

## GRAND BALL AT THE WINDSOR.

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ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY "GIE ALL THE FOES OF SCOTLAND'S  
WEAL A TWEL' MONTHS TOOTHACHE."

For blithe we'll be a',  
As long as we hae breath to draw  
And dance till we be like to fa',  
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

Fair fu' your honest sonsie face,  
Great Chieftain o' the puddin' race !  
Aboon them a' ye take your place.  
Paunch, tripe, or thairein,  
Weel are ye worthy of a grace,  
As lang's my arm.

The "whirligig of time" brings many changes, but the dear old Scotch music and the good old Scotch dances are ever in the hearts of the people, and from one generation to another are handed down. The soul-stirring lilt or reels and strathspey are irresistible, they get into one's blood and make one's very toes tingle. The St. Andrew's ball is dear alike to the *debutante* and the matron ; it is as much for one as the other, and long may it flourish as a regular institution, and should there ever be a discussion as to the individual merits of a dinner or a dance, may there always be a dancing elder in the council with the courage of his opinions to throw in his weight for terpsichore.

Last night the Society scored another success. There were quite enough present to make dancing enjoyable without crowding, and the floor and music were all that could be desired.

### THE DECORATIONS

Were quite different from last year, both in Beullac's and Campbell's departments. The flowers were grouped very effectively in mounds, both in the ballroom, in the vestibule and upstairs in the passage ways. In the halls there were festoonings of smilax and asparagus round the gasaliers and from one to the other. Under the gasaliers