

NOTABLE BANQUET GIVEN

(Continued from Page 5).

that if the papers of the country were unanimous in supporting any measure, whether it be of a warlike or any unusual project, that the matter will have a very good chance of being brought about, for after all, the voice of the press is nothing less than the sentiments of the people. So much for the influential end of the organization. How about it as an educating medium? Is it not a good auxiliary in completing the general knowledge of any young man or woman, and I have seen, as no doubt many of you have, cases where a man or woman have not been fortunate enough to secure an education in the usual way, i.e. through schools and colleges, but who have gained considerable knowledge through perusing the columns of the daily and weekly newspapers. It is also most convenient in hundreds of other ways. How many despondent old bachelors have been made happy for life by replying to advertisements in the papers and securing charming wives, who proved to be God-sends to them in their old and infirm days. Truly a most wonderful advantage for a lot of us on whom the bachelorhood has been conferred through, perhaps, no fault of ours. We can always resort to a final effort through the advertising route. (Laughter and cheers).

Up to this point I have been talking about the press in general, but why should I not dwell a little closer home for a few moments. As you are aware we have now in Timmins a most creditable weekly paper—thanks to the enterprise of local talent. The Porcupine Advance seems to me to have a very bright future in store, and I hope that the good people of Timmins and the vicinity will appreciate this fact, and give that paper the credit it so well deserves.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the prosperity of the press. (Cheers).

Mr. Pierce, in responding, said: Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen: It is a pleasure and a privilege to answer the toast to the press, for in answering that toast I am speaking on behalf of one of the greatest public servants of the world to-day.

Every community of importance boasts a newspaper. The city daily and the town weekly are both striving for the same thing—to promote the welfare of the people, financially and morally, and to look after their interests. Imagine a community trying to advance without the aid of a newspaper to advertise it.

People take the newspaper as a matter of course—something they pay a penny or five cents for. The

average man does not appreciate that in buying a newspaper he is buying the product of the greatest and most far-reaching organization of the world to-day. He reads a despatch from London, or news gathered from many countries, some of which he has never heard mentioned since his school days, but does not stop to consider what effort or money has been expended to bring that information to him.

Nothing influences the habits and thoughts of people more than the press. If all the newspapers in the world combined in a campaign to say the moon is made of green cheese, and no evidence was published to the contrary, many people would be convinced that the moon is made of green cheese.

Newspapers reflect the ideas and thoughts of people. The newspaper puts the ideas and thoughts of many people into concrete form, and tells the people what they are thinking about. You should support your newspaper, financially and morally. It is the guardian of your interests, and any help you give it will be well repaid. Perhaps it will be in an indirect way, but you will, nevertheless, be well repaid.

I wish to thank you, on behalf of the Press, for your generous toast.

The Poetry of Burns.

The next toast, "The Poetry of Burns," was eloquently proposed by the Rev. J. Douglas Paterson, in a very able speech, which, with one exception was heartily appreciated and loudly applauded. He lightly traced the poet's works as they touched the various phases and vicissitudes of the common life, and showed him to be, by common consent, the peer of poetic fancy.

Mr. W. M. Whyte, in responding, made one of the finest speeches of the evening. He said in part:

With such varied themes, embracing as they do the wise and the witty, the grave and the gay, his love lifts and his denunciation of anything that savored of hypocrisy and cant; to do these justice would require considerable time, and ability of no mean order. We can understand and enjoy Burns much better if we know his object in writing poetry, and the point of view from which he regarded life.

Burns' heart had been touched by the loves and sorrows of life, and, it was his ambition to sing so naturally of these as to touch the hearts of others. How well he succeeded in this we have abundant evidence to-night throughout Christendom.

Some of the literary lights of Edinburgh desired that he should write his works in the classical English, but his poetical creed may be summed up in these two lines:

Give me a spark o' nature's fire
That's a' the learning I desire.

He ended by touching the hearts of Scotland and making her most proud of this dialect, of him, and of herself.

