, and to the froward, froward. A rude age figures to itself a rude deity; a martial people come to believe in a martial God. Christ shows the men whom He is teaching how to come with cleanness before God. His declaration is that by giving themselves up intensely and disinterestedly for the good of their fellowmen, as they need them, will they come to know God and enter in festive relations with Him really and becomingly.

The quality of a people's life then has vital relation to their theological conceptions. Has not the sturdy and yet tender domestic life of Scotland done much to give shape to her theology? What is "The Cottar's

Saturday Night" but the realization of beliefs in Divine Sovereignty and in saintly perseverance and security? In "scenes like these" "truth springs out of the earth and righteousness looks down from heaven."

May Scotchmen and all other men, under whatever skies they live, keep such a heaven over them and earth around them.



ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Reported by Alexander Fraser, Esq.

AS is well known, the objects of the Society are not entirely confined to relieving the needy ; once a year the social side of life is cultivated, a dinner and a ball alternating, the function taking place on St. Andrew's night. This year a dinner was given. The Queen's Hotel, which has been the meeting place of the Society from time immemorial, was the scene of the celebration. At half-past seven o'clock members and friends began to assemble in the hotel parlors, and at eight o'clock the installing committee invested Wm. Mortimer Clark, Esq., Q.C., the president-elect, with the insignia of his office, and Geo. Kennedy, Esq., LL.D., with the First Vice-President's badge, and Alexander Nairn, with that of Second Vice-President. Thereupon a procession was formed, and headed by pipers Chas. Munro and S. Richardson, the company marched down the corridor to the dining hall. The room was simply but appropriately decorated for the occasion. Behind the chairman the wall was draped with the Royal Standard of Scotland and the Union Jack, while on the opposite wall were the Royal Arms of Scotland on a banner, the Scottish national flag, and other flags and Scottish pictures decorated the side walls, among them being the portrait of the late Earl Elgin, a former patron of the Society. The floral display on the tables gave beautiful color effects, fitting in with the general harmony of the scene, and deserving of a passing word

of praise. In front of the President, resting on the table, was the famous black faced tup's head, a valued heirloom, which is heavily mounted in silver and ornamented with the national gem, Scotland's Cairn-gorm, and crowning the front of which is a capacious silver snuff-mull.

The dinner was presided over by the newly installed president, Mr. Wm. Mortimer Clark, Q.C., and the vice-chairmen were Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Alexander Nairn. On the President's right were seated the Hon. Mr. Justice MacLennan, Lieut.-Col. Cosby, commanding the 48th Highlanders; Mr. George Musson, president St. George's Society; Mr. A. E. Kemp, president Board of Trade; Mr. Alexander Fraser, Grand Chief, Sons of Scotland Association; the Rev. Mr. Armstrong Black, the Rev. George Bruce, D.D.; and on his left, the Hon. J. M. Gibson, Attorney-General of Ontario; Lieut.-Col. Denison, Mr. Thos. Kinnear, Vice-President, Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Mr. George Vair, president Caledonian Society of Toronto; Capt. John Ross, vice-president, Gaelic Society of Toronto; Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., Rev. W. G. Wallace, B.D.

The gathering was representative of the professional and commercial life of the city, and was fully as large, numerically, as any such in former years. Mr. James Bain, Jr., the Secretary, was ably assisted by Mr. Gordon Mortimer Clark, secretary to the Dinner Committee, and to him no small credit for the admirable arrangements is due.

Sprigs of heather, worn by the members and guests, were supplied by Mr. Wm. Ramsay, of Bowlands, and the proprietors of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*.

Divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. W. G. Wallace, B.D., one of the chaplains.

The Haggis, which formed an important part of the

menu, was introduced with the usual time-honored ceremony. At the proper time Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Alexander Nairn, the vice-presidents, left their seats at the table and took up a position at the eastern entrance to the dining hall. This was the signal for the pipers and the officers told off to take part in the ceremony to take up post at the same place. The Haggis was placed on a St. Andrew's Cross and was carried around the room, supported by two stalwart members of the 48th Highlanders in uniform, in the following order of procession: the pipers, the vice-presidents, the Haggis, the secretary and treasurer, the standard bearers and the marshall. The pipers played and the company cheered, as this procession marched, with the sun, twice around the room. The "great chieftain of the Puddin' race" was placed before the president, who gave a service and consigned it to the stewards.

