You can rely on SHILOH FOR COUGHS

# St. Andrew's Night

(Continued from Page 1)

Smith, James Watt, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Dr. Alexander Graham-Bell, and the great Lord Kelvin. But what expands a Scotsman's breast is such bits of news as this: A Scotch general in the South African War was signalled to surrender; and immediately this curt reply was sent back: "The Scotch never surrender."

### Greetings.

The chairman then called upon Ex-Chief Burnett to read the exchange of Greetings, the principal of which were as follows:

### The Caledonian Club Greetings

Charlottetown,
Nov. 30, 1926.

Dear Brither Scots,—Its wi no sma' satisfaction, we sen' oot greetin's the year, for are we no livin' in mair than ordinar' prospeerous times, an' far frae the troubles sae sairly afflictin' oor kindred in Auld Scotia? We hae indeed reason tae be thankfu' tae Providence for a' His benefits; aye, tatties are plentifu' an' at a guid price, soos are worth botherin' wi', an' foxes an' their pelts are jist gorgeous. Peace an' plenty ruling' here its oor sincere wish ye may a' be sharin' similar blessin's.

"Wherever you bide, in this world sae wide,
We wish you a nook on the sunny side,
Wi' plenty o' love, and a little o' care,
And a wee bit pursie, wi' siller to spare;
Yir ain fireside when the day is spent,
In a wee bit hoosie, wi' heart's content."

Wi' a' St. Andra's blessin's,
We are, yirs fraternally,
D. J. Macdonald,
T. M. MacMillan, President.
Secretary.

### St. Andrew Society, Albany, N. Y.

Greetings to Caledonian Club
Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow;
May they live in our song,
And be nearest our hearts,
Nor defeat like the year that's awa'.

### St. Andrew's Society, St. John, N.B.

"Here's health an' hail tae Scots the wale
Wha bear the Norlan' names,
Blythe be ye a', dull care awa'
An' happy be your hames,
An' spend ye gowd, or but a groat
Your drink be what it may,
We Scots rejoice wi' brither Scots
Upon Saint Andrew's Day."

### St. Andrew's Society, Fredericton, N.B.

The Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew, on this its one hundred and first anniversary, heartily greets you.

We've begun our second hunner,
Wi' muckle zest and glee,
We've hopes 'twill be a stunner,
Though the end we winna see.

A hunner years o' kindness
And free frae wardly strife,
A hunner years o' progress,
To the land that gave us life.

And through it all the toast will pass
Frae ane to ane another
And as we lift the social glass
We think of you—oor brither.

### St. Andrew's Society of Montreal.

Ninety-first Anniversary: Greeting—

Afar from thy scenes are we now, but in dreams
We call them to memory again,
The days without care on the high rearing crags—
In the silent deep glades of the Glen.

### St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa.

Cordial Fraternal Greetings to Caledonian Club, Charlottetown, from the St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa, Canada. In commemoration of the Patron Saint of Scotland.

Hail! St. Andrew's Day, All Hail!
We're feelin' unco fine,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Or Auld Lang Syne,
Contentit wi' little, an' Cantie wi Mair,
May Joy be wi' ye a';
Lang may your lum reek,
Frae the Scots o' Ottawa—

### St. Andrew's Society, Toronto.

St. Andrew's Society of Toronto, Canada, sends you friendly greetings on this its 90th Anniversary.

We toast to the day, the hill and the heather,
The lads o' the bonnet, the plaid and the feather,
The land o' the mountain, the stream and the river,
The land o' our ancestors—Scotland forever.

### St. Andrew's and Calendonian Society, Vancouver, B. C.

HERE'S TAE US!

Wi' true Scottish zest be St. Andrew's lads blest.
And blithe be, this night, each endeavor,
Frae coast unto coast, to honor the toast:
Guid Auld Mither Scotland Forever!

### St. Andrew's Society, New York.

Saint Andrew's Day, November 30th, 1926. Our one hundred and seventieth Anniversary. 1756-1926. Cordial Greetings to you from Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York.

