

Gumbs, 'we deduce a fact at once fruitful and indisputable, viz: that the tail was long. For if the appendage was short, how could the fireman have caught hold of it?' "

"Well, I bring myself to believe with Rufus Gumbs, and am getting up an elaborate report advancing Mr. G.'s hypothesis, when I get a letter from Major Bunker. And this letter says recent investigations in Peru go to show that the *lamb was a goat*. And if such should prove true the tail is undeniably *short*, for all goats' tails are short.

"Thus I live on undecided. I am daily met with conflicting reports. If the thing is not soon settled I shall die of nervousness, and shall be laid away in the cold earth. I shall, by jinks!"

Then Blinkers departed.

If anyone wants any lying done with neatness and despatch, let him consult Blinkers. I am convinced that Mr. B. could take the contract for lying for the entire United States, and be proud of the job.

HOW THE WIDOW CAUGHT HIM.

A GENTLEMAN of an autobiographical turn relates how he was instructed in the custom of taking toll, by a sprightly widow, during a moonlight sleigh-ride with a merry party. He says:

The lovely widow L. sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe, with me.

"Oh, oh! don't, don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," the widow replied.

"Toll!" I rejoined. "What's that?"

"Well, I declare!" cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the bells—"you pretend you don't know what toll is?"

"Indeed I don't then," I said, laughing.

"Explain, if you please."

"You never heard then," said the widow, most provokingly—"you have never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always—that is, sometimes—when they cross a bridge claim a kiss, and call it toll! But I never pay it."

I said I never heard it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it.

At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly toward mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in my experience.

Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches. The widow said it was of no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch will you?" she said, so arably that I could not fail to exact all my dues.

And that was the beginning of my courtship.

BLUENOSE PERSONALS.

—Nowlan who opposes Grant for President of the B. A. P. A., (Bluenose A. P. A.) is Principal of the Westport High School, and is married.

—C. H. Gladwin who will probably be first vice of the B. A. P. A., is the champion puzzler of Canada, and has been actively connected with puzzledom since 1873, and is married.

—Geo. M. Sweet, (Dick Shunary) up for second vice, is a telegraph operator.

—Geo. E. Frye, who will undoubtedly be official editor, is a cousin to the well known editors of the celebrated *Eastern Sunbeam*.

—We don't know, but "Fin" says Louis is a tremendous punner.

—B. V. Chisholm, who expects to be Treasurer, is a farmer.

—'Rah for the B. A. P. & P. A.