FRATERNAL GREETING

After dinner the Secretary read greetings from St. Andrews' Societies, as follows :

Halifax, N.S.—The President and Office Bearers of the North British Society of Halifax, from their one hundred and thirty-first annual festival send cordial greetings.—JOSEPH A. CHISHOLM, President.

St. John, N.B.—

Wha in a brulzie would first cry a parley,
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o'barley.

J. G. FORBES, President.

Fredericton, N.B.—

A pint and gill I'd gie them baith to hear your crack.

J. F. McMURRAY, President.

Quebec.—

How's a' wi' ye the day? Here's a hand my trusty freen.

JOHN T. ROSS, President.

Montreal.—

Noo hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
Put life and mettle in 'oor heels.

Ottawa.—Ottawa Scotchmen on this St. Andrew's Day extend hearty greetings and good wishes for a pleasant gathering.—W. D. HOGG, President.

Alexandria—Be true to brither Scot, the world o'er, and thus follow the footsteps of your forefathers.—A. G. MACDONALD, President.

Cornwall—
Brawly; thank ye for speerin; gies a haud o' thine.
J. C. CAMERON.

Kingston—
Hoos a' w' ye the nicht; accept our kindly greetings.
J. B. MCKAY, President.

Trenton—
St. Andrew's sons this natal night
Are roun' the table plantit,
May friendship's tie be closer knit,
An' a' that's guid be granted.
ROBERT WEDDELL, President.

Dundas—May guid guidin' an' guid gear gang wi' ye this nicht.
JOHN BERTRAM, President.

St. Catharines—
"Oatmeal, haggis and whiskey mak' sojers o' the Queen."
WALTER MCGIBBON, President.

Guelph—
Toronto chiel's this nicht we feel
To hug ye' as o'or brither,
We'el squeeze your neeve wi'e out a sleeve
For mountain and heather.
J. MCDUFF, President.

Ingersoll—
Wi' a weel thacket house
An' weel cleedit weans,
Wi' routh o' guid victuals
To fill a' their wames,
Wi' your neebor's guid will,
An' a' shillin' or twa
To help the less lucky
Whose backs to the wa'.
A. MACAULAY, Secretary.

Stratford—
In memory o' auld Scotland's fame,
We greet ye in St. Andrew's name,
May pleasure plenty croon the nicht,
And a' your future anes be bricht.
GEORGE MALCOLM, President.

Brantford—

Come brither Scots let's toast thegither
The land o' heath, and hill, and heather,
May Scotia's sons whaur ere they be,
Aye dwell in love and harmony.

J. F. McLAREN, Secretary.

Windsor, Ont.—

Gie us your hand, Toronto chiels !
We like your spunk, your grip it feels ;
A thrill o' friendship through us steals
On our Saint's day,
To see your bonny Scotch lads drill,
In war's array.

ROBERT BARR, Bard.

*Winnipeg—*Frae Jack's Winnipeg weans—some kindly Scots hae gathered here to taste St. Andrew's Scottish cheer, an' wish that a' their brithers dear were seated cheek by jowl. The far'r awa the nearer the heart.

D. H. McMILLAN, President.

*Edmonton, N.W.T.—*Fu' wames and pleasant dreams in a' John Tamson's bairns' hames.—GEO. J. KINAIRD, President.

Regina, N.W.T.—

Hale be your hart, hale be your fiddle,
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the cammoch driddle,
A gray hair'd carl.

W. McIVOR, President.

*Grand Forks, B.C.—*We wad like fine to hae a crack wi' ye this nicht ; may ye always hae hale breeks, a scone and whiskey gill, and routh of rhyme to rave at will.—BRITHER SCOTS.

*Columbia, B.C.—*The gawkie Scots of Columbia rax their hans' to their touzie brither Scots of Toronto an' lachi s nach thaic.—A. W. ROSS, President.

*Kamloops, B.C.—*Let the sons of St. Andrew the world over drink this nicht wi' pride to oor brithers in arms in South Africa and their gallant comrades.

