

**MUSTER TOUGALL MACCRUISHCAN 'ULL  
PE GOIN' TO TA PEEKNEC.**

An' it 'ull pe you again, Tonull? She'll no seen her for two weeks alreatly, she'll pe so pizzy wees ta peeknec of ta Happy Heilanmans. Tey'll pe goin' to ta Park of Lorne, an' all ta mans an' all ta weemens 'ull gone an' her nainsel she'll gone, too. If her nainsel 'ull not gone, Tonull, tey'll no could haf ta peeknec whateffer, for all ta young weemens 'ull be cracy apout her. When she'll gif a spoke in a ta Gaelic tey'll neffer pe so glat pefore, and she'll spoke ta Enklisch as goot as ta Gaelic, moreofer. An' she'll no pe so many yearss of oldt, Tonull, but she'll tance ta Hielan' Fling as goot ass any off them an' twice ass pesser.

Ye'll pe goin' to ta peeknec, surely, Tonull? Ay, ay, she'll pe fery glat ta hard that. Tere'll no pe a pesser timess, Tonull, in all ta Canata tan ta peeknec. All ta mans 'ull wore ta kilts an' all ta young weemens 'ull haf ta tartans, an' it'll be like ta tay of ta fair at Inferness. She'll haf on! ta kilts her nainsel, an' she'll look twenta yearss ass young ass effer. Some of ta people 'ull no like ta pare legs, but she'll no pe carin'. If tey'll no like ta pare legs, tey'll no pe Hielanmans, an' if tey'll no pe Hielanmans, she'll not care if tey'll like it or no.

She'll gone to ta peeknec for ten yearss, an' more, too. She'll gone to ta Caletonian games when ta Marquiss of Lorne 'ull pe here. She'll no wiss likin' ta Marquiss of Lorne when her'll wiss in Scotland, but when her'll pe here, Tonull, her'll pe a Hielanman, no matter! An' she'll gone to ta peeknec ta last year at ta Fictoria Park. My! Tonull, but tere'll pe ta goot times! Tey'll tance on ta poat, an' tey'll tance at ta park, an' when tey'll came pack tey'll tance all ta way from ta park to ta ceety.

When tey'll got to ta park, tey'll had ta racess. Tey'll haf racess for ta poys an' girls, an' tey'll haf racess for ta mans an' for ta weemens. Her nainsel 'ull pe in ta race for ta fat mans an' Musthress MacCruishcan, she'll pe in ta race for ta weemens. My, Tonull, ye'll neffer saw such a race once alretty. Ta weemens 'ull run faster, Tonull, tan all ta mañs in ta Canata. An' Musthress MacCruishcan! she'll run like ta wint, Tonull, an' ta tust 'ull fly, and she'll lost her ponnet, an' all ta togs 'ull pe at her heels, an' tey'll park an' tey'll howl, an' tey'll no pe aple ta kept up weess her, Tonull, she'll gone so fast. Tey'll no pe Hielan' togs, and tey'll neffer see ta weemens run ass fast pefore. Musthress MacCruishcan, she'll came in feerst, an' she'll got a tress, Tonull, tat 'ull came all ta way from Scoteland, so it wull!

An' ta tug o' war, Tonull! Tey'll pull an' tey'll pull, an' all ta faces 'ull pe red an' tere'll pe no more plood in all ta podies. But she'll no thunk, Tonull, tat ta cleemat of ta Canata 'ull pe goot for ta tevviloapment of ta armss. She'll saw ta tay, Tonull, when tey'll pull an' tey'll pull, an' ta rope 'ull proke an' all ta mans 'ull fall ofer ta usser mans. An' ta Lowlanmans 'ull no pull ta Hielanmans ofer neffer once.

Ay, Tonull, it 'ull pe ta gran' timess tat she'll had at ta park! When she'll saw ta water, an' when she'll no could see ta shore on ta usser side, it 'ull gone so far, an' when she'll saw ta hills at ta pack an' all ta treess, an' when she'll hard ta piper plowin' ta pipes an' playin' all ta tuness tat she'll hard when she'll wiss a poy, an' all ta peoples spokin' ta Gaelic,—my! Tonull, she'll thunk tat she'll pe pack in Skye weess her fasser an' musser an' all ta usser peoples. An' she'll pe so sorry, Tonull, when it

O' WAD some poo'er the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us!—Burns.



"FASHION."

*Maud.*—See that old lady, Adolphus!

*Adolph.*—Yaas—her impwoover is wawther high, but won't it be immense for her when that becomes the exactly pwopaw capaw?

'ull no pe true! She'll saw Musthress MacCruishcan weess ta handkerchief, an' her nainsel she'll got up an' tance ta Hielan' Fling, for she'll no want all ta mans ta see her. Ay, Tonull, it 'ull pe a goot place, ta Canata, weess all ta treess an' ta hillss an' ta lakess, but it 'ull no pe like Scoteland whateffer. Ye'll know what ta poet 'ull said apout tere'll pe nopody weess her soul so tead, Tonull, tat her'll no say to her nainsel, thus'll pe her own croft! Ta poet wiss a Lowlanman, but if she'll say that she'll pe proud off her, Tonull, if she'll be a Hielanman or no.

An' ye'll be goin, then, Tonull? Ay, ay, she'll be glat ta hear that. Her nainsel 'ull see her there, an' she'll take a trink off ta Ela whuska weess her, Tonull. ta mind her of ta lant off ta hesser.

CEILDH.

**COLLEGE-BRED.**

OFT I note with grief and sorrow  
That the lady graduate  
Fresh from college, learned and lovely,  
Knows not often how to bake.

In our garden is an arbor,  
And the floor is quite ornate,  
Unimpaired by years of usage  
Friends have paused to speculate.

This fair bower is paved with iron?  
Or perchance it's steel or lead?  
No, 'tis only slices cut from  
Jess, B.A.'s first batch of bread!

E. A. C.