

THE EDMONTON ALDERMEN 1913.

Don't read this paper in the ordinary way,
Without doing some thinking for yourself every day,
but read between the briefest spaces,
for we'll tear the mask from many faces.

Then pluck the weeds in your city den
and throw out your dirty aldermen,
who would not be known in this world, so fair,
If you had not helped put them there,

For the scruff of the earth and the scum of sea,
Are in Alberta — we plainly see,
And the ruff of the scruff are sometimes the knob,
Who often hunts for an alderman's job.
Otherwise their voice would not be heard in our ears,
Nor their ignorant cheek in a thousand years.

The Indian summer draweth near
The glory of our charming year.
The golden sheaf is yet untied, that
Spreads our fame both far and wide
But soon will be securly bound
To roll our praise the world around.

The deepest truths and the greatest blessing
Are hid within the simple homeliness of common life.

People very highly respected are rarely of little
use for any thing else.

So many men now wield the pen
Who should be herding cattle