C. WENTWORTH SAREL, President.

Vancouver, B.C.—

Hoos a wi' ye, kimmer ? Hoo dae ye thrive,
The pipers blaw, we'll hae a reel, syne drink yeer health belye.

J. JOHNSTONE, President.

*Victoria, B.C.—*Gin freens meet on St. Andra's nicht, hearts warm.

H. DALLAS HELMEKEN, President.

Detroit, Mich.—

Wi' richt guid wull,
We wish ye yer full,
O' tatties and herrin and haggis and yill.

St. Louis, Mo.—

And here's to them we darena' name, the dearest of the quorum,
And here's to them we darena' tell, the dearest of the quorum.

J. W. DICK.

San Francisco—

Joy be wi' ye a' the nicht.

JAMES WEBSTER, President.

Letters of regret for absence from the Dinner were read from the Hon. Geo. W. Ross, M.P.P., premier of Ontario; from the Hon. Chief Justice Sir George Burton, Supreme Court of Ontario; from his Worship, Mayor John Shaw, Toronto.

THE TOAST LIST.

The toast list was very satisfactorily carried out; the president's short speeches were in admirable taste, and the responses were always eloquent, sometimes brilliant oratorical efforts.

In proposing the health of "The Queen." the chairman said:

GENTLEMEN,—We may rest assured that wherever Scotchmen meet in all parts of the Empire to celebrate this day, the toast of "The Queen" will take precedence of all others, and will be drunk with an enthusiasm which increases with the increasing years of Her Majesty. In drinking to the health of the distinguished lady who is the subject of this toast, we drink to her not only because she occupies the highest position of earthly greatness, and as the sovereign of the vastest empire known in the history of mankind, but as one, who by her many virtues, and nobleness of nature, has won the affectionate regard of hundreds of millions of the human race. We wish her with our united hearts, health, long life and prosperity, and trust

that she may long continue to be the head of the truest democracy the world has ever seen. Further comment is unnecessary, for in the words of the laureate of the Greater Britain.

We 'ave 'eard o' the widow of Windsor
 It's safest to let 'er alone,
 For 'er sentries they stand by sea and by land
 Wherever the bugles are blown,
 Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin'
 And flop round the earth till you're dead,
 But you won't get away from the tune that they play,
 To the bloomin' old rag overhead !

(Applause)

The toast was enthusiastically honored; the company, led by Mr. D. S. Keith, singing the National Anthem.

Then followed the "Prince of Wales and the Royal Family" proposed in the following words :

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor of proposing the health of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne, who stands next in royal dignity to Her Majesty. His position is one of great difficulty, and he has invariably maintained a strictly constitutional attitude in relation to all public affairs. His unfailing urbanity and kindliness of manner and disposition have obtained for him a warm place in the hearts of the British people. It has been even said that if Great Britain were to declare for a republican form of government, he would be elected the first president. The other members of the royal household have in their respective positions secured the esteem of the people as worthily maintaining the dignity of their high social positions. We drink heartily to their health and happiness.

(Applause)

"God Bless the Prince of Wales," was played by the orchestra after the toast had been drunk.

“The Governor-General of Canada” and “Lieutenant Governor of Ontario” was the next toast proposed by the chairman as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—I have now the honor of proposing the health of the Governor-General of Canada who we expected to have had with us to-night. His Excellency is no stranger of Canada, having as Viscount Melgund taken his share in supporting British authority in the North-West during our troubles there. We have no doubt that during the tenure of his high office he will continue to manifest the same interest in our country. I may venture to associate with him in this toast the name of our late Governor, the Earl of Aberdeen, who was with us at our last dinner, and who by his princely hospitality gave so much pleasure to our citizens. We regret the absence, through illness, of our old member Sir Oliver Mowat, our Lieutenant-Governor, who has for so long a time occupied a prominent and honorable a place in the political history of the country. We trust he may be long spared to enjoy his distinguished position. In this toast I would also embrace the name of our last Lieutenant-Governor Sir George Kirkpatrick, unfortunately prevented by illness from being our guest, and I am sure we all extend to him our heartfelt sympathy in his prolonged sufferings. I have the honor of proposing the health of the Earl of Minto, Governor-General—a Scotchman; the Earl of Aberdeen, our last Governor-General, also a Scotchman; Sir Oliver Mowat, our Lieutenant-Governor, also a Scotchman; and our last Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Kirkpatrick, a member of the Scottish house of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn.

