

When the polliwog thoughtlessly bore
Mammalian, marsupial germs,
And wriggled in mud on the shore,
His lazy, indefinite squirms.

Pigs there were rhinoceros-nosed,
No bristles stiff-growing together,
And by these strange facts I was posed
Till I thought on the absence of leather ;
That potatoes yet hadn't been planted,
When they were the horn changed to a snout ;
When by shoemakers wax-ends were wanted
" Selection " made bristles grow out.

The birds, not yet used to the air,
Were bipeds, with wings undeveloped,
There were some of them covered with hair,
And advanced ones in feathers enveloped ;
But all were most awkward in flying
And had staid on the ground till to-day,
But their pinions " selected " in trying
High leaps for the insects, their prey.

Space fails me to name all the shapes
Developed by nature's progression :
How a treeful of chattering apes
Survived as a parliament session.
But the end of it all was,—my wife
Rudely shattered the fanciful thread
With the words, " Why, what's this ? On my life,
Mr. Muggins, you should be in bed ! "

Newspaper Eccentricities.

THE *Hamilton Times* in a recent issue informed the public that a certain hotel wanted " A Female Vegetable Cook." Now, will any one inform us what female vegetables are ? In these times when the screeching sisterhood are doing their best to bridge the distance between pantaloons and petticoats, has some daring man separated the vegetable kingdom. We don't know what female vegetables are—we know some male ones however. There are *man-gle-worzle*, *art he choke*, *man drake*, *horse radish*, *salad*, &c. Let some one step up and explain.

The same paper has an advertisement wanting a number of girls to work on paper boxes. Is it safe ? Are the limbs, perhaps the lives of our young girls to be imperilled by setting them to work on any thing as flimsy as a paper box ? Never sir, let them work on the floor or on chairs ; but on paper boxes—our manhood rises against it, perish the thought !

Some one in Fergus a few days ago announced through the *Mail* that he

" WANTED—A Baritone in B flat, also a tenor in E. Both with bell over shoulder."

We give it up. They want a baritone in B flat ; well, we didn't think any one could be *flat* enough in Fergus to want such a thing. We understand all about the tenor in E—of course they want a man who can sing at his *ease* all the time. But why must they have bells over their shoulders. Is it a delicate way of saying that in addition to instructing the youth of Fergus in music, they must also aid as town criers—who knows ?

What has the Fourth Estate come to, when we find such a paragraph as the following in the *Brockville Recorder* :—

" A young couple were married by the Rev. Mr. McGillvray last evening on Buell street. We could not learn their names."

Come, Father WYLIE, wake up " yo local," and send him out for news. Such an item as this is too much like the homœopathic soup that was made out of the shadow of a chicken.

We never knew before that flax grew in piles, but here it is on the authority of the *Listowel Banner* :—

" Mr. Thos. Gibson, of Elma, has climbed to the top of the pile for long flax. He showed us some the other day four feet six inches in length "

It is truly sad to think that the *Banner* man lives right in the midst of an agricultural community, and isn't better posted.

It appears that the subscribers of the *Dayton Enterprise* don't pay promptly, and this is the way the proprietor urges them,—entreats them to do their duty :—

" If you haven't got the cash, farm-stock or produce—chickens, young turkeys, geelings, or eggs, if you have plenty. Cordwood we are not particular about just now."

The Needy Swells' Duett.

If we only had plenty of greenbacks,
Our style would be airish and grand ;
We would wear the best clothes on our lean backs,
And live on the fat of the land.

If we only were flush with "equiv'lent,"
If we had an abundance of gold,—
We'd find the "cold world" much more civil, and
We'd hear ourselves hourly extolled.

If we never were short of shinplasters,
We would be a felicitous pair ;
We would have but our wills for our masters,
And would banish all sorrow and care.

If we only had plenty of lucre,
In our wooing we surely would win,
And our rivals we'd certainly euvre,
For there's magic in plenty of tin.

But alas ! we are short of the needful,
And our creditors clamor for pay ;
And alas ! we're obliged to be heedful
How we squander our little away.

We have not been favored by MAMMON,
And bach'lor'ood is our fate,
For love and no cottage is gammon,
So we must resignedly wait.

Let us wait, nor let hard fortune grieve us,
But comfort ourselves with the hope
That some relation somewhere may leave us,
By-and-by an abundance of soap.

Popular Science.

A note found upon the dressing table of Mrs. GRUNDY, and evidently in the handwriting of that rascal TOM :—

MY DEAR MAMMY,—I jes want for to direct your attention to the followen observations which I find goin threw all the papers :
In *Physiology for Practical Use* we find the following: There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it.

Hopen that you will think twice about my membrane befor you clout me after this,

I have the onner to be

YOUR TOM.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

THE SANGSTER controversy has reached its worst stage—it has got into the clutches of the Poets. Our contemporary the *Guelph Herald* was the other day favoured with some stanzas by " A TEACHER." The production bears internal evidence of the unfitness of the author for any position in a Canadian common school, so it is presumable that his profession is that of a teacher of versifying. Here he is a master indeed, as the opening verses of the poem in question will prove :

Two men are locked in deadly strife,
A GOLDWIN SMITH, and SANGSTER.
The *Globe* comes forth with venom rife,
And spits at Doctor SANGSTER.

Oh ! naughty SANGSTER, haste away,
And leave the field to our professor,
Come, Mr. SANGSTER, please obey,
And then we'll have a pot professor.

Mark the consummate ingenuity with which the writer gets over the difficulty of finding a rhyme for the words "SANGSTER" and "professor." SANDY McLACHLAN would never have thought of it.