The brotherhood of man we hear so much about these days had a strong advocate in Burns, and the sturdy and independent sentiment which characterizes his song "A man's a man for a' that" is sufficient to give him a foremost place among social reformers.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."
Then we have the sympathetic feeling for those in adversity portrayed in "Man was made to mourn." And again we have the parts expressing the tender sentiments of the heart, the songs in which he excelled; his "Farewell to Nancy," characterized by both Byron and Scott to contain the very essence of a thousand love passages; the beautiful "In Memoriam" to Mary, written on the third anniversary of her death; the soul-stirring strains of "Scots Wha Hae"; the familiar "Auld Lang Syne"; and one of the finest things ever wrote—"The Cotter's Saturday Night."

The Lassies.

At this point, the ladies present began to adjust their chairs, and assume a friendly, critical air, preparatory to what they at least consider to be the chief toast of the evening—"The Lassies." The chairman introduced Pastor Allan, who proposed, and Dr. McInnis, who responded, in a few facetious sentences, and if any ladies went away with disappointment in their hearts, it surely cannot be attributed to either the healer of souls or the healer of bodies.

Mr. Allan was in excellent form, and proved himself a past master in the art of flattery, to the great delight of all the ladies, and one in particular. It is difficult to understand how our bachelor Pastor has been able to acquire such an intimate knowledge of feminine psychology, but there was no point that he failed to make, and when he sat down he had earned the sobriquet of the ladies' champion. It was an eloquent, pleading, appealing and wheedling speech, and received the rounds of applause it so justly merited.

Dr. McInnis was in fine fettle when he stood up to speak for the ladies, in response. He spoke as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen: Ever since I was notified that the duty of responding to the toast to the Ladies had devolved upon me, I have been wondering why. Certainly it cannot be because of my extraordinary powers of speech. It is equally certain that my good looks

have not earned for me this distinguished honor (laughter). I see around this table men of all ages, many of whom are far better equipped in the art of oratory, and all of them most decidedly better looking, and presumably more attractive, personally, to the feminine sex. Be this as it may, however, I am proud to have been selected as their spokesman and I will do my meagre best to justify the selection—craving, before-hand, that kind indulgence which I know you will bestow in generous degree.

"Woman" is the greatest word in the English language; it stands for much. It stands for infatuation, temptation and ruin, for many a man has lost his self-respect and his manhood because of her alluring beauty, her sparkling eye, her dimpled cheek and her winning ways. But, gentlemen, woman also stands for all that is good and noble and true, and these chief traits of her character are doing more than all other influences combined, to Christianize the world. (Loud cheers).

Do not laugh at the young man when he begins to stand before the looking glass watching the daily progress of the down upon his upper lip, which will one day blossom forth in all the resplendent glory of a full grown moustache. Withhold that smile of cynicism when you behold his carefully parted hair and his polished finger tips. Do not ridicule his shining shoes, or his variegated neckties. He is in love—and somebody loves him! And, the love of a good, upright, clean-living, high-thinking girl will do more than all other things combined to spur a young man on to greater endeavor and loftier effort—imbue in him the spirit of emulation, teach him to become manly, honorable fellow, and a good and patriotic citizen. (Applause).

We all admire the beauty of the Spaniard and the Moor. We cannot fail to be impressed by the little Japanese with their almond eyes and funny costumes. The Swiss and Norwegian girls have charms peculiarly their own; and the French, by their pettiness and vivacity, have captured the world. Those of us who have lived in or visited Great Britain, remember the bloom upon her maidens' cheeks, and wished that they had been roses that we might have plucked them. Her stateliness and charm of manner have made her famous from sea to sea. (Cheers). The American girl, too, to the south of us, has peculiar claims upon our admiring attention. But we Canadians need not travel in order to see beautiful women, and pretty girls. Every city has its handsome women, and every village its pretty maidens. All the good qualities of all the others are to be found in the so-called Dau-

ghter of the Snows, garbed as she may be in the fur of the beaver, and radiant in the reflected glory of the Maple Leaf. (Long continued applause).