(Applause)

The toast having been duly honored the chairman

gave "The Army, Navy and Volunteers," his remarks which were as follows, eliciting enthusiastic applause:—

GENTLEMEN,—At no time since the great crisis of the Indian Mutiny have so many of our soldiers left Britain for foreign active service as have now gone to maintain the honor and principles of our Government in Africa. Our army and navy occupy a place in the hearts of our people, very different from the way in which the soldiers and sailors of many foreign countries are regarded by them. They are too often the means, if not of actual oppression, yet of the repression of popular aspirations. They are a class separate and apart from the people. Our men are of the people, and are one with them in feeling and sentiment. Our battalions and ships are the symbols of law, order and true liberty, and are the pride and glory of our country. Our Scottish sailors and soldiers have done their full share of heroic effort in the service of the Empire in every land and clime, and the news of their valor and steadfastness is ever hailed with delight by us all.

It was no mere holiday spectacle that brought out tens of thousands of our citizens the other day, to witness the departure of so many of the flower of our youth on a voyage of 12,000 miles to assert the honor and maintain the integrity of our Empire. It was an event of profound significance, and may be of vast consequence in the history of the world.

Reports of the valor of our soldiers have reached us, and of deeds, the mention of which

"Brings the crimson to the forehead
And the lustre to the eye."

But we must not, while congratulating ourselves on the bravery of our soldiers and sailors forget the dreadful

anxiety of many loving and tender hearts left behind. Of many British and Canadian homes it may be said

“That Fear doth sit in Slumber's chair
And hold the eyes apart.”

Our sympathy is with them, and much more than sympathy must be theirs,

“When wild war's deadly blast hath blawn
And gentle peace returnin',
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mournin'.”

(Applause)

Lieut.-Col. Denison was the first called upon to respond. He spoke of the neglect from which the soldiers suffered in times of peace, which should be times of careful preparation, and dwelt upon the territorial and commercial expansion which followed successful wars. Such expansion was enjoyed in England after the Napoleonic wars, in France after their defeat of the Austrians, in Germany after the defeat of the third Napoleon. The work of the soldier paved the way for commercial development, and too much honor could not be conferred upon the man of arms. He pointed out that Canada is unprepared for war. The Boers, a people of only 50,000, by spending their money in warlike preparations were able to hold their own against the British Empire, for a time at least, whereas we in Canada with 6,000,000 people have not even arms enough for our fighting population. He was delighted that Canada had sent a contingent to South Africa, as it would have a good effect on our country by letting the people know what war is and would also have a good effect upon the minds of the British people. (Applause).

Lieut.-Col. Cosby was next called upon, and he

heartily endorsed the words of Lieut.-Col. Denison. He pointed out that Canada's militia force was but 35,000 men, while, if the public did its duty by the force, it could easily be 50,000 men, or even more. Advantage should be taken of the present state of public feeling to place the militia on a proper footing. Col. Cosby continued by referring to the bravery of the Scottish soldier, but did not for a moment doubt that the Canadians would give an equally good account of themselves if they had the opportunity to face the foe. (Cheers).

THE DAY.

When the president arose to give the toast of the evening, "The day an' a' wha honor it," he was received with ringing cheers. He said :

GENTLEMEN—It has been the time honoured custom at all the dinners of our Society, that the toast of "The day and a' wha honor it" should be proposed by the chair and responded to by one of our prominent guests. It is, perhaps, easier for us to drink this toast than to define to ourselves the meaning of the expression "The Day." This part of the toast fortunately, however, admits of a wide latitude of interpretation. I shall venture, therefore, to think of it as embracing the genius of the Scottish people. It appears to me that among the many marked characteristics of the race, are the seemingly contradictory ones of force and tenderness. On one of the buildings of the University of Aberdeen, where I spent part of my university life, are inscribed these words "They say; What say they? Let them say." I know not the origin of these bold and defiant words. They appear to be the language of a man who knew that his conduct was right and that he was resolved to follow out his course of action regardless

