## SECOND EPISTLE.

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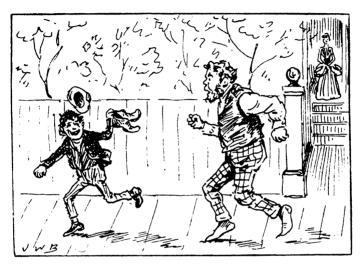
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Hugh's idea of Toronto's Semi-Centennial Celebration—How an independent Canadian lass spoiled her chances of an offer of marriage—An idea of who invented the electric light.

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