



THE REFORMER HANDICAPPED.

Hon. Oliver.—Yes, boys, PERSONALLY, I'd go with you in a minute, but I've got this old party to carry, and HE'S SCARED TO GO!

THE FATE OF JONES.

THE junior Jones,
In tenderest tones,
Did thus 'his own' address:
"Sweet! Come with me
The Mikado see,"
And her angel-lips said, "Yes!"

Two seats secured,
And plans matured,
In evening dress arrayed,
Sharp at eight,
Drove up in state,
This gallant youth and maid.

All went well
As a marriage bell,
They criticised and 'spied' them—
"Pish," "Nank," and "Pooh,"
And "Ko-Ko" too
Until the Sirens eyed them.

Sweet little girls
With their twists and twirls,
From away-far-off Japan.

Their merry lays
And artful ways
Did pierce Jones's heart trepan.

The deafening roar,
"Encore! encore!"
Jones helped to swell like a fool:
No thought had he,
But forever to be
With "three little maids from School."

But alas! for Jones!
His rapturous tones
Had lost him 'his own' forever:
For she turned her back
To him in the hack,
And said, "Sir, we must sever."

Now all ye maidens fair,
I warn you, have a care,
If you're going, the Mikado for to see:
Don't venture with your swain,
'Tis sure to cause you pain
And perhaps 'will make you henceforth disagree.

—Ko-Ko.