

oner'd

I lost  
anert  
ater-  
e ha'-  
s he  
at I  
ye  
ken  
die-  
r' a  
ain  
ad.  
t's  
ed  
e're  
re-  
t I  
sh

"-  
"  
re  
r  
e  
l  
s  
"

## SECOND EPISTLE.



HUGH'S IDEA OF TORONTO'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—HOW AN INDEPENDENT CANADIAN LASS SPOILED HER CHANCES OF AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE—AN IDEA OF WHO INVENTED THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

DEAR WULLIE,—I sent ye a letter a fortnicht syne, but gude kens if ever ye'll get it, for the toon's clean upside doon, flags fleein' an' bands playin'; the het weather set them a' clean daft. Sic' anither through-the-muir I never laid my een on; processionin', an' the meelitary oot, airches, an' pictures on them, an' the thoosands on thoosands o' weel-dressed folk; I thocht tae mysel' 'od the Queen maun be marrit again, or has General Gordon brocht hame a pyramid as a keepsake frae Egypt? or what on airth is a' the rejoicin' aboot. So at the risk o' bein' ca'ed inquisiteeve, I speered at a man yesterday, what's the steer? "Oo!" says he, "D'ye no ken the toon's just fifty year auld the day." "Is that a'?" says I, "dearee