

series of the "art" long before the *Bluenose* was thought of, in fact, the *Bluenose* owes its existence to puzzling. We have received a great many notes advising us to give up the puzzle column, but we have considered the matter carefully and the conclusion we came to was this: give up the puzzle column, why give up the paper, it is the backbone of the paper, and as long as we have ten fingers, the "Intricate Idens" will flourish.

We relish puzzling. It is our favorite pastime. Many a long, weary hour have we passed sitting in our sanctum, and by the dim light of the lamp, our fingers crooked and cramped, have we solved a few "Hidden Thoughts," or constructed a few hard 'uns to try the patience of "ye mystic knights."

Having spread ourselves sufficiently over this subject, we will come to a somewhat abrupt conclusion by propounding the following puzzle:

To certain Amateur Editors with our compliments.

VEREN BUMLERG HWTTCO SACUE.
P.S.—If the cap does not fit do not wear it.

Editorial Effervescences.

—If you have not seen the *Kazor* send 3 cent stamp for a copy to this office.

—The sketch, "Trout-fishing," was written for the May number, but was too late for insertion.

—We were made the recipients of one of those Autograph Albums advertised in another column; they make a neat present for your "animated sugar plum" or a small memento of friendship, in fact, we could enumerate a thousand and one uses, but as our space is limited, we'll curtail them. Send for one and live happy, or by obtaining an agency in a few years you

can live on the interest of your money.

—Alas! Alas!! Our intended visit to that great and beautiful City of Boston vanished like snow before the sun, and here we are still in the city of our birth, sitting by the open window of our sanctum, and as the cool, invigorating breeze sweeps past, we exclaim, "this is a perfect paradise."

—Geo. W. Hancock of the *Club* seems to be the "Daddy" on puns. Bub managed to get hold of a copy of the paper the other day and we really thought he'd never stop laughing.

—An entertainment was recently given before a few highly colored brethren in which they billed the performance as an "Ice Cream Entertainment." The result was that they had a full house, but what was the mortification of the audience when they were informed that this entertainment was to consist entirely of vocal and instrumental music, in fact, it was an *I'se scream* affair. There was a great deal of *cold* feeling among the audience, we can assure you.

Written for the *BLUENOSE*.

POOR TOM CAT.

BY A. T. B.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As creeping o'er the fence there past
A something I made out at last
To be a Tom Cat.

And then for sure, another look
At this strange animal I took
But he was there 'safe as a book.'
Poor Tom Cat.

Yes, there he stood, as "bold as brass,"
And looking like a solid mass.
So innocent, alas! alas!!
Poor Tom Cat.

Altho' his spine it had a bend,
He little thought how near the end—
He did not mean us to offend,
Poor Tom Cat.

For quietly I found a stone
And let fly at his spinal bone.
And down he dropped without a groan.
Poor Tom Cat.

And now no more the murmuring sound
Of that glorious "mew" we'll hear around,
For I buried him 'neath the "cold, cold ground."
Poor Tom Cat.

And I said to myself now this is hard,
As I dug him a grave in our back yard,
And I whistled the last notes of the "Mulligan Guard."
O'er that Poor Tom Cat.

I wonder if Angels o'er his head,
Will ever a tear of pity shed,
As they silently gaze on the face of the dead
Old Tom Cat.

Halifax, N. S.

TOBIAS BOTTLES.

BY SKINFLINT, JR.



Tobias Bottles, the subject of this sketch, was an exceedingly mischievous youth, which he ex-