

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I ain't got the small-pox and never had it (Laughter, and "neither had we") I never saw a real case of it in the house (A wee voice, "Bring him to the Island"). I can't see, gentlemen, why they quarantined us. (Voices, "Nor we".) But, gentlemen, the quarantine's not so bad when it doesn't come at Christmas. (A voice, "Bravo!" followed by prolonged applause during which Tommy decided to sit down.)

Several other speakers, who were on the bill, found their legs too shaky under the responsibility of uttering their teeming thoughts, so after a pause the musical programme was proceeded with. Here there was not a hitch. The performers were selected on account of their tried abilities, and executed their roles with a credit that *merely* sustained their previous reputations. We give the programme in full :

Introductory—Phonograph Selections .....Paro Bros.  
Soprano Solo—"How I love my Little Bed" .. S. St.Honge  
Mouth Organ ..... Jeem Eelhee  
Whistling Duet..... C. R. Cand and M. B. Nick  
Grand Finale—Violin Solo. . "Hands across the Table"  
Chorus..... "Grab What You Can "

