

## ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.

MEETING of the Council  
At the City Hall,

Quite a crowd awaiting  
Opening of the ball.  
Business taxers, single tax-  
ers,  
Col. French and all,  
Wasn't there a lively time  
And many a cheerful  
brawl?

Entereth His Worship,  
Prompt to take his seat.  
"Gents," quoth he, "this  
evening  
Glad are we to meet  
Business delegation,  
Men of sense and weight,  
Views upon taxation  
Briefly they will state.

"From all sides the question  
Should be understood,  
Here are A. F. Jury,  
Also S. T. Wood,  
Stalwart single taxers,  
Who a scheme have planned  
To load the whole expense upon  
The owner of the land."

Caldecott, arising,  
Gave a good address,  
Showing how in Montreal  
They tax the merchant  
less,  
Followed by Paul Camp-  
bell,  
Who, in terms concise,  
Gave the City Fathers  
Very sound advice.

Mr. Short McMaster  
Then addressed the  
throne.  
As his name would indi-  
cate,  
Didn't keep them long.  
S. T. Wood for single tax  
Spoke with logic sound,  
Then A. Jury tried the case,  
And soon a verdict found.

Business tax," he said, "is good,  
Single tax is better,  
Tax on goods and incomes is  
Often a dead letter.  
Men who speculate in land  
In wealth have often rolled,  
Tax on land, you understand,  
Will knock the schemers cold."

People in the galleries  
Cheered both him and  
Wood,  
Showing that the single tax  
Is being understood.  
Even among aldermen  
There are those who say,  
"Load upon the land-owner  
The tax the workers pay."

Just a quiet pointer  
To the candidate  
Who upon electors soon  
To ask their votes will  
wait,  
Note these little straws that  
show  
The way the wind is set.  
Come right out for single tax,  
And see the vote you'll get

As an anti-climax,  
Wasn't it a pity,  
Aldermen referred it all  
To a sub-committee.  
And the sub-committee will  
Possibly, some day,  
Meet and talk and then ad-  
journ  
In the usual way.

Then a lively wrangle  
Presently arose,  
Street Railway Committee  
Secret meetings chose,  
Which E. A. Macdonald,  
Rising to condemn,  
Hints that something must  
be wrong  
With those who favor them.

"Something there behind the door  
For these secretive folks."  
Straightway riseth then the ire  
Of Alderman M. Vokes.  
He the imputation  
Strenuously denies,  
Sating that Macdonald  
In his strictures "lies—"

"Under false impres-  
sions,"  
So the conflict waned,  
And the dark, mysterious  
plot  
Has yet to be explained.  
Next a long discussion  
Over cleaning streets,  
East end crematory  
scheme  
Opposition meets.

Half a dozen on their feet,  
Talking at one time,  
Who could follow such  
debate  
In either prose or rhyme?  
When a resolution passed,  
Then the row subsided.  
Those who thought they'd had enough  
Got up and left as I did.

## A SOCIAL HAPPENING; OR, THE PRINCE AND THE WHOPPER.

THE North Atlantic squadron had for weeks at Halifax  
Been lying idle. Admiral to cabin boy hard tax  
Their wits—(Hard tack's the stuff, my boy, for body and for  
brain;  
The good ship, spite of all hard tacks, shall reach her port amain.  
Like other pointed articles they sometimes cause much pain—  
But I digress. Now to resume what I began to say.  
Each mother's son, aboard the fleet, to fancy gave full play  
Yet nothing interesting evolved to while the time away.  
A few odd dinners, an address, a cricket match on shore,  
The "clubs" and "citadel" became, each one, a beastly bore.  
The sailors and mariners got up a negro minstrel show,  
But, cabin boy to admiral, all found it mighty slow.  
'Twas such a very sleepy place, with nothing going on;  
(This issue of your paper, sir, will sell well in St. John.)\*  
The Prince and Admiral took lunch on the *Bellerophon*,  
The viands light had been discussed, cigars were lit and smoked  
In silence, and Sir George amongst the English papers poked,  
Too ennuyé to notice when the editor he joked.  
A sudden scurry up on deck—The Admiral roared, "Sam,  
See what's the matter there." Prince George ejaculated "damn."  
Just then the steward entered with a scented telegram.  
"Dear Prince, come up to Montreal. The season here is fine.  
Bring all your friends, for friends of yours are also friends of  
mine;  
Will meet you at the wharf next Tuesday morning half-past  
nine.  
R. D. McG—bb—n." Upon this the Prince gave an hilloo,  
Which upon deck was echoed and improved on by the crew.

\* N.B.

