

THE SMALLPOX GERM.

WARNS ONE WHO BELIEVES NOT IN JENNER.
 "Several people are very much averse to vaccination and look upon it as a sin."—*Montreal paper.*
 It was in the bleak October, I was sitting, sad and sober, having taken salts of Glauber, not being well and feeling bilious.
 I suppose that I was dozing—sure I was without supposing, this no secret I'm disclosing though some cynic supercilious
 Might declare that I'd been drinking—but I sat there, nodding, blinking, merely most profoundly thinking when I heard, down near the floor
 Something like a mouselet squeaking—not a chirping nor a creaking, but a small voice softly speaking, and its tones a semblance bore
 To the murmur heard in seashells on the ever-sounding shore.
 There upon my nether garment was the strangest little varment—by this term there is no harm meant—that my optics ever greeted,
 It was crawling, grappling, creeping up—believing I was sleeping, with its volicoit ever keeping time—as I was silent seated.
 "Do I sleep or am I waking?" Then I cried in terror quaking, "I'm awake, there's no mistaking"—here I tweaked my nasal feature—
 "What d'ye want, you horrid pigmy—do not with your clawlets dig me—you are very small, not big"—
 "Me," then replied the little creature,
 "I'm the germ of variola," then replied the little creature.
 "I am come to tell Toronto that, though I really do not want to, her people soon I shall be on to if they don't make preparation—
 There's one thing will stop me now, sir, and the way I'll tell you how, sir, 'tis the vaccine of the cow, sir, yes, I don't like vaccination.
 I am merely come to warn you—smallpox pits do not adorn you—with them foolish folk would scorn you—and besides they're very sore.
 So I pray you let your doctors—bohuz, draught and pill concoctors (medicine men in tongue of Choctaws) vaccinate each little bore,
 Vaccinate each squalling, squealing child upon your Bay's sweet shore."
 Then my frame shook with a shudder. "What," I cried, "take stuff from udder of that beast that chews the cud, or, as they call it, rumination?"
 "Yes," replied the imp of evil—small as midgot, flea or weevil, "I intended to be ceevil when I spoke of vaccination.
 That alone, dear friend, will cure you and from smallpox will insure you and 'gainst my attacks insure you"—Here I sprang upon the floor,
 "Get thee gone, thou horrid midget, t'lier far than any Bridget—do you think that I am a hijit? got thee gone from out my door—
 Take your claws from off my pant-legs and your form outside my door."
 Then with plaintive suspiration went the germ outside my door.
 —Swiz.

UNCLE SAM TO NEIGHBOR CANADA.

Look hyar, cousin! I ain't goin' to be a meddlin' with any of these here consarns o' yourn, 'tain't any o' my funeral; but you bet I dew believe in them noospapers o' yourn actin' on the squar. Fur the last ten or fifteen y'ar 'n more them thar noospapers bin an' come down on me every time like a thousand o' brick, fur aidin' an' abettin' consparracies o' blatherskites agin England—on this yer friendly sile—(an' I'm blamed ef ye'll find a friendlier anywhar on top of this round yarth). They kep on a-hammerin an' a-poundin' about that thar nest o' vipers I was a nussin' of in my buzzum, till the time was ripe fur them to slip an' fasten their fangs on John Bull; to say nothin' of gobblin' up the British Empire generally. I them thar noospapers called upon me to spend my time and my money a-huntin' up an' gaggin' every blessed Irish blatherskite who went round beggin' for somebody to tread on the tail of his coat, an' when I didn't just see my way to do exactly as they pinte'd out, they called me *sich* names! I was a Fenian cuss, a goldarned coward as couldn't call the nose on his face his own for fear the Irish vote would bite it off, and sich, and so forth—fhey went fur me, I tell you. Now, I ain't a castin' of this up fur nothin'. I ken stand the racket as long as you ken—an' I take it, I ain't the kind of hair pin to restrict liberty o' speech—even though it be the speech o' blatherskites, sound an' fury signifyin' nothin'; but what I wanted

tew remark is this—whar's them thar noospapers now? Hyar I see you've got right thar in Toronto public meetin' for the open purpose o' the dismemberment o' the British Empire; blood an' thunder speeches denouncin' the Saxon tyrant and sich, an' so forth; an' subscriptions taken up to fight England. Now, that's exactly what they did in the United States of Ameriky. *It's your turn now*—whar's yer thunderin' articles in the noospapers now about vipers and sich?—why don't you smoke 'em out as you axed me to do?—why do you let 'em spit on your flag like that? Finally, Cousin Canada, what air you going to do about it? Air you also down on your knees fur the almighty Irish vote?