This toast, I take it, gentlemen, includes our mothers—God bless them! May they long live to exercise their divine influence over our lives! And our sisters—the sunbeams of every home—what could we do without them? And our daughters sweet images of our wives, stars of our life, and the brightest jewels in the domestic diadem! "Our Sweethearts—may they soon become our wives; Our wives—may they always be our sweethearts!"

The toast includes those, who, by stress of circumstances, are compelled to labor for their daily bread. It includes our Florence Nightingales, our Edith Cavells (loud cheers), and hundreds of others who have given up comfortable homes and brilliant social prospects, that they might minister to the suffering and distressed. It includes those, who, in our offices, warehouses, factories and stores, are daily proving their mental co-equality with man. It includes our writers and all those who by their written books are giving us a better conception of living, and being and doing. It includes the teachers of our young—may they reap a reward commensurate with their responsibility in that sacred task of moulding the minds which will some day hence direct the destiny of this great land of ours. It includes our singers, musicians and dancers, and all those who upon the public platform or stage are doing much to relieve life's dull monotony. (Cheers).

Whether in the drawing room, surrounded by her erudite friends, or in the kitchen preparing dainties for our delectations; whether engaged in the works of charity, or ironing at the laundry, it includes all women who are good and noble and true, and gentlemen, on their behalf, I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for your generous sentiments. (Great applause).

Musical Program.

Interspersed among the toasts, a musical program of high merit was given, and as highly appreciated by the company present.

Mr. J. K. Moore was in excellent voice as he sang "The Star of Bobbie Burns," all joining in the chorus. Mrs. Jas. Todd has a soft appealing voice that stirs the emotions to their very depths, and she scored a distinct success, and a well merited encore. Mr. J. A. Bailey sang "The Auld Hoose" most pleasingly and Mr. Jos. Smith contributed a couple of excellent numbers to the entertainment. Miss Jean Roberts caught the applause of

the listeners with her sweet and sympathetic voice, and Mrs. Faithful demonstrated her skill on the piano in two difficult numbers. Mr. James Ralph gave two excellent readings in fine declamatory style.

Mr. J. Geils deserves special mention for his song "A Hundred Pipers," which was rendered with consummate skill and in excellent voice. Miss Mamie Docker, scored perhaps the greatest hit of the evening, being twice encored on both of her appearances. All of her songs took well, but the admiration of the entire crowd broke loose when she appeared in "kilts", between the tables, and danced as she sang "A Wee Deoch an' Doris."

After singing "Auld Lang Syne" an informal dance was held for half an hour or so, and at two o'clock the party broke up, well satisfied with the night's entertainment.

AT THE BURNS DINNER

Mr. Dowler and Mr. Martin were a good team in handling the toast to the Navy and Army of the Empire, at the Burns Banquet. Both substituted for others, without notice, and both proved equal to a critical emergency.

We have yet to find some niche in public life which Mr. Allan cannot fill with manly grace. He served the "Haggis" in a way that showed careful training in domestic arts, and, taking this service in conjunction with his charmingly eloquent speech to the ladies, it is difficult to evade the conclusion that he is marked for the slaughter at an early date.

Mr. Whyte's speech on "The Poetry of Burns" was a feast in itself, worthy of the occasion, and the Rev. Mr. Paterson, who proposed the toast on a moment's notice, exhibited that skill which proves he has not missed his calling.

Dr. McInnis, like the skillful physician he is, administered a form of treatment that is dear to the feminine heart, in his response for the ladies. Nor could Mrs. McInnis ratle him, although she did her best. He is an artist in placing sugar coats on unpalatable pills.

Colonel Hay's address by telegram was one of the features of the evening, and greatly appreciated by all.

Miss Docker made the hit of the evening in her costume song with a dance thrown in. She danced her way into the hearts of every guest present.

Counter Check Books

Mr. Merchant

We have now arranged with the largest firm in Canada, printing counter check books, to sell their productions in the Porcupine Camp and District. We can give you reliable work, prompt delivery and the lowest prices. Look over your stock of counter check books and cash sale pads. If you need a new supply, give us your order. It does not cost you anything, and it helps us. A telephone call will bring a representative with samples and price list. **Telephone 26.**

Porcupine Advance .. Timmins, Ont.