

And many of our Aldermen
Who should be loading gravel.

So many Skates are filling dates
As Hamlet and Othello,
Who ought to rush and get a brush
And paint a cowshed yellow.

Of eleven men it seems that ten to wrong trades
Are committed, we seldom find a man whose grind is that
for which he is fitted.

Thus Knight's and Peers are auctioneers
And blacksmiths are musicians
And gifted bards are spading yards
And grocers are physicians.

W. J. McNAMARA.

Mayor of Edmonton 1914.

Our Gallant Mayor is in great despair
Because now and then his troubles arise from his bad
Aldermen.

But he likens them all without any fail
To a pack of grey wolves on a long lonely trail.
So he takes a trip east and then a trip south
And none will suppose what it's all been about,
But it looks that just now he prefers being away
To the ill favored worries of Driscoll and May.
There is Joe we all know whom he took to his heart,
But the nearest and dearest must sometimes depart,
And Deputy Jim from the work can who sprung,