



OUR QUEER ADJECTIVES.

LAWYER—"Then I understand you to swear, witness, that the parties came to high words?"

WITNESS—"No, sir; wot I say is, the words was particularly low."

THE WOOING OF THE HIRED MAN.

O H! Susan dear, my lavin' heart is mos'ly split in two,
It doesn't move ez onct it did afore I met with you,
The gash it bears will never heal, unless you fly with me
To wher the wages ain't so small ez here they seemter be.
Let's steal away when darkness comes to wher the times is good,
An' I will win a name for you a sawin' fire-wood;
I'll seek a glade, an' ther I'll build a home fer you an me,
Uv sods an' rocks an' logs an' things, 'longside a shelt'rin' tree:
We'll have a slickish garden spot, with taters in full bloom,
An' tear-producin' onions, too, an' ternips of ther's room:
We'll hang our walls with works uv art thet we kin git with soap,
And then we'll live right upter date on garden truck an' hope;
We'll hev a pig-pen nigh the door 'stead uv a flower plot,
An' we will keep a hog er two to furdur cheer our lot;
Then, when the howlin' winter comes an' blizzards round us slam,
We'll draw towards the festive board an' give our mind to ham.

An' in the ev'nin's, ez I sit a-spittin' on the stove,
I'll 'low 'twas well we thought it best, in uther days, to rove;
While you, a-darnin' uv my socks contented by my side,
Will not be sorry fer the day you went with me a bride;
Then, Susan Jane, breathe but the word—but breathe the uther way,
Fer Susan, dear, you must hev had some onions 'eat terday.

Oh, you will go—thet smile sez yes! So pack your wardrobe, dear,
Into a bandbox, while I go an' ketch the wall-eyed steer,
An' to the stone-boat hitch him up, beside the brindle ox;
An' when I've put a collar on an' iled an' combed my locks,
I'll come fer thee at midnight, love, when dogs ther feelin's bay,
An' we will fly across the crick to find a brighter day.

John West.

ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.

By Little Tommy.

IV. PREECHERS.

PREECHERS is men wich wares black close and a vest that is buttend all the ways up so you cant see their shirt frunt and also wite nektyes. most of them has sof felt hats same as wot the chinamen wares but a few has plugs. Preechers aint got nothing to do ceptin jest to preach wile docters has got to practice but they have to preach twice on sundays and go to prare meeting on wensdy nite and that is all. My pa made a joke and told me i coud put it in this essay if i want to and i gess i will. He sed it is esy nuff fer preechers to be good wen they get pade for it but he sez most of us has got to be good fer nothing and lots of us

is. i gess pa herd sumbody say that cos its a perty good joke. but i no sum preechers that works perty hard goin all round to visit poore fokes and do them good every day jes like the salvation army. i spose the salvation army is preechers too but they ware red shirts and has a drum. sum fokes lafs at them but i dont cos my ma sez they are good and god bless them. i spose they have a drum cos its esyer to play than a organ like we have in our church and the organ woud be to hevy to lug round wen they go out on the march. i dont no menny preechers but ours. he cums to our house sum times an talks to me bout how i am gettin long at scole and can i play foot ball and everything like that. he is a joly kind of a man and lafs like everything wen pa tells him a joke and then he reeds and we all get down on our nees and sez our prares and then he gose home but sometimes he stays to tea. My pa sez he is a jewel, and he wisht all preechers was as good but they aint cos some of them gets jelous about the others and acts mean jest the same as people that aint good. i am sprised to here this but i gess pa must be mistaken. i dont see how preechers coud ack like that wen they no it aint rite. so that is all i will say this time.

TOMMY.

THE KHAN.

WE had occasion in a recent number to refer to the poetical gifts of "the Khan," and to congratulate the *Globe* on having made a regular opening for him in its Saturday issue. Our remark was that from time to time he produced a veritable gem, and we now wish to refer to his poem in last Saturday's issue, "Morning on the Farm," as a case in point. We do not recall anything in the way of descriptive poetry that is very much superior to this bit of work. Robby Burns himself might have been proud of it.

A MATTER OF DUTY.

A CERTAIN College Principal not a million miles from Toronto is chiefly known for his unassuming piety and profound scholarship. People do not generally think of him as a wit, that is, people who only know him in the outside world. The students get an occasional glimpse of the other side of his nature, when matters apart from the severe collegiate course are up for consideration. At the allotting of rooms in residence, for example, on a certain occasion, he addressed the students as follows:

"Gentlemen, there is another matter I wish to refer to in this connection—I mean the question of smoking. Now, we do not go the length of our Methodist brethren and prohibit smoking altogether; nor, on the other hand, do we urge you to smoke; but, if any gentleman feels it his duty to smoke, we ask that he do not do so in the corridors."



"THE UNITED SERVICE."

[Cook and coachman taking care of their convivial master.]