

# EPISTLES O' AIRLIE.

## FIRST EPISTLE.



MR. HUGH AIRLIE FULFILLS A PROMISE.—HOW THE IGNORANCE OF A  
“COONTER HAPPER” MADE HIM MAD.—HIS DISGUST AT A MAN  
WHO WOULD TELL A “LEE.”

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye ken I promised tae write the moment  
we landed, but fegs! that's easier said than dune. We got  
the length o' Toronto yesterday, an' hech! man, but it's a  
wunnerfu' place: omnibuses an' muckle yellow caravans fleein  
here an' there in a' directions, like tae knock a body doon, an'  
croods of folk poorin' doon the street a' the time, just for a'