

THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

THE shades of night were dim afar,
 When Smithers sat on an old tram-car;
 The air was cold, and drear, and grey,
 And every zephyr seemed to say

Hay fever!

And then some—

The seats were cold, and chill, and bare,
 And Smithers sat and shivered there;
 The whistling winds would shrilly blow,
 And ever seemed to whisper low,

Neuralgia!

And then some—

The mules flew wildly down the track,
 The night air crept down Smithers' back,
 The canvas curtains liked to shake,
 And every draught brought in its wake

Influenza!

And then some—

Poor Smithers blew his weeping nose,
 And shuffled round his frosted toes;
 But ere he reached his humble door,
 Alas, poor Smithers was no more!

Consumption!

And then some

undertakers took him in hand,
 And, preceded by a band,
 They dug a hole and dumped him in,
 Made out the bill, asked for the tin,—
 They didn't get it.

And then some

law suits.

That's all.

Stop fiddling.

Good night!