Here's tae ye as ye cowp yer glasses in honor o' oor ain Saint Andrew an' the Day, an' a' wha honor it!

Thus, then, let us a' be tassing
Aff our stoups o' generous flame;
And, while round the board 'tis passing,
Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship makes us a' mair happy
Frien'ship gives us a' delight;
Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
Frien'ship brings us here tonight.
—Burns.

### St. Andrew's Society, Charleston, S. C.

Saint Andrew's Society of Charleston, S. C., sends Greetings on its 197th Anniversary, with Wishes for Good Cheer and High Hope on this Day of Our Patron Saint, 1926.

### St. Andrew's Society, New Glasgow, N. S.

Dear Brither Scots,—Wi' heartiest greetings an' felicitations an' a' the blessin's o' Saint Andra.

### Mr. John H. Malcom, Yarmouth, N. S.

I was richt glae tae hear frae ye. Thats gran' news aboot yer tatties an' sows an' foxes. Are yer aits muckle, bookit th' year? May poortith ne'er throw ye in the dirt, or gowd into the high saddle. Nae doot ye'll be ho'an a gran' time ot St. Andra's nicht. Eatin' cockaleekie, and fine fat how towdies, wi' a whang at the bannocks, and a bit bite o' Haggis—worthy o a' grace as lang's my airm; mirth an' music tae drive oot your griefs an' forget yer loves and debts.

"The grace is said; it's nae ower lang,
The claret reams in bells,
Quo Deacon, Let the toast round gang,
Come, here's our noble sels,
Well met the day."

Here's tae ye that's far awa'. The deil rock them in a creel that doesna wish us a' weel.

### North British Society, Halifax, N.S.

Greetings from brither Scots of the North British Society of Halifax:

May you a' be vera happy,
And the speeches guid and snappy,
Waes me! we hae na nappie,
But hope ye hae a drappie
This nicht o' nichts.

With apologies to Robbie Burns.

### Antigonish Highland Society.

Antigonish Scotsmen extend the glad hand and warm heart to brither Scots of the Caledonian Club, on this our national annivers ary.

### The Lieutenant Governor

The President then in felicitous terms proposed the toast of "His Honor the Lieutenant Governor."

His Honor Governor Heartz in acknowledgment, said:

"Not only on behalf of His Gracious Majesty King George V. whose duty and privilege it is to rule an Empire which in brilliancy and achievement surpasses all the kingdoms and empires, past or present in this old world of ours, do I heartily thank you for the enthusiastic manner in which you have drunk the initial toast, but also for the ardent and zealous way in which you have performed the same courtesy in my own case.

I can assure you, Mr. President and Gentlemen, that in the human breast is the love of one's birthplace and the home of one's ancestors. The pride of the Scotchman for his native land is based upon the knowledge that wherever a son of Scotland has gone forth from the old land to make a living, or found a new home, he can never forget the land of Scotland — the Cradle of his race.

Recently a very eminent and distinguished visitor to the province of Prince Edward Island, Sir Andrew Rae Duncan, declared that the exodus from this Island was not such a bad thing as we considered it, for, said Sir Andrew, "if all your people remained here the Island would soon be over populated, and think what a tremendous loss it would be to the world if the sons of this Province did not, go forth into greater fields of labor." The same he said was true of Scotland, and he further remarked that "if its sons had stayed at home the whole world would have been infinitely the loser." This is a new phase of the exodus, one, I believe which will find an agreeable response in every loyal heart.

I find, Mr. President and gentlemen, that soon after Prince Edward Island became a British possession, there was a large influx of Scottish immigration from the Highlands and some of the Western Islands, brought here by Capt. John Macdonald, in 1771. These people settled in sections of Queens and Kings Counties. Later other parties followed, especially that in 1803 under the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk. Still later, even up until the present many have come from the land of the cakes and heather individually or in small parties, more or less under their own power. Now, the coming of these people of Scottish birth to our Island, and the mingling of their blood with the people here, is no doubt responsible for the magnificent class of the Island's inhabitants, which have not only made our country to "blossom as the rose," but at the same time has given to the world some of the most brilliant intellectuals of the times.

