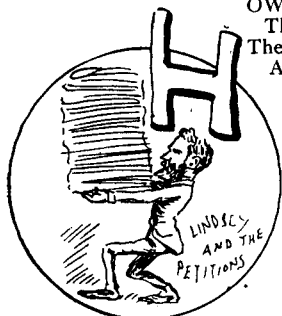


## ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.



OW sad is the Sabbath to me,  
The day when the street-cars don't run,  
There's no chance to go on the spree,  
And the boys cannot have any fun!"

hummed the *World* representative, as he entered the Council Chamber. It was evident at a glance that the symposium was likely to be of unusual interest, as the side seats and the galleries were packed with auditors attracted by the prospect of a

lively debate on the question of Sunday street cars. They anticipated a sort of a car-nival, in fact.

Preliminary business was soon got over, and then the battle commenced by Aids. Lindsay and Leslie presenting a big pile of petitions signed by eight or ten thousand people, some of whom were voters, asking for the submission of the question to a popular vote. Whereat loud applause from the gallery, and mild and ineffectual expostulations from the Mayor.

Ald Lindsay moved the re-opening of the question, and called attention to the fact that the petitions were signed by Archbishop Walsh, the Lord Bishop of Toronto, and Prof. Goldwin Smith. (More enthusiastic plaudits.) We are not now living under the dispensation of Moses.

ALD. MOSES—"But Moses has got a vote in this Council, and don't you forget it."

ALD. LINDSAY—"The question is, shall the People be ignored? They have the right to pronounce upon this matter. When men like the Archbishop, the Bishop of Toronto and Prof. Goldwin Smith ask to be heard, their views are entitled to consideration."

The motion was car-ried. But for all that the Sunday car-ride is still in the dim and distant future.

Ald. E. A. Macdonald—

I don't go for Sunday cars,  
Sunday papers, Sunday bars,  
Sunday jollity and revelry and riot,  
Seems to me we should rejoice  
That, so far, the public voice  
Goes for keeping us our Sunday rest and quiet.

Six days work is quite enough,  
On the worker 'twould be rough  
If he toiled all week without a rest on one day;  
At those selfish men's request  
Who care nothing for the rest,  
And would rob the street-car worker of his Sunday.

My constituents may retire me,  
And from the Council fire me,  
If my views in this don't meet their  
approbation;  
Your lord bishops you may  
quote,  
But they don't control the vote,  
And I'll never go for Sabbath desecration.

Ald. Vokes—

Here's another who, you'll find,  
Doesn't easy change his mind,  
Or succumb because some people  
raise a clamor.

I'm as solid as a rock,  
Let them howl, or hiss or mock,  
At our doors in vain petitioners may hammer.

When I know I'm in the right  
I'll not falter in the fight,  
Whether fronted with the *World*, or flesh, or devil,



When you give, some future day,  
Seven days' work for six days' pay,  
Workingmen, you'll say that Vokes' head was level.

Ald. Gibbs—

As for me, I've always found  
That the very highest ground  
Is the surest and the safest you can rest on.  
Sabbath rest, as I opine,  
Is an ordinance divine,  
And that's enough to settle the whole question.

Ald. Shaw—

When I cast my vote before,  
Why, I did so on the score  
That for Sunday cars there then was no petition;  
But now ten thousand say  
They want them right away,  
And that seems to me to alter the position.

Ald. Moses—

Why, the principle you hold  
Well might knock a fellow cold.  
What's right is right, and if your voting plan meant  
To wipe our Sunday out  
Just as easy, without doubt,  
It might alter any God-given commandment. (*Hisses.*)

As I don't draw any salary,  
Those hisses from the gallery  
My mind's serene composure do not rattle;  
All animals we find  
Act according to their kind,  
So I can't be irritated by such cattle. (*More hisses.*)

Ald. Leslie—

Well, the People must be heard,  
And it seems to me absurd  
That those who in this Council represent 'em,  
Should stifle public sentiment,  
And I've a strong presentiment  
They'll have to reckon with the men who sent 'em.

Ald. Allen—

And to me it does seem queer  
That a colleague sitting here,  
Who bears the honored name of John Knox Leslie,  
By his course so plainly mocks  
At the principles of Knox,  
Which a Presbyterian can't get over easily.

Mayor Clarke (*aside*)—

Now's the chance to show my tact  
In a grand fence-riding act,  
Which will tickle those who favor both opinions,  
At that game there are but few  
Who the trick so well can do,  
Though you search throughout her Majesty's Dominions. (*Aloud*)

My position is quite clear,  
This petition does appear  
Too weighty to permit us to ignore it;  
Let the people then decide  
If on Sunday they will ride,  
But I will never cast my ballot for it.

And so the vote was taken, and  
A most tempestuous scene  
Resulted, when the clerk said "Lost!  
Sixteen to seventeen!"

## SANCTIMONIOUS REMARKS.

FIRST EDITOR—"Scribbles is a great social reformer."

SECOND ED.—"How so?"

FIRST ED.—"He is always writing wrong, you know."

## ARCHITECTURAL ITEM.

SIMPLICITY of design—trying to make a square man out of an old "rounder."