of the clamor of tongues. They always struck me as being symbolical of the forceful and resolute and, perhaps, somewhat defiant nature of the Scottish people. This characteristic has been generally recognized, for Froude in his "History of England" speaking of Scotland says, that "turn where you will in the story of Scotland weakness is nowhere ; power, energy and will are everywhere." This *perfervidum, ingenium Scotorum* is to-day as forceful as ever. It is met with in every rank of life : "in the steamship, in the railway, and the thoughts that move mankind." It dwells in lives of the quietest and apparently most prosaic of men, and is ready to flame forth when the need arises, often indeed to the surprise of others. It has carried our race to the highest positions in the history and service of the state, the army, the navy and the learned professions, and associated as it is usually with high moral character, it has resulted in eminent services to mankind.

The Boer who, telling of the dread of his countrymen for the Highland soldiers, spoke of them as "half men and half women" was nearer the truth than he realized. For in valor they are men, in tenderness they are women. Well says our Scottish poet :

" Nowhere beats the heart so kindly,
As beneath the tartan plaid."

The Scottish language, the poetry and song of Scotland are full of sweetness and tenderness. The chief characteristic of our recent Scottish novels which have so captivated the English-speaking world is this tenderness of sentiment and feeling which pervades them and so powerfully affects us

The paintings of our artists are full of tender and poetic representations of nature, and sweet scenes of

homely life, and everyone who listens to the Scottish song cannot fail to be moved by its tenderness.

In drinking to all who honor the day, I take it that we pledge all those true Scots, who like us, are banded together to assist those who have, for a little, fallen by the wayside in the battle of life, not with a patronizing dole of charity, but with the kindly help of one brother Scot to another; and also to those who by honorable and industrious lives, maintain the national reputation and assist most truly in building up the imperial grandeur and magnificence of the British Empire and name. (Cheers).

The name of the Rev. Armstrong Black, minister of St. Andrew's Church, was coupled with the toast. Mr. Black had but recently come to Canada, and made his first appearance at a Scottish celebration on this occasion. He was cordially welcomed. His reply, which enlisted the sympathetic attention of the company from beginning to end, was as follows :

I feel both the honor and embarrassment of having my name associated in this representative way with this splendid toast—a toast which to-night all the world over is making Scottish hearts beat faster and Scottish blood flow thicker and warmer. I also feel the personal kindness of the chairman's words in naming me with the toast, and not less the kindness with which you all have responded to what he said. I am one of the latest recruits to the ranks of Scottish Canadians, or let me rather say to the ranks of Canadian Scots. We may assume that all here to-night are Scotsmen; well, are at least as good as Scotsmen, even though some of you be like the Irishman, who said that he had the misfortune not to be born in his native land. At any rate that we are all Scots is our working hypothesis to-night, and in humor we may boast of our noble selves and

say that Scot is the granitic base and essential element in us, and Canadian is the modifying or qualifying influence which affects the grit that is there already. But, though a raw recruit in these ranks, I do not think I am—I certainly do not feel as if I were—in “the awkward squad.” I have not yet felt at all seriously *not at home* in Canada; and, if I had been feeling so, I should need no corrective more satisfactory, and could find none more pleasant, than this our St. Andrew’s hour together; and, in the midst of a new life here to which Scotland has made such contributions of power and progress, I am in a sense only heightening my loyalty to the land of my adoption when I to-night with you renew my fealty to the land of my birth.

