



"All right, my cove, yer takes yer chice,"  
Said cabby, driving on ;  
"Yer sees yon isle—stay there awhile,  
Till this ra-h bile is gone."

And straight he dumped him in the mud,  
And drove away in glee.  
Then Bill was king of everything  
(Like Crusoe) he could see.

But soon he tired of reigning thus ;  
And, since the flood was rising,  
I rather guess his realm grew less  
With suddenness surprising.

Now Bill, tho' brave, became alarmed ;  
And as he shivered there,  
A one-horse hack, with splash and crack,  
Was looking for a fare.

Bill hailed it, and the Jehu stopped  
His nag, and grinned right out.  
"Comment dites-vous? vat for you do  
Make noises, sare, about?"

"Oh, take me hence!" he cried in woe.  
The Jehu shrugged his shoulders:  
"Me am engaged"; and while Bill raged  
He drove round floating boulders

Of river ice. Anon he turned,  
And asked, "How much me git?"  
"You'll git my throne, 'tis all my own,"  
Said Bill, with sudden wit.

"Ca! trone be blowed! two dollar, sare!—  
Me drive you safe to shore."  
"No, not for fun!—I'll give you one,  
But not a red sou more!"

"Vell, vell, me am engage," says he,  
And straight his nag he lashes.  
He hurries off, with jeering scoff,  
And soaks poor Bill with splashes.

"Stop! stop! TWO DOLLARS!—here, cash down."  
The Jehu took him in,  
And off they went, as if they meant  
A Derby race to win.

The one-horse hack soon came to grief.  
The water reached too deep  
Not far from shore, they could no more  
Their forward journey keep.

Bill scrambled to the carriage roof,  
Surprised by laughter loud  
From raft, and float, and barge, and boat,  
And the assembled crowd.

In vain the Jehu lashed his nag,  
In vain Bill sat and cursed.  
The mob laughed loud, Bill rose and bowed,  
Resolved to dare the worst.

At last it came—a fearful splash!  
Spectators held their breath;  
Before their eyes, with demonish cries,  
The madman sought his death.

No. Look! he's swimming for the shore—  
He's reached it. Hark! a shout,  
With spit and spat, like drowning rat,  
He sheepishly crawls out.

And O! the cheers that greeted him,  
As he lounged up the street,  
And took his way, far famed that day  
For his illustrious feat!

The flood has fallen. Now no more  
May sharpers play their tricks.  
Still never let Bill B. forget  
The flood of eighty-six.

VARIETAS.

### THE RULING PASSION.

(Scene—Hospital; dramatis personæ, Doctor, Joe, a drunken old ne'er-do-weel, who is dying of a complication of di-eases.)

*Doctor*—Now is there anything more you would particularly like?

*Joe*—If a micht jist hae ae gless o' whusky.

*Doctor*—You know, Joe, that that's exactly what has brought you to this.

*Joe*—Ye micht gie me yin, 'am awfu' wake.

*Doctor* (relenting and filling out a glass from a bottle)—Well, it's jist another nail in your coffin.

*Joe* (drinking and holding out the empty glass)—Man, Doctor, ye micht ca' anither yin in as lang's ye hae the hammer in yer haun'.



### A PROPER PRIDE.

*Jones*.—Who in the world is that awfully conceited fellow? Looks as if he owned the city.

*Robinson*.—That? Why that's Rogers, the coal man; contractor for the water works coal, you know.

*Jones*.—Even so, I don't see why—

*Robinson*.—O, perhaps you don't know that the authorities have just testified publicly that as a contractor he has been upright and honest with the city.

*Jones*.—Ah! Now I understand! The only case on record, hey