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## Fine Address On Scotland

**Eloquent Response To Time Honored  
Toast At St. Andrew's Day Banquet  
In Saint John By Rev. J. St. C. Jeans**

Following is the text of the eloquent address delivered in St. John, N.B., at the St. Andrew's Day Banquet in that city by the Rev. J. St. C. Jeans, Summerside, whose departure shortly from this Province is a matter of general regret:

I appreciate the privilege of being your guest, and I feel it an honour that you should have invited me to respond to the ancient and glorious Toast. When your President invited me to speak to you I felt sure that there ought to be men in this City capable of clothing the immortal theme with an eloquence more fitting than mine. But second thoughts told me it would be a pleasing adventure for a married man to be the speaker of the evening for once, so I came. And again it occurred to me that since in all likelihood I am going to be a citizen of Saint John in the near future I had better take the opportunity now, before you got to know me so well that you wouldn't ask me at all.

Now I am sure there are good members of this Society who are wondering why a man with a name like mine should be standing at this table. A man with a name like mine and an accent like mine ought to carry his birth certificate about with him. Some of you are, perhaps, thinking that before you know it, the President will be inviting someone with a name like "Iranovitch" to speak to the great Toast next year. But, really, my name is as Scotch as Elgin and three hundred years of Moayshire history can make it. In the little kirkyard of St. Andrew's, near Elgin, there's many a name bearing the name of my Huguenot forebears. And I was born in Glasgow with the fog in my throat and the thunder of the Clyde hammers in my ears. And in Glasgow smoke was I brought up, and in Glasgow mud did I kick up my boots, and in Glasgow rain did I go to Gilmore Hill where the gray University looks out on the roaring town. And the rain, and the mud, and the smoke, and the fog of that dear, dirty, dripping dreary and slow and noisy—and shall be part of me until I die.

Now that I have set your minds at rest, let me proceed. This is the Scotsman's night of nights—and I speak more especially of the Scotch. It is not the time for ironical comment and superficial cleverness, but the time for warmth and geniality, and brotherhood and expansion of the heart. It is our night and the rumor of it goes round the world. Only a few short hours ago the haggis awakened the echoes in the foothills of the Himalayas. Only a few hours ago it tingled to the skies beneath the Southern Cross. It has sent the tom-toms rumbling in the African jungles. It has sent the Scotch song ringing from the windows of a Buenos Ayres club through the hot, sultry night. And up in the Arctic some lone prospector is haranguing his unfortunate dog team with the speech of the evening, "Never so little, never so sea so lone."

Yes, the Scot is everywhere, and he carries his love of country and pride of race with him, and the warm expansion of St. Andrew's night. Did you read that most illuminating thing that general Smuts told at one of the Scottish Universities not long ago? On his father's farm in South Africa there was an old battle-scarred Hottentot. And young Smuts, who was about fourteen, used to listen with enthralled interest to this retainer's stories of the tribal wars in which he had been engaged. The South African war had just started and young Smuts asked the Hottentot, who, in his opinion, would win. The native replied that he thought the English would win. And are the English the greatest people in the world?" asked the boy. "No," replied the Hottentot. "There is a greater race still. They live in the farthest north land in the world, and the English are greatly afraid of them. They are called the 'Scots.'" So, you see, the truth has penetrated into darkest Africa. If anyone says the African is backward, you should repudiate the suggestion indignantly. He may have his manners—but he may eat an occasional fig—but he is a man of discernment and discrimination.

Let me speak then, first of all, on the feeling of the exile. And now, brother Scots, you have invited me here to speak on Scotland. For thirteen years I have not seen her shores for thirteen years. I have had little opportunity to express what I feel to be a sympathetic audience. But tonight I am going to let myself go. And any man gainsay me, Mr. President, let him be condemned to eat a second portion of haggis after he has set his affairs in order.

I speak, tonight, to men who are not all of Scottish birth, but who have within them the old, good, blood, and carry the proud, and ancient names. You may not have seen the land, but the land is in your heart, and her story awakes strange and noble stirrings in your hearts. You may not have seen the land, but ancestral voices whisper to you tonight of far-off things; whisper to you of wind-swept places where the cairns of your dead are standing; whisper of the little cone-like washed by the bridle sea; whisper of Highland and Lowland and Townland, and you will understand, you will understand, as I speak tonight of the things I see through the mists of the years.