Reunions were held in those early days and later St. Andrew's Society was instituted for the celebration of St. Andrew's Day. In 1824 the first banquet was held in this city. Subsequently it was affiliated with the Highland Society of London in the year 1837 and was known as the Highland Society of Prince Edward Island. In 1864 it was constituted as it now is "The Caledonian Club of Prince Edward Island." To belong to it you must be a Scotchman, Highland or Lowland, or one of their descendants. The object of the Club is for the purpose of preserving and perpetuating in Prince Edward Island the native dress, music and athletic games of the people of Scotland, and to promote the welfare of the Scotch generally.

It was a memorable day in our history when the Scotch settled here, and it was another "red letter day" when they organized the great Club, which tonight by this banquet is so fittingly celebrating the feast of St. Andrew, the Patron Saint of Scotland.

It is not necessary for me to refer to the fact that wherever Scotsmen go they carry religion and knowledge, and they have tremendously influenced the course of human development. The Caledonian Club has furnished entertainment and given exhibitions of the prowess of Scottish youth on field and track. "The Scottish Gathering" is unique amongst the athletic meets of our province; then the Scottish Concert in the winter season, and the course of lectures put on during the long winter nights, all are instructive, edifying and entertaining to the people of our capital and our Province. This Club has preserved the games of Scotland, and created a taste for the poetry of Burns, and the songs and music of "My Ain Countrie," and it has inculcated a love for the history of Scotland and its world wide significance. By its benevolence and its kindly feeling toward all, irrespective of class, creed or politics, the Caledonian Club has exemplified the words of its immortal bard in—

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Mr. President and gentlemen, in conclusion I again thank you for the toast to His Gracious Majesty, and also the later one to me, his representative in this Province, and let us remember that it is not only Saint Andrew's Day we are commemorating, or his birth, or his death, but that it is that undying spirit of brotherly love, kindness, and charity which his life blazes forth, and which should also influence all our actions.

### The Day and a' Wha Honour It.

The President having proposed the toast of the evening, Mr. Chas. Earle sang in magnificent voice, "Scots Wha Hae."

The stirring strains of this great national song proved a fitting prelude to the eloquent oration that followed.

Hon. H. F. McPhee said:

In being designated to reply to this toast I feel that there has been conferred upon me a most signal honor, and imposed upon me a most difficult task. The honor is apparant; and the task is difficult because it is not within my power to command that eloquence or to give proper expression to those noble thoughts naturally associated with the toast "The Day and a' wha Honor It".

This day is set apart in honor of St. Andrew, the patron Saint of Scotland, and on this day old Scotland's sons, wherever they may be are proud to foregather and to dwell upon the glorious heritage of race which is our common pride.

It is a heritage of which we may well be proud. From that far distant date when our beloved Motherland first assumed a distinct national life, until the present time, her influence has continued to exert itself in a degree vastly out of proportion to her area, material resources and population. The pages of history are bright with the martial deeds of her sons. Scotland never became subject to an alien race. For many long years she courageously withstood the arms of England when those arms were everywhere else victorious and when at length a union was consummated between these two countries, Scotland lost none of her dignity preserved to herself her own national institutions and sent her own King to rule over the United Kingdom. The genius and the valor which illuminated her early history have shone no less brightly in the passing years and have contributed in a vast degree to the extension of Britain's power and to the up-building of what has become the British Empire. In every quarter of the globe and in every department of public and private endeavor her sons have made their influence felt. In arms, in literature, in colonisation and in commerce, they have brought fame on themselves and their Motherland. Natured for the most part in poverty, but edowed with the priceless attributes of rugged honesty and perseverance, they have gone forth and attained to that fame and that prosperity which are the just rewards of prudence, industry and courage.

But it is not in material pursuits alone, or in these chiefly that their genius has excited admiration. The cultivation of the mind was their early and persistent aim and learning they loved for its own sake. No nation can display a fairer galaxy of poets, novelists and philosophers. Even in these days of its early history, when Scotland was in a material way, perhaps the poorest nation in Christendom, and when her scholars had to content themselves with habitations and food which would now be considered too mean for savages, her intellectual superiority was acknowledged by the world. In our own time the educational institutions of Scotland and the thoroughness of her educational system are rightly held up to us as patterns. High among the leaders in intellectual and educational work in this Dominion and in this Province, have ever stood those of Scottish birth and extraction.

