



WHAT "TRUTHFUL JAMES" SAW AT THE CITY COUNCIL.

Come, listen, gentlemen, to me, likewise ye ladies all,  
I'll tell you of a little game 'way down in Montreal,  
A city of the far North-West—as the London *Graphic* places it—  
Which its Aldermen's behaviour's sich as literally disgraces it.

The Mayor he sat in Council, all a fumin' and a fussin',  
While the question of the C. P. R. the Committee was discussin',  
Which their langwidgo was not sich as we're accustomed for to hear,  
And several of the members kep' appealing to the Cheer.

The Mayor he says, says he, "Keep quiet. Such games I can't allow."  
"Sit down," says he, and "Order," too, but he couldn't stop the row;  
And one of them there Aldermen, addressin' of the Chair,  
Says, "We ain't agoin' to be down trod by a' autocratic Mayor."

Then the langwidgo and the epithets they rose beyond belief,  
And St-v-ns he called G-llm-n a stock jobber and a thief,  
Which G-llm-n he said St-v-ns was a loafer and a cad,  
And you oughter seen how both them two commenced a gettin' mad.

The Mayor he tried to speak, you couldn't hear him for the din;  
Says G-llm-n, "Blackguards like this chap, didn't oughter be let in."  
With that commenced a riot like I never see before,  
And while St-v-ns punched poor G-llm-n's head, I sidled towards the door.

Which I thought I'd best skeddaddle, for my name is Truthful James,  
And I 'aut no kind of sympathy with such improper games,  
And I've told in simple langwidgo what I knows about the scaly way  
As them two fellers fit about the City Passenger Railway.