

CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS.

Major Glasgow, who was called upon to read the telegrams which had been sent to other cities, said he was rather afraid to do so, because up at the table top there were some clergymen, and they might think the sentiments were hardly orthodox. (Laughter). However, here they are :

To the Toronto Society :

Here's tae ye lads, an' ilka brither
Wha claims auld Scotland for his mither ;
May bannocks and Glenlivet fine
Be rife when ye clap doon to dine.

To the Montreal Society :

St. Andrew's callants, ilka chiel
Are sperin if ye're gey an' weel ;
Are ye prepared wi' unco slicht
Tae pree the haggis there the nicht ?

To the Governor-General :

Ower magic wire a brither's hand
Clasps thine in friendship for the land
That gave us birth, that gave us fame,
An' a' that's worthy o' the name.

To the Chicago Society :

Haith, sir, gin ye were here to share
Our haggis an' Glenlivet rare,
We'd ding the end in o' the barrel
An' sen' ye hame a cantie carle.