POPE'S UNIVERSAL ANSWER

TO CRITICISMS FROM THE OPPOSITION BENCHES.
 "He would blast the labored argument of an adversary by a look of scorn or contemptuous wave of the hand."—*Parkman, Wolfe and Montcalm, Vol. II., p. 42.*

OLLA PODRIDA.

EXECRABLE.

"Joe," said young Swizzleton to a friend who he knew was not addicted to partaking of that which, etc., "Joe, have some champagne," and he pointed to two or three bottles of "fizz" which were cooling themselves in an ice-pail.
 "No, Jack, it's against my principles, you know," was the reply. "In fact, I consider it naughty, as the girls say."
 "Ah, Joe," said Swizzleton, "its naughty, but it's on ice!"

DRAWING NIGHT.

Ere long the little boy,
 Full of joy,
 Will take his little sled
 From the shed,
 And down the hill he'll go
 Thro' the snow.
 But the difficulty is
 In this "biz"
 That tho' he meets a rock
 With a shock,
 It doesn't kill him quite;
 He's all right.
 Little boys a nuisance are,
 Ask Papa.

CUTTING.

"Oh! bahbah," said a young "blood," entering a tonsorial establishment one morning, I'm in a tewwible state; was out with the boys laht night, y'know, and I want you to shampoo my head or something, y'know. It feels twemendously swollen—just like a balloon."
 "Ah! yes," replied Razors, who knew his man, "it is like a balloon—in every respect."

FAREWELL, IRISHMEN!

On the 28th day,
 As I'm going to say,
 Of the lately-flown month of September,
 Was enacted a see e,
 (Sure one which, I ween,
 I'm likely full long to remember.
 The I. A. A. Team,
 Brought o'er ocean by steam.
 Were leaving our fast-growing city;
 So to see the boys off,
 And at parting hats doff,
 Went a few folks—but few, more's the pity.
 Yet we made such a noise,
 While a-cheering the boys,
 As attracted a deal of attention;
 Their answering cheers
 Even *every* dull ears
 Could have heard, thro' brick walls' intervention
 For Barry, from Cork
 (Faith he's not like a stork.)
 Roared out like a young Bull of Bashan,
 And he and the rest,
 It may here be confessed,
 Could be heard to the end of the station.
 When the cheering was done
 Then a song was begun,
 'Twas that we were all "jolly good fellows";
 Then out into the light,
 And soon from our sight,
 Went big Barry, with lungs like a bellows.
 —J. A. MESAG.

THE SITUATION HE WAS FIT FOR.

Keeper of Intelligence Office.—You say you desire a situation?
Applicant.—Yes, sir.
K.O.I.O.—What can you do?
A.—I have no trade, but I am willing to do almost anything.
K.O.I.O.—What have you been doing lately?
A.—Working in a dynamite factory.
K.O.I.O.—Dangerous work, I suppose?
A.—Very dangerous; but I did not leave it on that account, but because the work gave out. I'm not afraid of anything.
K.O.I.O.—You ain't, eh? You ain't afraid of being pounded half to death, cuffed, kicked, execrated, knocked down, rolled in the mud, being made a football of, or anything of that kind?
A.—Certainly not.
K.O.I.O.—All right, I will get you a position as a baseball umpire.—*Boston Courier.*

LOVE ALL GONE.

Bride.—There, I knew how it would be. We have not been married a month and already you have ceased to care for me.
Young Husband.—Why, my dear, what can you be thinking of? You are dearer to me than ever.
B.—It isn't so; you know it isn't. You took tea at our house several times before we were married, and you scarcely touched a thing. Ma said she knew you was truly in love, because you had no appetite.
Y.H.—Of course, dear, but—
B.—And now you are actually complaining just because I forgot to get anything for breakfast.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A SPLENDID OLD SETTLER.

"Did you hear about that riot in Chicago the other day?"
 "No; what about it?"
 "It was a fearful mob, and I thought at first the troops would have to be called out, but it was finally quieted by an old settler."
 "How did the old settler quiet the mob?"
 "The old settler was an egg, and it hit the ringleader behind the ear. Beats the troops all to hollow."—*Newman Independent.*

Jumbo's trunk was checked by a freight train.—*Waterloo Observer.*