I see again the Lough O'Moray lying beneath the summer sun, where the Spey and the Findhorn and the Nairn go singing to the sea. And there is no land lovelier in all the world than that North Country, and no folks kinder than the folk who speak of "bonnies" and "quines" and "speldings" and "crowdy" in their soft, easy drawing tongue. I am a boy again on the High Street of Nairn, that old town that saw Bonnie Prince Charlie march out to Culloden Moor. And the Links O'Nairn lead to the sea, and the river O'Nairn laughs beneath the bridge; and the wee lanes turn, and the cobbles close beckon, and the fisher-wife with her creel on her back did I kick up my boots, and in Glasgow rain did I go to Gilmore Hill where the gray University looks out on the roaring town. And the rain, and the mud, and the smoke, and the fog of that dear, dirty, dripping dreary and slow and noisy—and shall be part of me until I die.

Now that I have set your minds at rest, let me proceed. This is the Scotsman's night of nights—and I speak more especially of the Scotch. It is not the time for ironical comment and superficial cleverness, but the time for warmth and geniality, and brotherhood and expansion of the heart. It is our night and the rumor of it goes round the world. Only a few short hours ago the haggis awakened the echoes in the foothills of the Himalayas. Only a few hours ago it tingled to the skies beneath the Southern Cross. It has sent the tom-toms rumbling in the African jungles. It has sent the Scotch song ringing from the windows of a Buenos Ayres club through the hot, sultry night. And up in the Arctic some lone prospector is haranguing his unfortunate dog team with the speech of the evening, "Never so little, never so sea so lone."

strain and the ocher is tossed and the dancers dance. At a meeting like that A. A. Cameron of Fort William in 1901 put the 16 lb. shot a distance of 56 feet and no Olympic champion has equalled that. They raise a mighty brood of men in those hills.

### Many Memories

Then come with me to the west through the land of mighty bens and waving glens—through the land of the fair forests and the abandoned homesteads—to where the great mountains run down sheer to the sea and tiny villages nestle precariously at their feet—the land of the MacRaes and the MacKinnons and the MacRods and the MacPhalls and the MacDonnells and the MacLeans—where the Coolins stab the sky—where the Atlantic thunders on Ardmurchan—and see the enchanted fairy tangle of the Isles, Canna and Egg and Rùm, Mull and Coll and Tiree, when the forefathers of many a man here wrestled for their scanty living, and built up that sturdy Highland nature that stands you in such good stead today. I remember one moonlight night on Tobermory Bay and there came to me over the water a girl's voice singing "Peas o' bhata." I remember slipping past Morven where "gently, gently runs the tide that bears one far from Finlary." I remember the mists above Moddar where they came for Bonnie Prince Charlie when the great adventure ended. I remember Iona in the rain—where Columba planted the Cross—where so many of the royal dead of Scotland are sleeping—I remember—

but I must stop. I remember them in mist and in rain, in sunlight and in shadow—the sea washed tangle of the Hebrides.

### On to Glasgow

And now there is the Glasgow steamer lying at the pier in Oban. Take her and come round the Mull of Kintyre and up the Firth of Clyde. And you who are Clyde boys and come in other days to Dunoon and Rothesay and Millport and Larks, will you ever forget the tune the bands play as the boat leaves Rothesay pier? It's a bonnie bay in the morning, And bonnier at the noon, And come in other days to Dunoon, And red comes out the moon, When the mist creeps up the Cumbræes And Arran's peaks are gray, And the great black hills like sleeping Kings Sit grand round Rothesay Bay.

And so to Glasgow, past Dunbarton, past Clydebank, past Govan and Partick, past John Brown's where they launched the 534 the Greyhound, grey, muddy with a pill of everlastings smoke—Glasgow, built up by Lowland grit and Highland zeal—Glasgow, that has no beauty that a stranger should desire her—but, Glasgow, mother of shies and mother of men, putting a spell on her sons that the years cannot remove. I am a Glasgow man and as all Edinburgh men know, a Glasgow man is reluctant to speak about Glasgow. But let me simply quote from "The British City" by the late Glasgow writer, Mr. Cameron: "Glasgow, built up by Lowland grit and Highland zeal—Glasgow, which has carried public ownership, in every conceivable public utility, further than any city in the world, makes it pay. I found a government of taxpayers, for the taxpayers, by the taxpayers. I found a city where public corruption is unknown, where the first passion of each councillor is the welfare of the municipality, and the dearest desire of every citizen—let Glasgow flourish!"

Memories come crowding back far too many for utterance tonight. Memories of Dumfries where Rabble Burns lies sleeping, memories of the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow" and the Border country, memories of Edinburgh that queen of beauty and of story, but I cannot tarry.