Scotland is a stern and rugged land, where the strongest must struggle to prosper. The moral fibre of its people is tough and strong, their spirit is undaunted by difficulties, ease and comfort they do not prize too highly. A people thus nurtured and thus constituted are eminently fitted for the stern and serous tasks of life. It was men of this breed who contributed so much to the settlement and development of this Dominion and especially of this Province. The task which faced our "Pilgrim Fathers" was one stern and difficult indeed and well calculated to daunt the hardest spirits. We have but to picture for ourselves the wilderness to which they came and compare it with the fertile happy land which they bequeathed to us, to judge how well that task was accomplished. We dwell in this smiling garden which they carved from the frowning forest and we thoughtlessly enjoy those civil institutions dedicated to liberty, which they so laboriously upbuilt.

To the colonisation and development of Canada, four great races chiefly contributed; the French the English, the Irish and the Scotch. Each of these races possess a glorious history, noble traditions and splendid national traits. Canada has for some time and in different ways been asserting her own nationhood and there are Canadians who believe and who preach that we should cease to dwell on our respective racial origins and the national holidays and institutions peculiar to each as tending to divide us and that we should emphasise only the Canadian nationality which is common to all. Our Canadian nationality is something of which we have reason to be extremely proud and something of which we should be intensely conscious. We should not, however, deprive our nation of the rich sources of its inspiration. We, who are sons of Scotland, are thrilled with pride and stimulated to high endeavor when we read our Scottish history and dwell upon the noble lives of our forefathers. The contemplation of the past and the relation of our glorious heritage of race fires us with the ambition to bear ourselves as worthily as did those who have gone before. Our fellow Canadians of those sister races incur a like benefit from the racial heritage which is theirs. Thus the Canadian nationality is partaking of all that is best; all that is most noble, most admirable, most worthy of imitation and perpetuation in the character of its founders.

It is then in no vain-glorious spirit that we recall the past, with no desire to borrow from the past anything of that glory for ourselves, but we are doing something for Canada, we are performing a real national work when we recite the glories of Scotland and her sons and dwell upon the thoughts inspired by the toast "The Day and a' wha honor it."

### THE LAND WE LIVE IN

The chairman next gave "The Land We Live In," after which the audience sang "O Canada" using the version specially written by Ex-Chief White as follows:

O Canada! Thy peerless majesty
Claims from your sons their ardent loyalty.
The breed that never feared a foe
On mart or battle field
Will honor thee while red blood flows
Through hearts that never yield.

Chorus—
O Canada! Land we adore,
O Canada! dear home of liberty,
With grateful hearts we sing
Praise God for thee.

Thou, Canada, cradled a dauntless brood
For Truth and Right thy sons have ever stood.
When Britain's cause appealed to thee
Your sons came free and fast,
And proved in air, on field and sea,
Worthy their fathers' past.

Our Canada, the Queen of northern climes!
We sing thy praise, great product of our times.
Thy virgin wealth of land and sea,
Profusion everywhere,
Unmeasured its immensity,
Our dowry rich and rare.

Hon. Dr. MacMillan in reply said:

I find myself in the present matter in the position of one or the other of two flies who were discussing how they had spent the winter. The first said he hadn't had a quiet time. He had taken refuge in a bell and was disturbed once a week by the tolling of the bell. The other fly replied he had had a wonderfully quiet time as he had spent the winter in a Scotchman's purse. I was having a quiet time until this toast was proposed. There were many things disturbing me. One was when I saw my political friend devour the Haggis. He is likely getting ready for more indigestable things.

I deplore the insidious diplomacy by which this Society is run. First a man comes to you for your dues and when you have paid that he says, "Won't you come to our dinner?" Later another comes and says "Won't you reply to such and such a toast?" and so a person is brought in.

