

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,
Stating 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.