LETTERS FROM 'OME.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR

Giving Fifteen Minutes of Son Servation All Taxpayers of Toronto Who To O Room World Readers.

CHARACTERS—The Mayor, Old Aldermen,
New Aldermen, Newly-made ex-Aldermen, Civic Employes and others who
share in the Municipal Graft.

SCENE—A public hall in which the Mayor

The Mayor are holding their inaugu
Knew not the forces I'd to check.
By 1800 votes I was knocked out:
Yes, I, like George, did get it in the neck.
I falled to size you up aright, R.J..
But have done so—after thinking many and the manufacture of the green are holding their inaugu
The ratepayers, by the way, helped me to think.

SCENE—A public hall in which the Mayor

The ratepayers, by the way, helped me to think.

SCENE—A public hall in which the Mayor

The ratepayers, by the way, helped me to think.

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New York

CHORUS—
Hail! O Chief Magistrate portentous!
Hail! O, loyous day momentous!
Happy meeting,
Give him greeting,
With loud huzzah.
Let your facial decoration
Be a smile of adulation,
Rase plebelans,
Sing your pacans
With extremest awe,
He comes at last, O, joy! O, bilss!
The sight of him no one should miss;
The People's Bob retains his job;
Again the great big plum is his.

MAYOR FLEMING—
I simply wish to render thanks
To those who put me here.
When I'm not watched by temperance
cranks,
Perhaps I'll buy the beer.
I thank the press for work they did,
When they supported me:
And laugh at papers run by kids
Like W. Jeremiah D. [Ald. McMurrich enters as the chorus ender "The Blow it Near Killed Father."]

Where aldermen hang out.

A rustic place we cherish with a pilde,
It's old-fashioned, rough and homely
With the Market smell about,
And the white hair of John Blevins grev
inside:

Say au revoir, hut not good-bye;
The past is dead. You shouldn't try
To knock out Bob. You know you did,
And ran him close, and that's no kid.

MAYOR FLEMING— Mind not the gibes of these poor slily slobs. They must stand in with me to keep their jobs. JOHN SHAW —
O, dear to my heart are the scenes of m

When my re-election presents them Our Jack's come home to-day;
He's come to fit McMurrich's sit,
Our Jack's come home to-day.

Our Jack's come home to-day.

JOHN SHAW—
Last year up at my house I sat alone,
The fire burned brightly in the grate,
Pictures came and went before my gaze,
Of those the people love,
Of those, alas, they hate!
[The gang in tears.]

Before, when musing by the fire,
Such pictures I had seen and said:
Toronto has no use for Fleming now,
And Shaw's the man they'd sooner have
instead.

Alas! I knew not what I was about;

Keyerywhere I roam; Alas! I knew not what I was about; Everywhere I roam;

Giving Fifteen Minutes of Son Selvang Reading All

Taxpayers of Toronto Who To Toronto Who Toronto What! Billy Bell.

Wayor FLEMING—
What! Billy Bell?

Goodness sakes allve!
Did he really survive?
This place he'd surely shun After being licked by Dunn.
Is Dunn around? Why, yes.
Now there'll be a lively scrap, I guess.
Show Mr. Bell in. He will not want to stay:

share in the Municipal Graft.

SCENE—A public hall in which the Mayor and Aldermen are holding their inaugural.

CHORUS OF THE GANG—Led by Ald. Hallam.

Things may come and things may go. But we go on forever.
Our specialty is being slow, And we will hustle—never. We've got no wits, but have good sits, That other people want:
And they'd like to take them from us, But having brains, they can't.

[Enter His Worship the Mayor.]

CHORUS—CHORUS—Hall! O Chief Magistrate portentous! Hall! O Chief Magistrate portentous! Hall! O, Joyouse day momentous! Hall! O, Isouaday momentous! Hall! O, Isouaday momentous! Hall! O, Isouaday momentous! Help weeting.

Give him greeting.

With loud fauzath.

Let your facial desaction Be a smile of dulation. Rase pelebelans. Rang pelebel

CHORUS--Look at him smiling, etc. [Enter Tom Davies on crutch--CHORUS-- All ale!

All hall All ale!

TOM DAVIES—
I've had to bid a sad good-bye
To aldermanic honors,
Jolliffe, Boustend, Bell land I,
Are all among the golder,
Small and Rowe, skunked, too, you know
But I thought 'twould take a derrick
To make me from the council go—
I feel worse than McMurrich,
Congratulations! Mr. Mayor,
You put the game up plucky,
How was it I did not get there?
Why was I not born lucky? [Enter Afd. Jolliffe.]

ALD. JOLLIFFE—
I really feel annoyance keen
Because I was not chosen.
I often say "It might have been."
But the day for me was frozen.
Others, thougn, had their cold day
And got it worse than I did:
But they were some use to the town,
And don't get so much chideu.
I can guess no reason why
My ward did not select me.
The widows and the orphans said
They surely would elect me.
I still retain their friendship.
That thought my large heart softens,
I'll be faithful to the widows.
But I think I'll shake the orphans. THE MAYOR—
The people true of Number Two
Elect me when I bid it;
They spoke to me concerning you,
"Twas your red tie that did it.