I hope that I shall not lower my character as a Scotsman and a patriot when I confess to you that I never was at a St. Andrew’s dinner before. But this fact must not be accepted as any measure of my ardor as a Scotsman; and, though I was born on the borders, perilously near to England, I do not accept the decision of the Aberdeen man who said that “The selvedge is aye the waikest pairt o’ the wab.” I have had occasion again and again to say that I never knew what loyalty to our good Queen and her Empire was until I came to Canada; and I may now say that here the spell of Scotland comes over me so strong that I welcome this hour to give expression and relief to what I feel. Yet what can I now say, if I am to utter aright, or at all, what we are all this evening feeling? At this particular stage, I dare say that the reminiscences of many St. Andrew’s speeches come floating into the memories of you all. So many have spoken that it may seem as if all had been said! But I shall fall back for comfort on a story I have heard. It is said that you can tell the difference between an Irishman and an Englishman and

a Scotsman by the way they each leave a railway carriage. The Irishman jumps up when the train stops, jumps out and is off never looking behind him ; the Englishman looks round to see that he has left nothing, but the Scotsman looks carefully all over to see if anybody else has left anything. With this same Scottish instinct to-night, I would fain look round and I hope that I may successfully pick up what somebody else has left, as I reply to this toast "The day and all who honor it."

Wherever any one travels all the world over he comes upon, and he feels the impact of, Scotsmen. That is to say, if he goes to places that are worth going to, where energy will have a result and where evidently its Maker meant that the earth should be dressed and kept by man ; for there are economic reasons, which the Scotsman understands, why one of his countrymen will *not* be found sitting on the North Pole ! In all the far-spread waters of human life, a current can be felt, with a distinct force and temperature and quality of its own, which is affecting more or less the whole ; and that current takes its rise and is set a flowing by influences which play around the shores of Scotland. It is a very small country, one of the world's smallest ; but after all size does not count in estimating force, and the little countries of the world have always been those that did the heavy work. It is an awkwardly situated country, shouldered back from England and so set out of the way that you can see nowhere from it except its own islands and a doubtful piece of Ireland. It was a land that was difficult to subdue, for its soil was slow and sullen and its skies grey and cold ; its lines of life were hard and the struggle for existence was sore ; its larger neighbor for long did not love it and its sons were not given to compromise. But there was splendid material .

there out of which to make men—material that needed and stood a long process. The Romans began that process and they did their part of it well; for by squeezing the tribes back until they stood with their backs to the northern sea and their right foot forward on the Grampians, they gave the Scottish character its first feeling of a force like compressed air. The English tried the same experiment again and again, and the repeated experiment increased the same result; and the way we were taught to draw our breath, and plant our foot, and stretch our muscles then, survives and serves us still. Scotland never was conquered, and never will be; Scotland never even gave in to a rival or a foe.

This long effort merely to hold his own has given the Scotsman some of his permanent characteristics. Some of these are so unique and distinctive that there are adjectives adapted to give them expression, which will not translate out of Scotch; and this is so, because the qualities they indicate will not transfer. There is no English, nor any other equivalent to the words "dour" and "siccar"; and you could not have a "dour" Englishman nor even imagine a "siccar" Irishman. There is more than obstinacy in the word "dour"; it is a splendid obstinacy—an obstinacy with character and principle in it—both oatmeal and shorter catechism have gone to the making of the man who is "dour." A Scotsman, who had been wronged by someone, said one day to an Englishman "Stop till I see that man and I'll gi'e him a *sine qua non*." The Englishman laughed and said "You don't mean a *sine qua non*, you mean a *quid pro quo*." But the Scotsman's answer was "It disna matter; he'll get it." And as to "siccar," we all know the kind of man the word indicates; far more than cautious and far other even than astute! It is a quality bred in the bone and developed when a con-

cealed energy is persistently achieving. It is honesty and integrity allied with shrewdness; it is silence rather than cunning, and power combined with patience. An Englishman one day was drawing a very long bow and relating to a Scotsman something that seemed all but impossible; and seeing a look of strange incredulity spread over the listener's face he thought to strengthen his position by saying, "If I had not seen it myself, I would not have believed it." The Scotsman's answer was "Aweel! ye maun excuse me." And yet we are told that the Scotch have no humor! and Englishmen still repeat that suicidal dictum about the surgical operation, when everybody knows that it is the English joke to which the Scotsman is "awfully impenetrable!"