And now, tonight, I'll meet a boy we can let the heart speak and an exile is permitted to tell his dreams. Is there any heart hunger like the hunger of the Scot for home? Tonight I'll go home to the old roads again. Tonight I'll see the great Western Road in Glasgow and the pools of light on the rainy street gleaming with an old romance. Tonight I'll hear the great ships booming up the Clyde from the foreign places. Tonight I'll meet a boy running home from school . . . or I'll take the north road again and meet the wind from the Moray Firth blowing across the links o' Nairn. And I'll go up to a little cobbled walk and stop at a little door and hear an old voice saying "Come in by, laddie, and have a cup o' tea and a scone" . . . Scotland, Scotland, in wind and rain, calling, calling, calling . . .

Modern Scotland

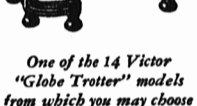
In an old geography book, I once read that the Scots were a people of great patience and endurance and you have assuredly proved that by the way you have borne with me so far. But you should not have your patience much longer. Let me say something as quickly as I can about the other reason for those enthusiastic celebrations of St. Andrew's Day. I called it, if you will remember, a remarkable race consciousness. You are very well aware of your Scottish blood, too much so, critics say, and you are proud of it. You are very well aware of the amazing vitality of the stock and what it can do. Now, let me say this. No other race of equal size—of equal age, I say—has made in modern times such a tremendous impact upon the world. For all our fond dwellings on ancient gorges Scotland is a modern phenomenon.

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**HOLMAN'S** CHARLOTTETOWN SUMMERSIDE

**MARRIED WOMEN WORKERS THE HAPPIEST**

NEW YORK, Dec. 5—Married women who have outside jobs and still do all their household duties make the happier wives, if they are to be judged by statistics gathered at Columbia University and made public today. Of 62 women, representing 36 cities, whose opinion was asked, most said that outside work gave them an outlet for energy and self-expression and brought pleasant outside contacts. Half the women also believed that their jobs made them more stimulating companions for their husbands.

Working wives, the survey disclosed, also have an effect on husbands, some of whom were spurred to greater ambition, partly through the example set by the wives and partly through the natural desire of husbands to take entirely upon themselves the task of supporting their families.

The majority of the married women with jobs agreed that they would advise other women to marry.

even if they could not get along without continuing their employment.

**ABSOLVED FROM BLAME**

(C.P. By Guardian's Special Wire) SYDNEY, N. S., Dec. 4—Layton Blue of Glace Bay, driver of a truck which struck and killed Arthur Lamey, 37 year old New Waterford miner, was absolved from all blame in connection with the fatality by a coroner's jury which returned a verdict of accidental death at an inquest today.

Referring to the driver, the jury stated that "everything possible was done under the circumstances."

**IDLENESS**

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

**FAULT-MENDERS**

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HAMILTON SCHOOL  
Honour roll for November:  
Grade X (Sr.) Patricia Ram  
Grade IX (Sr.) 1 John Owen and Harry Taylor, 2 Elva Stewart, 3 Wendell Crozier.  
Grade IX—1 Elizabeth Ramsay, 2 Eileen Hamilton.  
Grade VIII—1 Charles Stewart.  
Grade VII—1 Leita Ramsay, 2 Jenie Champion, 3 Keith Ramsay.  
Grade VI (Sr.) 1 Lloyd Ramsay, 2 Earle Ramsay, 3 Emily Ramsay.  
Grade V—1 Marion Stewart, 2 Glendon Crozier, 3 George Bryenton.  
Grade IV (Sr.) 1 Heath Bryenton, 2 Doris Stewart.  
Grade IV (Jr.) 1 Clifford Ramsay, 2 Grade III (Jr.) 1 Alton Ramsay.  
Grade III (Sr.) 1 Muriel Stewart, 2 John Champion, 3 Alfie Ramsay.  
Grade I (Sr.) 1 Ralph Bryenton, 2 Grade I (Jr.) 1 Clifford Craig, 2 Candy prizes for arithmetic, Geo. Bryenton, Marion Stewart, and Doris Stewart.  
Most stars for arithmetic, Glendon Crozier and Marion Stewart. Perfect attendance, Elva Stewart, Wendell Crozier, Leita Ramsay, Keith Ramsay, Dorothy Woodside, Earle Ramsay, Emily Ramsay, Marion Stewart, Doris Stewart, Heath Bryenton, Clifford Ramsay, Muriel Stewart and Clifford Craig. Jean J. Sharpe—Teacher.

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