[Enter Danny Lamb in care of Ald. Shepard.] AMB AND SHEPPARD (together)-

Third place full.

ALD. LAMBI'm back again to help to make
I'm back again to help to make
More laws for taxpayers to break.
Some great reforms I, have in view;
Just wait, I'il sell you one or two;
Another "patior" I'll erect
Before the other one gets wrocked;
You'll see it up before long
In a quiet place at King and Yonge;
I'll at it up in proper style. And have The Evening News on fyle, Attached will be some private pews That shig and little dogs can use. More sand pumps I propose to get. More dredges, too, there'll be. And I will name them all, you bet! After those who plumped for me. My sidewalk by the cemetery You very soon will see. And I will go and visit friends Who are dead, but still they vote for me. So. Mr. Mayor, I'm back again, I hardly thought I would be. I'm glad to see you are returned, I told folks that you should be. Don't forget that Danny Lamb Among your friends is numbered, Remember how he stood by you Regarding that Mye hundred. Any other "special" work Your Worship may require Danny Lamb will do the lift won't—well. I'm illar! Of course I know you pretty well and funny things of you could tell.

Ing he had the earth)—
A note for Dr. Lynd have I,
One of his patients' going to die. ALD. ROWE—
Mr. Mayor, I cannot stay,
I must away. Good luck pray.
[Sotto voce.]
To Parkdale I will hurry quick
And cure Lynd's patient, now so sick,
He's had that man ill long enough,
Because he knows he'll get his stuff.
I'll start revenge now right away,
And cure that man this yery day. [Exit Dr. Rowe, who in his haste upon a passing fire engine.]

MAYOR FLEMING (interrupting)-[Enter new Ald. A. F. Rutter, chorus renders "Knocked 'Em in Kent Road."] That's all right, Dan,
I know you're true;
You're a nice old man,
But don't get new. ALD. RUTTER—
I agree with the philosopher
Who ably said this clever thing,
"Wisdom has no substitute,
But silence is the next best thing:"
It's a saying true, as sayings go,
And a thing Tom Dayles ought to know.
Well, wasn't mine a corking vote,
A record for the city?
I'm sorry I beat Sheppard, sho',
It really was a pity. [Ald. Lamb saws wood and retires. Or chestra strikes up the Dead March in Saul and ex-Ald. Boustead enters.]

[Enter Ald Small.]

ALD. SMALL.

Last year I got back to the Hall
To make the city hustle.
E. A. got chased and left a place
That let in lucky Russell,
Russell got my votes this time,
And so I am a goner.
I had to make a place for Frame,
Who was my hoodoo-Joner,
This town, mark me, is on the bun,
And gives but sore abuse
To men who want to make it hum,
Who want to be of use.

MAYOR FLEMING (in despair)— What! You here, E. A.? Could you not stay away?

E. A. MACDONALD— Not on your platinum-finished photograph, This time on me you've got the laugh. But a day is coming, coming quick, When I'll knock all you schemers sick. I hope to live to have to tell That you've been drowned in my canal.

[Enter Ald. Jolliffe.]

(Orchestra plays "Suffer Little Child to Come Unto Me," and Ald. Carlyle st "You Can't Play in Our Yard,"]

ALD. ROWE—
Mr. Mayor;
With my seat I'll have to part,
It really takes my wind
To cough it up to Lynd,
But the votes I can't rescind,
Mr. Mayor;
I know I was no use, Mr. Mayor;
I know I was no use, Mr. Mayor;
And stood for much abuse, but didn't c
But I hope you will agree.
That Lynd is worse than me,
Then hannier I will be. Mr. Mayor.

EX-ALD. BOUSTEAD—
I've come to wish thee well, R. J.,
And home you will successful be.
My troubles I can't tell to-day,
I know, though, that you'll pity me.
Had I but run in Number Two
And used a little stratagem.
I think I might have pulled it through;
Any old blamed thing suits them.
But now I'm dead, and thus I'm sad,
While everybody else seems glad. CHORUS-"So say we all of us So say we all."

MR. JOHN BLEVINS.



TEN PAGES-SATURDAY MORNING JANUARY 9 1897-TEN PAGES

BILLY LITTLEJOHN (still bowing)—
Your Worship, an ambulance awaits outside.
Who came in it I can scarcely tell,
But by his noble whiskers
Methinks 'tis Billy Bell. Betrayed and Deserted, She Took Strychnine.

BLAMED WILLIAM SIMMONS

And Little John Don't send the amubiance Stopped Around Collingwood Trying to See the Man.

Jennie Grey of Midland, who suicided Sullivan, J. Sullivan, Charles Willison, Dr. G. M. Aylesworth, W. J.

[Enter Dr. Rowe, and exit Ald. Jolliffe.]