But, while the Scottish character has these elements of resistance in it, which gives it fixity and permanence wherever it gets a footing, it has also a wonderful power of peaceful adaptation. A Scotsman's adaptability is quite as conspicuous as his ability. He wastes no time in quarrelling with his circumstances, he sets to work to master them. A Scotsman will grumble less about his dinner and the bed he has to lie on than any other man I know, just as when he has overcome his hindrances and made money he will say less about it than anybody else. That is why he is such a splendid colonist, and all this comes from the composition of his blood. We Scots are, primarily and essentially, Celts. That is whence we draw our *perfervidum ingenium*; but this very fervid spirit is finely attempered and sanely alloyed with harder elements. The mobility and lightness of the Celt is in our countrymen blended with the staying power of the Saxon and the Dane. We resisted the Teuton when he came to take, we welcomed him when he came to give. As a friend we took him in both

to our hearth and home, and we mixed his blood with our own, and in peace we accepted all the good he had to give us and, in harmless theft, which did not impoverish him, we enriched ourselves. I fear that even now that Celtic element is receiving but poor recognition in the old country, and yet there is nothing in the life of the land to-day more refined and chivalrous and winsome—nothing more capable of the finest affinities and the sweetest inspiration than the spirit of the Celt. And we, all too well, know how, in unhappy days that are past, the Celt was driven from Scotland's shores, his cottages unroofed above his head and burned before his eyes; and yet what a blessing there was for Canada when these clans were transferred to her plains! Their life is now enriching and sweetening the life both of country and town, an influence quite distinct and appreciable amidst all the quick elements which mingle in the expanding life of Canada.

Shut in as the life of Scotland was for many centuries the influences which bore upon it acted and reacted so continuously upon the people that the results were intense and deep. St. Columba gave the whole nation a sense of awe and mystery, whether they sailed the sea or climbed the hill or walked the wood, which became a pervading religiousness in the people's life; Wallace filled and fired the nation's heart with an inspiring and imaginative ideal of patriotism; and Knox, with a necessary austerity, in due time re-adjusted the whole life of the country, and put it under tutors and governors for more intellectual discipline and strength. Thus Scotland grew and was developed within the stern walls of her grey seas; she had a long time of pupilage at home, and then the voice of new lands was heard calling for colonists from the old. At once the long order then began to change and Scotsmen went

off with all their home traditions and inspirations into a new and wider world. And, this evening, when we think of Scotsmen all the world round turning their thoughts in unison to the little misty island of the northern sea which they still call home, and while we are sending our sympathy to all who with ourselves honor St. Andrew's day, I must name another man who has been one of the greatest in power to unify Scotsmen all the earth over, and to keep the memories of Scotland fresh and green. I mean Robert Burns—one of the most phenomenal men of the world! He rose just when the old order was breaking up, when Scotland was lifting up its head after long depression, and when her sons were rising up and shaking themselves for enterprise abroad. He interpreted the spirit of the nation's history, he perpetuated in his song the habits and customs of the people, he told the story of the human heart in its sorrow and its joy, with such vividness and fullness and truth, and in a music so simple and yet so melodious, that Scotland lives in the memory of many Scots abroad largely through his lovely lyrics. They see Scotland with his larger eyes, and they love it with his larger love. Would Scotsmen in every land to-night be honoring that lordly dish which these gallant soldiers carried to music round our hall a little ago, if it were not a reminiscence and symbol of our old country life and customs? and would it have been anything like the symbol of unity and good fellowship that it is if Burns had not singled it out as typical of such, and said, "Fair fa' your honest sonsie face!" He wished, as he said, "for puir auld Scotland's sake," to "sing a sang at least": and he has done that and much more.

But I transgress on your time, and I would just remind you ere I sit down that we are met under the inspiration of St. Andrew—the homely apostle, whose

conspicuous characteristic was brotherliness. The greatest act of his life was "He findeth his brother . . . and he brought him to Jesus." We have many pleasant duties as Knights of St. Andrew's Order; but tender and difficult work comes at times into our hands as well. When a Scot forgets all his good traditions, and breaks down in his own nature all these barriers which godly training has set up, (with sorrow let us say it!) he becomes a very sad and somewhat hopeless character. It is a case of "If the salt lose its saltness, where with shall it be salted?" But let us not omit to be kind, and let us not forget to be pitiful! neither extorting from a poor fellow down in his luck some sad enough confession but doing what we can for pity's sake, nor even expecting gratitude in return. And let me veil my advice with a story which is a little parable: One day a little girl was seen up the High Street of Edinburgh carrying a very big boy in her arms. She bent back under the weight as if her back might break; and a missionary went up to her and said, 'My child, you must not carry that boy, he is far too heavy for you.' But the child's answer was 'Oh, sir, he's no heavy; he's *ma brither*.' Sometimes in St. Andrew's Society we may need in our work to carry St. Andrew's cross!

