

OUR CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. 8.

"NO quorum," said the Mayor, as he glanced around the board and noticed the many vacant chairs; "I think we had best wait a while, however, for there's important business to be done, and a few more of our colleagues are likely to happen in."

"In the meantime," suggested Ald. Ritchie, "you might occupy the time with a few remarks on the situation."

"Which situation?" sarcastically remarked Ald. Bell. "He holds two. But next week St. Stephen's Ward will rise in its might, and then—"

"Sit down again, I guess," said Ald. Lucas.

"Don't interrupt," said Ald. Hallam, "Bell is going to give us a ringing speech."

"Bet you he don't ring in with the legislators though," said Moses. "Hasn't got enough pull."

Then Ald. Swait felt called upon to suggest that he had told (toll'd) the knell of Gritism. And so the jest went around until, at the command of his Worship, City Clerk Blevins began to call the roll, and spoiled a joke which Ald. Gillespie was trying to make about "less S-wait" being desirable.

"I beg to introduce these bills for Local Improvements," said Ald. Shaw, producing a mighty stack of documents about as voluminous as Webster's Unabridged. "Move it be read a first time."

The sight was enough to paralyze the uninitiated, and suggested an all night session, but they were rushed through all the stages in about five minutes.

OUR ABSENTEE MAGISTRATE.

Report of sub-committee on Police Court business, recommending that further payments on account of salary to the Police Magistrate be withheld.

Ald. Bonstead—

Oh where, oh where, has the Magistrate gone,
And where, oh where, is he?
With his work cut short and his pay made long,
Oh where in the world can he be?

He always claimed that his work was too hard,
I think it was just like his cheek,
For if the work had been breaking his back,
Why leave us but Baxter as Beak?

To federate the Empire is all very fine
For a man who has plenty of time,
But the Colonel is paid \$80 per week
For his service in keeping down crime.

Oh where, oh where, has our Magistrate gone?
Where strays our recalcitrant Beak,
With his work cut short and his pay made long,
Don't it show an inordinate cheek?

ALD. E. A. MACDONALD said that he spoke with an intimate knowledge of the workings of the



Police Court. Although a strict temperance man, he had several times been before that tribunal, and in order to make it appear that business was congested, the Police Magistrate delayed cases in a wanton manner.

ALD. LENNOX—"Wantin' an assistant to do all the work!" (Groans.)

THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE'S GRANT.

Ald. Dodds—

"I move \$5,000 shall be granted,
(Eight thousand was the sum at first we wanted)
For entertaining on Dominion Day
The guests we've asked while here in town they stay,
And meantime to receive that gracious prince
The Duke of Connaught, and to thus evince
The loyalty which true Canadians feel.
You'll grant this trifling sum I'm sure with zeal,
Each humble toiler who can scarce win bread
Or keep intact a roof above his head,
Each citizen, however great his needs,
Will much rejoice on learning of our deeds,
'Twill make the poorest man feel glad and gay
To see his taxes lavished in this way,
To know that though he lives on scanty fare
He helps to buy for others dainties rare,
His humble meal will add rich-
ness gain
When he reflects, 'I too can
stand champagne
For other people, true, but what's
the odds,
I'm not a Duke—nor even a King
—Dodds.'
'Twill make the dingy hovel seem
more bright
To contemplate those halls of
dazzling light,
And know that all the splendor
and parade
For princely revels, by themselves
are paid,
Besides, the money on this flare-
up spent
Will bring us in a profit cent, per cent."

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Ald. Bonstead—

"But 'tis illegal, this amount to vote,
Though there are precedents which you may quote,
Our own solicitor declares such grants
Are ultra vires, and there's no one wants
To make himself responsible for such.
Our friend E. King is asking rather much.
I, too, am loyal—but I do not see
That I can sanction such a jamboree."

Ald. Dodds—

"Oh, infamous! disgraceful! petty! mean!
Oh, small display of traitorous, rancorous spleen!
Oh, do I, can I ever, hear aright,
Or do my treacherous ears deceive my sight?

Nor vote the money—shut the civic
purse!
'Tis rank disloyalty! 'Tis even worse!
Yes, worse I say, if such a thing can
be—
Look at the fix in which it places Me!
I have invited Connaught and the
rest,
And if you now go back upon our
guest,
The name of 'Dodds' by children yet
unborn
Will be the symbol of contempt and
scorn,
Now mark my words! my office I'll
resign,
And never more distinguished stran-
gers dine,