[Page Ephraim Parsons Roden appears. As he makes his bow pieces of froadview-avenue earth and a lock of hair from his mare's tail fall from his pocket.] PAGE EPHRAIM (still bowing, but wish-

And the particular of the part CHORUS (in which the Mayor leads, and all join)—
We can't change it,
We can't change it.
Some were elected, some were not.
Make the best of what you got.
We can't change it.
And we ain't agoing to try.
Perhaps it may be different
In the sweet by-and-by. MAYOR FLEMING—
Look here, E. A. You'll have to go.
It's me that's running this here show;
Don't stand there and commence to shout,
Here, Jimmy Stephen, put him out!

English collars, 15c, leading style, without doubt the cheapest and best in the trade. Treble's, 53 King street

MR. LAURIER TO POSTMASTER MULOCK: You may just say, sir, that these letters are not for Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, Ottawa.

How the Formosa Bankrupt Got His Start.

MONEY FOR THE CHURCH

Said to Have Been Placed in His Hands Long Ago,

Relative to Build a Church With-The Priest Went to Germany, Got the Money, Sent it Ahead to Mr. Messner and Mi solf Died on the Passage-Investigs at Formosa Yesterday, But the Pres

Men Were Excluded. Walkerton, Jan. S.—(Special.)—Mr. Messaner, the Formosa bankrupt, was examined on oath here to-day before Judge Barrett for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of his failure more definitely than was made known at the creditors, meeting last week. Mr. O'Connor, Q.C., and Mr. Shaw, Q.C., conducted the examination on behalf of the assignee and inspectors. Mr. O'Connor objected to the presence of the press, on the ground that other witnesses were

Menuments.

See our designs and prices before purchasing elsewhere. We are manufacturers. D. McIntosh & Sons, office and whowroom, 524 Yonge street, opposite Maitland street. Works, Yonge street, Déer Park.

BIUTHS.

107D—At 26 Regent-street. As lines, the miss.

A Favorite Coal.

A Favorite Coal.

Of the different qualities of coal now being sold in Toronto, there is one grade which is fast coming to the front as a favorite coal. It is sold only by John Kent & Co., who are importing it in large quantities from the Pennsylvania mines, as a special grade for domestic use. Mr. Kent says it is a startling surprise to those who are trying it. Office 78 Yonge-street, near King.

BEATES.

AMPBELL—Ann. M. Customs to Lillian M. A. Forrest, only daughter of L. Forrest.

AMPBELL—Ann. M. Customs to Lillian M. A. Forrest, only daughter of L. Forrest.

Examine S. M. Ex

CAMPBELL—Ann Maria Campbell, at Co
Shuter-street, Jan. S. 1897, aged 77 years.
Funeral at 9 o'clock Saturday, 9th inst.,
to St. Michael's Cathedral. R.I.P.
CAUDON—On Jan. S, 1897, at his late resicomposition of the composition of the compo

LOUDON—On Jan. 8, 1807, at his late residence, 144 Macpherson-avenue, Edward L.
Loudon, aged 32 years.
Funeral 3 p.m. Saturday to Mount
Pleasant Cemetery.
SHIPP—At his late residence, No. 64 Walton-street, on Jan. 8, James Shipp, in his
ton-street, on Jan. 8, James Shipp, in his
40th year.
Funeral from above address on Monday,
the 11th inst., at 2.30 o'clock to Mount
Pleasant Cemetery. Friends will please
accept this intimation.
SINCLAIR—On Thursday, Jan. 7, 1807, after a short lilness, at his late residence,

Mild Weather.

Mild Weather.

Minimum and maximum temperatures:
Esquimalt, 32-44; Calgary, 24-26; Qu'Appelle, 20-38; Winnipeg, 6-38; Parry Sound, 14-52; Toronto, 24-33; Ottawa, 6-18; Montreal, 6-26; Quebec, 4-15; Halifax, 18-26. his 64th year.

Funeral Saturday at 2.30 p.m. skarp.

SMYTH—At his late residence, 166 Huron
street, Toronto, on Jan. 8, Robert Francis
Smyth, R.N., second son of the late Commander Smyth, R.N., Dublin, Ireland.

Montreal private

Esquimalt, 32—44; Calgary, 24—26; Qu'Appelle; 20—38; Winnipeg, 6—38; Parry Sound, 14—52; Toronto, 24—33; Ottawa, 6—18; Montreal, 6—26; Quebec, 4—15; Halifax, 18—26.

PROBS: Southerly to westerly winds: mostly fair and mild.

Funeral private.

YARRETT-On Jan. 7, 1897, at her late residence, 124 Palmerstofi-avenue, Mrs. Sarah Yarrett, the widow of the late Marmaduke Yarrett, aged 79 years.

Funeral on Monday, 11th inst., at 2 p. m., to Mount Pleasant Clemetery. Friends will please accept this intimation.

Jesse Pomeroy, who was convicted of murder when 15 years of age, and sent 10 Massachusetts State Prison for life, 22 years ago, had almost dug his way out of prison when discovered yesterday.

Metallic Vault Fittings the best. The Office Specialty Mig. Co., 12d., 122 Bay-Sage

