

Nor do the dignified reception act
Unless I'm by appropriations backed."

Mayor Clarke—

"Pray reconsider ere you throw this
out,
That it's illegal there is little doubt,
But custom warrants it—why seek a
flaw—
Who's going to stand upon a point of
law?"

Ald. Bonstead—

"All very fine, but when you foot the
bills
Our taxes will amount to eighteen
mills!"

Ald. Dodds—

"That is a bugaboo that's often raised."

Ald. Gillespie—

"Why, really, gentlemen, I am amazed
To learn that our receptions, fetes and
feeds
Are *ultra vires* of true civic needs,
Surely it comes within our proper
scope."

Ald. Bell—

"This is some machination of the Pope,
The fine Italian Jesuit hand I see
Striking its deadly blow at loyalty."

Ald. Gillespie—

"It is illegal doubtless since you say
Our lawyer's plain opinion reads that
way,
But if with half King Dodds would be
content,
I'll be illegal to that slight extent."

Ald. Dodds—

"Such smallness would disgust a yellow
dog;
Come gents, let's go the whole entire
hog!
And if the public kick, you've but to
say

'Twas loyalty which made you vote that way;
True loyalty, which each of us exalts
By covering up a multitude of faults;
And just cry 'rebel,' 'traitor,' 'annexation!'
To all who hint at misappropriation."

And so five thousand they appropriate,
The final vote stood 25 to 8.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

When MOSES came down with the Prohibitory Law, he found the leaders of the people worshipping the Golden Calf.

DINNA GAE BACK ON THE PAIRTY.

YE may crack wi' your neibors frae mornin' till night,
O' the wrangs i' the State and their witherin' blight,
And your aith ye may tak' like an innocent wight—
But dinna gae back on the Pairty.

Let the Government bend like a cowerin' wraith;
Let it dae the behest o' the Romanist faith;
Let the kintra gae doon wi' the terrible scaith—
But dinna gae back on the Pairty.

Let the Tories gae jinkin' in popular ways;
Let them sneak i' the path o' the virtue that pays;
Let them cheep to the tune that the hypocrite plays—
But dinna gae back on the Pairty.

Ye may gab o' the fauts o' political schools;
Ye may sneer at the ways o' political tools;
But, i' faith, ye wad vote like political fools—
Gin ye'd ever gae back on the Pairty.

C. A. S.



COMPLETELY COWED.

Brave little Binks, of Jarvis Street, on a country walk, accompanied by his city cousins, meets a cow.

BRAVE LITTLE B.—"Lie down, sir!—lie down"

AT THE SINGLE TAX ASSOCIATION.

STEWART LYON—"Yes, Mr. Chairman, give us the
Single Tax and then every honest toiler will be able
to keep a roof over his head."

INEBRIATED LISTENER—"S all rot! How's taxsh on
shingles goin' keep on roof? Make shingles dear—eh?"

STEWART LYON—"The Single Tax, my friend, is not
that kind of a tax. It —"

INEBRIATED LISTENER—"Scuse me! I shee now.
Shingle taxsh on roofsh. Jesso. But'sh nonsence all
same! Shingle taxsh! Pshaw, it's shingle nailsh you
want!"