

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. XI.



HEW—but this is hot!" said Ald. Shaw, mopping his ample brow with a silk handkerchief. "Hotter than the hinges—"

"What hinges did you say, Bro. Shaw?" asked Ald. Boustead, reprovingly.

"What hinges? Why the East Hinges, of course."

"Oh!"

It was really very sultry in the Council Chamber and the is-it-hot enough-for-you-friend, who is found in aldermanic circles as well as in all other ranks and classes of society,

had ample scope for his exasperating enquiry.

"Is it hot enough for you, Mr. McDougall?" asked one of the aldermen as the representative of St. James entered looking somewhat languid.

"Yes, too hot. Fan me gently with your ears, there's a good fellow."

This crushing retort is recommended for general adoption as a means of squelching the fiend.

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

ALD. LINDSAY rose to a question of privilege and indignantly repelled the attacks recently made on his private character by Police Magistrate Denison. He said that Denison sought to impute to him some animus in prompting an investigation into the abuses of his office. "The result of your labors," said the alderman, "justifies your course and relieves me from the imputation of having applied the *lex talionis*."

ALD. MOSES—"I rise to a point of order. Are we to have French and them foreign languages sprung on us in this fashion? I can stand Ald. Carlyle's Scotch and Ald. Frankland's Hinglish, but I kick against French."

THE MAYOR—"I shall have to decide against you, Ald. Moses. Ex-Ald. Baxter's frequent references to the '*vox populi*' have established a strong precedent in favor of classical quotation. To rule them out would be *ultra vires*."

ALD. MOSES—"Well, it don't give no fair show to them which speaks only English."

ALD. LINDSAY—"Among whom Ald. Moses can hardly be included. However *reenous a nos moutons*, as I was saying."

ALD. MOSES—"Just wait till next election and we'll knock this French business higher than a kite."

ALD. LINDSAY—"The neck of this haughty and arrogant magistrate must be bent to his duty."

ALD. SMALL—"That's so. If Ald. Lucas now could be got to sit on it for a while it would take some of the stiffness out of it."

ALD. LINDSAY—"The suggestion reminds me of the classic aphorism '*Lucas a non lucendo*' which, for the benefit of Ald. Moses and perhaps some others, may be translated, 'Lu-cas is not light.'"



Ald. Boustead—

"Oh, this magistrate of ours, He doth far transcend his powers, He comes and goes when he chooses. He keeps the business waiting, Naught he cares for our debating, While to settle down to duty he refuses.

There's no more use in fussing, In appealing or discussing, As a snobbish Jack-in-office I denounce him, Let the City Council go at Once and say to Mr. Mowat We've got no use for Denison. Please bounce him."

PEDDLERS VS. GROCERS.

THE MAYOR—"Gentlemen, the *piece de resistance* of the evening entertainment will be a highly interesting display of intellectual gladiatorship, so to speak, between representatives of the Peddlers' and Grocers' Associations, which, I'm sure, will be fraught with amusement and instruction. Two of each side will be heard in reference to the by-law increasing peddlers' licenses, which I needn't tell you the peddlers don't want and the grocers do. It will be a fair, square stand-up jawing match—no French or Latin phrases, quotations from Shakespeare or Ned Farrer or other foul play allowed. (Hear hear, from Ald. Moses.) Mr. Pocock, representing the peddlers, will have the first innings."

MR. POCOCK, a very English person, sunburned as to complexion and garbed as to his upper section in a striped cotton jacket, stepped onto the rostrum and exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "Mr. Mayor hand gentlemen, Hi appears afore you this hevening has a peddler wich makes my livin' with a 'orse and wagon. Step this way ladies hand gentlemen, here's your beautiful ripe banana's—only a cent apiece. Strorberrees! Strorber-e-es!! all fresh, two boxes for a quarter! 'Scuse me, I'm just a doin' this to try my voice and give me time to collect my ideas. Lemons! Lemons! Twenty cents a dozen! As Hi was a sayin' gents, hits a blarsted shame to charge a poor peddler \$40 fur a team hand wagon. Call that British fair play? Hi'm a Hinglishman, Hi am, an' hif you goes to London you'll see thousands of peddlers in the Strand. Wot license do they 'ave to pay there? Wy, nothink! And Hi comes to this 'ere bloomin' country where they said they 'ad more liberty than in Hold Hingland, an' now they want to raise the license fee on hus. It's a bloomin' shame, so it is. Strorberries-es! fine strorberrie-e-es!! Ripe bananas!! Excuse me again, I hain't no orator, an' I just fill up the hintervals that way. They sprung this thing onto us did the big grocery people, gentlemen, an' we never knowed nothink about it. until the lor was pawsed. It comes 'ard on the orphans and the widders, the lamed and the maimed, wots got to go into this peddlin' business, which is just as honorable and fair as many others, because it's the honly way es they 'ave to make an honest living." (Loud applause.)

MR. MILLS, a scholarly and thoughtful-looking personage, bearing some resemblance to the Father of Canadian Literature, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, then spoke for the grocers. Not having cultivated his elocutionary powers by declaiming for several hours at a stretch on