Thus, with all who honor this day, we have been refreshing ourselves with a breath of a far country which we call the homeland. We have been awaking anew the feelings which endear it to our hearts and bind us to it with ever fresh ties. Away in the distance there, each of us from his own point of view seems to see it on his life's horizon, a dusky spot of island with the sea at its ancient work around her cliffs; and as we speak thus, late on a last November night, the first December morning will almost be beginning to

dawn on hill and stream there. We hold a birthright from Scotland and we must not despise it. We must be true to our obligations and duties as her sons, and we must do, in the world of to-day and the future, as great things as our fathers in the past did for the world as it then was, and as they by their noble effort helped to make it. One of the most distinctive and melodious sounds I know is that which the wind makes on a Scottish moor or a long sweep of heathery hill-side, when it takes the bells of the innumerable heather and out of each and out of all makes one vast music. That is one of the great voices with which Nature speaks in that land we love, and I can recall to-night no other more suggestive. For it will be through the good contribution which we individually and all make in our own little life to the larger life of the world that Scotland's name will be made melodious in the ears of men.

Dr. Kennedy proposed the next toast, viz.: "The Parliament of Canada, and the Legislature of Ontario." He remarked in happy terms on the breadth of feeling which existed between members of parliament, who, whatever their party affiliations, or party warfare may be, met socially as friends. That was one of the attributes of British statesmen, and to it in no small degree was owing the amenities and the consequent success of British institutions. He looked forward to the time when in the not far distant future there would be a truly Imperial parliament embracing in one body the various parts of the Empire. (Cheers).

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, ex-M.P., was the first to reply to this toast. He was in his usual humorous vein in speaking of his own political experiences. If there were to be a parliament of the British Empire, he declared that it ought to be composed entirely of Scotsmen who were the only heaven-born legislators, and

rulers of the world. (Laughter.) Colonel Denison who might, perhaps, have aspirations himself—there was no telling—should particularly notice that fact. Each member of the Imperial House that was to be, should be required to produce a certificate that he had been born in Scotland, that he was able to eat haggis in an competitive examination, and could stand the sound of the bagpipes. (Laughter). Seriously speaking, however, they as Scotsmen could claim no small credit for the establishment and development of free legislative institutions and whether, under the present system of government, or on a more extended and exalted scale, they might be called upon to serve their country, they would do it as of yore. (Cheers).

Lieut.-Col. Gibson, M.P.P., responded for the Ontario Legislature. He was warmly received. He expressed his deep regret that the Premier, the Hon. G. W. Ross, who would feel so much at home in a Scottish gathering, was not able to be present. But his heart was with them, and he was sure had he been with them himself his reply for the legislature would not only do justice to that important body but would be a welcome contribution to the most eloquent and delightful speaking of the evening (Cheers). The legislature had to do with questions that came more closely home to the interests of the people than those dealt with by the Dominion House, and no doubt it was, therefore, in closer touch with the people. It was a fairly good legislature as could be judged by the continued confidence of the people in it, and he felt sure that that confidence and appreciation would not diminish during the premiership so happily begun by a brother Scot, the Hon. Mr. Ross (Cheers). He must convey his thanks to the Society for their kind invitation to join with them in the celebration of Scotia's Day, and he could say that

the proceedings had afforded him much enjoyment and good-fellowship. (Cheers).

The toast, "Sister Societies" was briefly responded to by Messrs. Geo. Musson, T. Kinnear and Alexander Fraser.

"The Ladies" and "The Press," proposed by Mr. Alexander Nairn, were done justice to, and then the company joined heartily in singing "Auld Lang Syne," with which the proceedings terminated.

During the evening the guests were favoured with songs, rendered in admirable style, by Mr. Boyd, Mr. Drummond, Mr. G. McMurrich and Mr. Grant.

