

OTTAWA—Greetings from brither Scots of Ottawa for Auld Lang Syne.

VICTORIA—We rax our han' tae gie ye a gude hearty shake and wish ye muckle joy the nicht.

DETROIT—Let freenship's band be tied wi' heather as roond St. Andrew's board we gather.

The scene of last evening, when the dancing had been fairly started, when introductions had been made, and programmes scribbled over with undecipherable names, when the group of diffident men assembled near the entrance had melted away and mingled with the equally diffident maidens on either side; when the entrancing music of Corlett's large orchestra filled the hall with the strains of the first extra,* and the hundreds of couples flew over the glossy floor in the mazes of the waltz, was one which for fascination and brilliancy has seldom if ever been surpassed at any social function in this city. The large building, which had so short a time before looked so vast in its great expanse of waxed surface and myriads of flags and streamers, seemed suddenly to grow smaller as the guests thronged the dancing-floor and filled the ample galleries, until, instead of a spacious pavilion, whose vaulted roof and bare interior is so familiar to the people of Toronto, it assumed the appearance of a great reception-room, perfectly adapted to its purpose, and of an extent no more than adequate to accommodate the number of those who were present. Yet there was no crowding of the dancers at any time during the evening, the space set apart for those who preferred sitting-out to the exertion of dancing, proved sufficiently attractive to draw to the galleries many couples who, once there, remained, watching with interest and admiration the scene below.

As usual, the hour nominally set for the commencement of the dancing had been passed before many of the guests arrived, and it was long after nine o'clock before the last