



was a gallant Captain  
 Who braved the wintery weather  
 On a whaling trip, in a sailing ship,  
 And his boots were made of leather.  
 His ship was trim and taut,  
 And built for stormy skies.  
 The Captain's kit was a perfect fit  
 And his boots came up to his thighs  
 His crew were brave and hardy,  
 Nor feared the northern cold.  
 His heart no doubt was brave and stout.  
 His boots were both cork soled.

How'er the breezes blustered,  
 How'er the billows beat,  
 Not a sign of woe would the captain show  
 While his boots were on his feet.

But should a tempest threaten,  
 How blanched his cheeks would grow  
 If this boldest of skippers were up in his slippers  
 His boots being down below.

Of course the fact was noted,  
 And led to grave disputes.  
 Amongst the crew, some said they knew  
 That his courage was in his boots.  
 And others held opinions  
 "A slate was off his roof"  
 In his boots he was consoled because  
 (And this is the probable truth)  
 If he lost his ship he could walk the trip  
 For his boots were WATERPROOF.

FURRY.

'Tis now the lilies maiden  
 Overhauled all her furs,  
 And all the other pretty  
 Winter fixtures that are hers.

She brushes and she airs them,  
 And sometimes she waxeth wroth,  
 When she finds them devastated  
 By the all-devouring moth.

Oh! happy, happy, cat skin,  
 Which she fondly thinks is seal,  
 If you've any sensibilities  
 How honored you must feel.

As for me, I'd be contented,  
 And be satisfied enough,  
 If she'd only let me warm her hands  
 Like any other muff!

BILLIKENS IN THE COUNTRY.

"How beautiful is the country, even in the fall!" said Billikens, who had got off the train at the station of a North York village, and was taking a walk in its surroundings. See the apple trees weighed down with their load of luscious fruit. Observe the corn stalks standing erect as sentries seeming to watch the treasures of the orchard!" and Billikens walked serenely up the lane and gazed in admiration at the comfortable abode of the wealthy farmer, its happy owner. "What progress does this scene show," mused he. There yet stands the ancient log house, where the proprietor of this almost palatial residence was likely born, and where his father and mother lived before that event. Behold the

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old meeting-house crowning you hill. There no doubt on the quiet Sabbath, led by his fond mother's fostering hand, he went to his childish devotions. There the old school-house—

"You just get right out of this!" roared a loud and harsh voice, which proceeded from a tall, grizzly-haired man in cow-hide boots and high-water pants, to whom a noble watch dog was moored by a stout chain. "You git! I don't want no lightin' rods, no hay rakes, nor no books. You're a consarned book agent. I kin tell by your lank and brassy cheek, and the note-book in your pocket. If I ever ketch one of you fellers on my premises ag'in, I'll fill his clothes with snipe shot, by the great troth all hemlock! Now, git outter this in one minit and a half, or I'll let my bull dog go—and then you'll think that you'd fell into a threshing machine. Git!"

Billikens no longer talks of the beauties of the peaceful country.

B.

TAKING HIM DOWN.

"It is useless, sir, you arguing with me," said Ponsoby Beauclerc Budger, B.A., to Hiram Hayraker. "You are but a country Canadian. Recollect I am of Oxon."

"Oh!" retorted Mr. Hayraker. "See here, I bet you I know more about oxen than any confounded Englishman that ever crossed the seas. Haven't I driv' 'em, haven't I fed 'em for years on the old man's farm? No, siree, you can't fool me on oxen?"

"Sir," said the disgusted Budger, "I referred to the University of Oxford. I am speaking, sir, of a college."

"Why in thunder didn't you say so, then?" said Hayraker, indignantly. "I've heern tell of a school for trainin' hosses, but I never heard of a college of oxen before. What have you got B.A. tacked to your name for?"

"The letters stand for Bachelor of Arts." "Oh! I thought they meant Bull Admonished or Bovine Adviser. I'm from the backwoods, old man; forgive my ignorance. Let's take something."

A VILLAGE BAR ROOM CONVERSATION.

"Give me another horse!"—Shake.

"That's a pooty slick lookin' colt you driv' in with to-day, uncle."

"Yaas, she is pooty slick."

"She'll likely git to be pooty speedy."

"Waal, yaas. She is kinder that way now."

"How much do ye reckon she's wuth?"

"Don't know, hardly; wuth about \$200 I reckon."

"Think ye kin git that for her?"

"No man can git her for less money."

"Yaas, she's a pooty s'lick colt, but she's hardly wuth that much, Jake. How'd you like to swap for my bay? What boot'll you give me?"

"Couldn't give no boot for that bay; want boot myself."

"Waal, my colt's a good colt."

"And you bet my bay's a good hoss."

*	*	*	colt.
*	*	*	hoss.
*	*	*	colt.
*	*	*	hoss.

And so on, and so on.

B.

Employment Agent.—You said you didn't care what sort of a domestic I sent you. Lady.—I didn't say that, I know. "As to color, I mean." "Yes, I remember, I did. Either black or white, I said." "Well, I filled the stipulation, didn't I?" "No. The one you sent me is green."—Phil. Call.