Gentlemen, the toast for which I am to reply is an important one. I only wish the duty had fallen on more worthy shoulders. But the subject is of paramount importance to any one who has the welfare of Canada at heart. When the country is considered as a whole, it must make everyone feel proud to have been so highly favored by Providence. When we look over the resources of Canada, its forests, its seas, its wonderfully fertile soil, and the fact that it contains everything necessary in the making of a great nation, we must all admit that we have been singularly favored by Providence to an unusual degree.

Providing that these resources are properly developed along the right lines, there is no reason why Canada should not fail to become the greatest nation of the world. If you draw a contrast between Canada and the great nations of Europe you will find that they are all similarly situated—north of the 49 parallel.

We are not harassed and devastated by these visitations of nature to which other parts of the continent are prone.

You will also find in Canada as Hon. Mr. McPhee says "The salt of the earth." We have enough Scotch, Irish, French and English to make any nation great. But the greatest care and scrutiny should be exercised toward the immigrants who come into this country. We in Prince Edward Island stand in a unique position. We have here in this Province descendants of these four great nations. If we people the Dominion of Canada as Prince Edward Island is peopled we should have no fear for the future of this country. Just as much care should be exercised in this regard as was exercise l by the Scotch father who advised his son to take off his spectacles when he wasn't using them.

A few weeks ago I was privileged to be one of those who attended that great meeting of surgeons in the city of Montreal, I came away as many another came away with the idea that I was impressed by four men attending that conference far more than all the rest of the surgeons put together. These men were from Scotland, England and Wales. They impressed the gathering not only by their thoroughness and research work but also by the fluency and oratory when they spoke, which was a proof of the splendid classical education which was their ground work.

I say now that if we could only have no alien population ours indeed would be a happy land. If we could but bring into this country the right kind of people, we would then have everything to make a country great.

The government of this country should be actuated by that vision which the Fathers of Confederation possessed, and that vision should be held up until it is implanted in the hearts and minds of every citizen of Canada.

I believe that this is a toast that might well be put not only in the program of the St. Andrew's Day celebration but in the program of every meeting.

### The Land o' the Heather.

Vice President John Anderson then handled the programme and called upon the company to drink to "The Land o' the Heather."

Mr. Earle havng given a splendid rendering of "Where Has Scotland Found Her Fame?"

Mr. Alan B. Cosh in reply said:

"I wish to thank you all for the way in which you responded to the toast of "The Land o' the Heather."

Tonight I am in a very paradoxical situation. I am both proud and sorry that I am a Scotsman proud that I can say I am a native son of that glorious little country; sorry that I am such a poor instrument to be used in singing her praises. I might add with equal truth that I am sorry for you, my victims.

"The Land o' the Heather." Scotland's history is a wonderful epic. From the dim past down all the centuries we find the Scots fighting for their rights and privileges. Fighting dearly and tenaciously for their civil and religious freedom and ultimately achieving all their ideals. In fact for a long period in the history of Scotland you might say the principal occupation was fighting. The Highlanders were always fighting—they were not happy if they were not doing so. This characteristic of the Highlanders has not lost any of its potency even at the present day.

Gentlemen if these rights and privileges and that freedom of conscience in religious and civil affairs had not been so stubbornly fought for by our forefathers long ago, and fought for until they were attained, we of today would not probably be enjoying them now, but secure in the enjoyment of them. I do not think we sometimes fully realize what a debt we owe to our ancestors for their tenacity of purpose.

What native son can read of such names as Bruce, Wallace, Douglas, MacGregor, Bonnie Prince Charlie and scores of others, without a pardonable sense of pride that he is a native of the country where such men were born and bred.

This pride of country is a very strong national characteristic. It is perhaps more noticeable in Scots who have left their native land and settled in all corners of the globe. It is beautifully illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" when even the old Bard could not help digressing from his story to eulogize his native heath.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land,"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand,

It is a great and a good thing to be proud of your native land. Circumstances may face you to depart therefrom, but no matter what distance or lapse of time may separate these Scots from the land of their birth, I am certain that the belief in the innate greatness of Scotland is as strong today in the hearts of Scots the world o'er as it ever was. A little story I heard recently, which whilst it has its humorous side, bears witness to that belief:

Scotsman: "What country do you come from?"

