



### A SANITARY DIFFERENCE.

MRS. JIMSECUTE (with a glance at the morning supply of lactea fluid)—"This milk has been well watered, as usual."

MR. J.—"I don't object to that so much as if it were city-watered."

### EVERYTHING IN A NAME.

HOW THE ALDERMEN PROPOSE TO RECLAIM CATFISH POND.

Deputation of West-Enders to Committee of City Council—

OH, City Fathers, we again  
Of your inaction must complain;  
We come from Parkdale and beyond  
To speak to you of Catfish Pond.

A reeking, stagnant swamp it lies,  
Malarial vapors thence arise—  
A most insanitary spot,  
Especially when it is hot.

And all the residents around  
Declare that sickness does abound,  
And people from the place abscond—  
They will not live near Catfish Pond.

Abate this nuisance right away,  
The public health brooks no delay;  
Oh, fill it up, or clean it out,  
And loudly we'll your praises shout.

Ald. Atkinson.

Good people, what you say is true,  
I deeply sympathize with you;  
One day, while standing on the bank,  
I noticed that the pond seemed rank.

'Tis dangerous to public health,  
And—if we had sufficient wealth,  
We'd gladly do what you suggest  
To gain your influence in the west.

But, as you surely ought to know,  
The civic funds are somewhat low;  
'Twould cost the city much too dear—  
We can't attend to it this year.

However, something may be done,  
These foul abuses must not run  
Unchecked by effort on our part,  
Who have your interests at heart.

Now the proposal which I make  
Is to re-name it "Silver Lake,"  
Suggestive of a calm retreat  
By waves pellucid, fresh and sweet.

Who could malarial fever take  
From living close to Silver Lake,  
Where ozone-laden breezes sport?  
Why, 'twill become a health resort!

So Catfish Pond we will reclaim  
By giving it a better name,  
And, as to meet your views I've tried,  
I hope you all are satisfied.

[Exit deputation apparently well pleased with the successful result of their mission].

### THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

SAMJONES—"The more we study the beneficent operations of Nature, the more we will become convinced of what has been termed the inherent fitness of things."

BORAX—"I don't know. I was out to the Humber last evening, and got nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes. I'd like to know where the fitness of things comes in there?"

SAMJONES—"Why, that's just an instance in point, my friend. Did you never observe that mosquitoes are always found in the dam-pest places?"

### NOT LITERALLY.

SCENE—The Refreshment table at the reception.

MR. A.—"Do have something more, Miss B."

MISS B.—"Nothing more, thank you."

MR. A.—"Not even an ice?"

MISS B.—"No, I thank you."

MR. A.—"At least allow me to press you to a jelly."

N. M. A.



### A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

GANAGHAN—"Whack fol de riddle! Whisht! Twins—an a pair av thim! Sure, they look enough alike to be thriflets!"