

An Ode to the Bacilli.

By the Poet "Low Rate."

There are blisters on the Corncob and some warts upon the cheese,
 And the Spinach has the colic, and I found a million fleas
 On the fowl we had for dinner—plus a cockroach in the pie;
 And the green tuberculosis laid the pig out in our sty.
 All the water's full of Typhus, and the bread has got the mumps,
 My wife I kissed this morning, and the germs stayed on in lumps;
 Then I tried to eat an apple, but it reeked with bacilli,
 And I found four kinds of cancer in my morning pot of tea.
 Our domestic cooked an omelet—(Dr. Weeks was in to dine)—
 And it came to table steaming—floating in my rarest wine—
 But he swore I'd get the anthrax and a gumboil and the gout,
 If I ate it, so I hollered for the maid and sent it out.
 The celery's rheumatic and the pumpkin's on the blink,
 The onions have the measels, and there's nothing fit to drink.
 The pepper has the pinkeye, and the salt's affected too,
 And the pickles have the goitre—no, I mean—tiedollerue.
 And pancakes all have spavins and the milk has got the pip,
 The vinegar has gumboils and the coffee has the grippe.
 And the portidge—Oh God help us—why I threw it in the ditch
 For I heard on good authority, the blamed stuff had the itch.
 Why: I've had to bathe each sausage—sterilise each nut and prune,
 And I'm sure that I'll go crazy if they don't discover soon
 Some sort of germless fodder, I can plaster on my ribs,
 For I'm sick of drinking hair oil, and eating rusty nibs.
 Still—I've one old pair of gum shoes and another quart of oil
 So I'll eat them with a bathrug—and plod along and toil,
 I'll eschew these condimmed microbes—and I'll swat each bug and fly,
 And I'll live on ripe tobacco, or I'll pine away and die.

PERSONALS.

Mr. L. M. Fortier, of the Immigration Branch, concerning whose departure there is an item in another column, left Ottawa on Thursday, April 24th, with his family, for his new home in Annapolis, N.S.

Mr. George Bunnelle, of the Post Office Department, has now recovered from his recent severe illness, and his many friends are glad to see him around again.

Mr. T. J. Morris, late clerk in the Department of Justice, has been transferred to the Department of Interior.

W. D. McLean, formerly mail clerk on the Bridgeburg and St. Thomas

route, latterly laying out rural mail delivery routes, has been appointed assistant inspector at London, in the room of Col. Fisher, who succeeded Dr. Campbell as inspector.

During the Case Exams. in London District, Mail Clerk J. Stewart, sorted his whole 1000 cards correctly in the quick time of 21½ min., while Mail Clerk Anderson sorted his cards in 19½ min., missing one card. "Going some?"

Mr. Irvine M. Creelman of the Department of Customs, Ottawa, was married on April 25th to Miss Elizabeth Lillian Mohr, daughter of Mrs. E. Mohr of McKellar Townsite. Mr. and Mrs. Creelman are on a tour which will extend to the Pacific coast.