



SIR JOHN WILL NOW ACCOMPLISH THE TASK OF SWALLOWING HIMSELF.

### THE ALDERMANIC PILGRIMS.

(AIR—"I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger.")

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night,  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
Where street-cars run and the booze is flowing.  
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
I can carry, I can carry till I'm tight.  
Talk of junkets! you bet we're in it.  
I was never in more comfortable plight.  
Afar we roam, and we find it jolly  
To try the storage and then the trolley.  
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
I can carry like Old Harry till I'm tight.  
First they dine us and then they wine us,  
Thus we cull the gentle flow'rets blooming bright.  
Let heelers rave, let the party war rage,  
We'll see how trolley compares with storage.  
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
'Tis less trouble, to see double, day or night.  
If promoters will gently woo us,  
And with blandishments and boodle vex our sight,  
Can we rudely repulse each favor,  
And shock our hosts by such coarse behavior?  
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
Put it there, old man! We think your scheme is right!

### A CHILD'S MISTAKE.

ELSIE was once walking with her parents through a cemetery. She looked at the headstones with great interest and frequently stopped to read over the epitaphs. After pondering deeply a while she turned to her mother with the remark:—

"Lots of folks are afraid to die, ain't they?"

"What makes you think so, Elsie?" asked her parent.

"'Cause it says 'Scared' on so many of these tomb-stones."

She had mistaken the work "sacred" cut in Old English lettering for the more familiar term.

This is a solemn fact—at least, so the fellow from whom we had it avers. But then they all say that when they try to work a bigger lie than usual off on us.

### A HINT.

THE readers of the *Globe* would feel obliged to the Managing Editor if he would kindly permit "Uncle Thomas" to give them his Impressions of the Single Tax. Would he mind doing so?