

the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire, and threw it into it.

'I think that'll make you start,' says the fox.

'Not a bit,' says the ranger; 'that wont do, my buck,' says he; 'the brogue may burn to cinders,' says he, 'but out o' this I wont stir; and thin puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gave a blast of a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

'So that wont do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

'There now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he, 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the devil sitch to his knee buckles.'

'Oh, you thievin' varmint!' says the ranger, 'you wont lave me a tack to my feet; but no matther,' says he; 'your head's worth more than a pair o' brogues to me, any day; and, by the Piper o' Blissintown, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and, with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sitch the fox on his hunkers, and puts his two fore paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger. Well, the ranger, no wondher, though in a rage, as he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself and gey another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl!' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I musn't be triflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsible that it is time to let me go; and though he hasn't undherstan'ing to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say *sparables*;' and, with that, what do you think the fox done? Why, he took a lighted piece of a log out o' the blazing fire, and ran over wid it to the rangers bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out of house and home; so whin the ranger saw that, he gave a shout—

'Hilloo, hilloo! you murdherin' villin!' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue of a Ribbonman!' and he made a dart between him and the bed, to save the house from being burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted; and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped.

But before he wint, the fox turned round and gave the ranger the most contemptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin'! and off wid him—like a flash o' lightnin'!'

Lover.

GOOD ADVICE.—The following words, it has been well said, are deserving to be written in

letters of gold, like those over the principal gate of Athens, in the days of her pride and glory. "Keep thy feet dry—thy skin clean—thy digestion regular—thy head cool—and a fig for the doctors."

GERMAN WINES.—The Philadelphia Gazette assures its readers that some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar and as rough as a file. "It is remarked of the wines of Stuttgart," says this authority, "that one is like a cat scampering down your throat head foremost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by the tail.

CANDOUR.—An honest brewer divided his liquor into three classes—strong-table, common-table, and *lamen*-table.

LAZINESS.—A father asked a lazy son what made him lie in bed so long. "I am busied," said he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, sloth to lie still; and as they give me twenty reasons for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides: and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.

THE BARBER AND THE MADMAN.—A pimple-faced madman, with a loaded pistol in his hand, compelled a barber to take off his beard, declaring that if he cut him in a single place, he would blow out his brains. After successfully accomplishing his difficult task, the barber was asked whether he had not been terrified during the operation. "No, Sir," he replied, "for the moment I had drawn blood, I had made up my mind to cut your throat!"

"If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

In the mountainous parts of some of the northern portions of the Burman empire, where the plant, judging from its native name, appears to be indigenous, tea is cultivated for a use to which no other nation puts it. The leaf is preserved in oil and eaten as a dainty, pretty much after the manner in which European nations use Olives.

"Industry must prosper," as the man said when holding the baby while his wife chopped wood.

A wag, reading in a shop window, "Table bear sold here," asked if the bear was the man's own *bruin*.

"French kid" gloves are made of the skins of rats caught in the sewers of Paris.

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