



CAPTAIN GEDDES, ENTYMOLOGIST.

EXAMINING A CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF A BIG BUG CAPTURED AT A
GOVERNMENT HOUSE RECEPTION.

SKILLY-GO-LEE ;

OR, THE FATE OF THE FOUR CREES.

A Tale of the Wild West.

OLD Skilly-go-lee was a redskin Cree,
And a hostile Indian chief ;
He'd make free with whatever he'd see,
For he was a first-class thief ;
He was the boss to steal a horse,
A mule, an ox, or a cow,
But the Indian chief he came to grief,
And I'll just tell you how.
Bring out your pipe and take a swipe.
I'll tell you the story now.

Old Skilly-go-lee with young bucks three,
Came down from the north to raid ;
The settlers few he put in a stew,
For he made them all afraid ;
At the sight of his paint the women would faint
When he'd ride up to the door,
And for a "hand out" he'd loudly shout,
And then he'd call for more ;
He'd eat that too, then say "bo joo,"
But he never shed much gore.

With his tommy-hawk, he could split a rock
At a hundred feet or so ;
With his scalping-knife he could take your life,
And would if you'd ever say "no"
To his mild demand, and his smile so bland,
In about a minute and a half ;
But he never would kill when he had his fill,
(He could eat a small sized calf) ;
So you will see, old Skilly-go-lee
Was not a safe man to chaff.

Well, one fine day, he rode our way,
(I was down on the C. P. R.) ;
We were blasting rocks, you could hear the shocks
For miles both near and far :
Each dynamite charge was not very large
So we carried them around where we went,
And every night we'd stow the dynamite
In a safe place far from our tent ;
Some crevice or crack, not far from the track,
In a place where the rock had been rent.

Old Skilly-go-lee, who had been on a spree,
One night came prowling around ;
He saw something white ! 'twas the dynamite,
A cartridge that lay on the ground ;
"Ugh ! ugh ! he ! he !" said Skilly-go-lee,
As he placed it in his pouch,
"Some fat, some fat ! I heap like that,
All the same as good *cocoush* !"
So Skilly-go-lee and the young braves three
From the hills did straight debouche.

With twigs of a briar they lighted a fire,
When they got to the foot of the hills ;
Then they got out their flour, which they mixed half an hour
With some water from one of the rills ;
And they put on the cake to let it well bake
With some pemmican they carried case of need ;
Then they all squatted round the fire on the ground
In readiness to satisfy their greed ;
But the old Indian chief, the cunning old thief,
Thought he'd have his own private feed.

On the end of a twig, with some Indian rig,
He fastened the dynamite.
And he stuck it in the fire ('twas his funeral pyre),
Then, sufferin' Scott ! what a sight !
Old Skilly-go-lee, and the young bucks three
Were blown into chicken feed ;
There were pieces of Crees all over the trees,
And here and there a glass bead ;
And the dynamite just served them right,
At least so we all agreed.

Now this is true, that I've told to you,
Of the old chief Skilly-go-lee.
Of his dynamite steal, and his dynamite meal,
And the fate of the young bucks three.

H.

"PROCRASTINATION."

"ANOTHER instance of procrastination !" remarked Mr. Newgay, as he finished reading out to a friend the newspaper heading to the latest account of the defaulting American bank cashier.

"Procrastination" is a new name for it, ain't it ?" ventured his friend. "But may be the delinquent hesitated too long before joining the noble army of Enos ?"

"No, he made a prompt and successful retreat in good order with the funds. But it was 'procrastination' all the same !"

"Explain !"

"Well, 'procrastination is the thief of time,' isn't it ?"

"Well ?"

"And 'time is mon——'"

"Hold on, Newgay ! Let me privately give you a word of advice. You have mistaken your calling. A man as smart as you really ought to go and hire himself out to some hospital as a mustard plaster !"

ONE good turn deserves another. The young poet dashes off a few lines, and then the editor dashes off the young poet. The result might also be represented by a few — — — — !



"SPRING, GENTLE SPRING."

(AS OUR POET EXPERIENCED IT LAST WEEK.)