(Continued on page 6)

## Greenwich Village Still Popular

The door prize at Greenwich Village Bazaar now running at the Market building was won last night by Miss Mary O'Neil, 25 Alley Street. Tonight a ten dollar gold piece will be given away to the holder of the lucky number. New and novel features are in order every night. Friday night there will be a boxing match with several local puglists competing for the prize offered. On Thursday night the Ball players Contest closes and the various prizes will be distributed to the winning competitors and on Saturday night the Hudson Closed Car will positively be drawn for. Visit the Market building and help Charlottetown athletes a good time is assured, valuable prizes on Bingo and other novelty booths. Make it a point to be there.

## Western Guardian

—WITHOUT LIGHT—The householders north of Water Street in Summerside are now getting used to the old method of illumination oil lamps. There was no electric lights in the houses until six o'clock last evening. The street lights were out all evening. An expert arrived last night and no doubt the cause of the trouble at the plant will be announced today.

—CONCLUDING LECTURE OF I. O. D. E. DELIVERED IN SUMMERSIDE LAST NIGHT BY CHIEF JUSTICE MATHESON — The tenth and concluding lecture of the series conducted by the Summerside chapter of the I. O. D. E. was held in Epworth Hall last night. A large and appreciative audience attended. The lecturer was His Lordship Chief Justice Matheson, and he took for his subject "Links of the Empire." In the course os his able and highly instructive discourse the learned lecturer described the history and growth of the British Empire and showed the links that bind the colonies to the Mother Land. Lack of space does not permit of an extended report of His Lordship's inspiring address, but sufficient to say that it was one of the finest ever delivered by the chief justice and also one of the finest ever heard in Summerside. Mr Neil McLeod, K. C., presided. A vote of thanks was eloquently moved by Rev. M. C. MacDonald, seconded by Venerable Archdeacon White and supported by Mr. L. A. Moore and Mrs. McLeod and conveyed to the lecturer by the Chairman. A vote of thanks to the Summerside chapter of the I. O. D. E. for providing such an excellent series of lectures was moved by Mr. C. B. Jelly and seconded by Mr. George D. Pope, M. L. A. and responded to by the Regent, Miss Mary Hunt.

## Central Guardian

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE on China Heartz Hall tonight 7.30 p. m. 3056

ENTERTAINMENT AT FALCONWOOD — Last night the Y's Men's club put on an excellent entertainment at Falconwood Hospital. The program, which consisted of music and dance numbers, was much appreciated by the patients.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE on China Heartz Hall tonight 7.30 p. m. 3056

EVERY PURCHASER of a ticket for Greenwich Village has a chance on the Ten dollars in Gold tonight. Be there. 3057

CAR STOLEN AND FOUND — The car of Mr. J. J. McKinnon was stolen from in front of the Gentleman's Club Monday night. Yesterday afternoon word was received at the Police Station that the car was found on the York Road. It is believed there was no damage done but the number plates are missing.

### SAVING

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### BIRTHS

BROWN— At the City Hospital, Nov. 27th, 1926, to Mr and Mrs Leo Brown, (Sadie MacDonald). a son.

HORNE—At Winsloe on November 23rd, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Horne (nee Katie Cudmore) a son. Congratulations.

CONRAD—At the P. E. Island Hospital, Charlottetown on Nov. 30th, 1926, to Mr and Mrs F. Ben Conrad, a daughter.

### DEATHS

MacMILLAN — At Covehead, on Monday, November 29th, Catherine MacMillan, aged 77, years. Funeral from her late residence, tomorrow, Wednesday, December 1st, services starting at 2 p. m. Interment Covehead Cemetery.

LECLAIR — At the City Hospital, Nov. 29, Theophilus LeClair, aged 62 years. Funeral from his late residence, 86 Richmond St., Thursday morning at 8.45 to St. Dunstan's Cathedral, thence to R. C. Cemetery.


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