



Ald. Gowanlock—
These personalities are in bad taste,
Our valuable time they greatly waste,
These yeasty frothings all restriction
mock,
Say shall we rise before e-leaven o'clock.

Chairman—
Too long o'er this discussion have we
tarried,
Say are you ready for the question—
carried.

Several Members—
Carried? What's carried? What and
how and why?
I meant to vote against it—So did I.
What did we vote on anyway? Who
knows?

The racket over, the committee rose...
Among the more interesting features of the remainder
of the programme was a song and dance by Ald. Hallam
entitled :

"LARIAT SMITH."

I beg to call attention
To a circumstance I'll mention,
And I'm sure you'll all agree that
it's a pity
When a rich land owner collars
Thirty-six thousand dollars
For a strip of land that's taken by
the city.
I tell you on my word
It's really most absurd,
'Tis a grievance very far from a
myth.
It would surely be a sin
Should we tamely give in
And be roped in by Lariat Smith.

CHORUS—

And be roped in by Lariat
Smith.



I cannot stand such jobbery,
'Tis nothing short of robbery,
No outrage on the city could be greater.
It clearly stands to reason

That it must—ah—be trea-
son
On the part of the false arbi-
trator.
Let's stand up for the right,
To the last let us fight,
And show we have stamina
and pith.
We must loudly protest
And in legal costs invest,
Ere we're roped in by Lariat
Smith.

CHORUS—

Ere we're roped in by
Lariat Smith.



EXPLAIN!

It would be interesting to have the prohibitionists
explain why it is that the rivers that carry the largest
amount of water, are the ones that most frequently suffer
from swollen heads.

READY FOR THE JOB.

THOSE seers who do not believe that colonies are eter-
nal are already forecasting for a king for Indepen-
dent Canada. One of the Royal Family, of course.
Equally, of course, a German. Prince (late lieutenant)
Henry of Battenberg is to spare just now. He is your man.

THE EMPEROR'S DISCOVERY.

THE Emperor sat in his chair of state,
And the Chancellor sat by his side;
The dinner was over, the hour was late,
And the lager was not denied;
When all of a sudden the Emperor frown'd
As he drained an Imperial quart,
And said, "I observe as I wander around
Some things do not go as they ought."

The Chancellor smiled and he snuff'd some snuff,
"If your Highness will kindly explain,
One word from your Majesty's always enough
For Biz," and he touched his brain;
"Ah! Bizzy," quoth he, "you're a clever old file.
But files must get worn out in time,
And you can't last forever though you may a good while,
For you're not what you were in your prime."

The Chancellor bent with a sorrowful bend,
And said: "Please your Highness to state
Your wishes, and certainly unto that end
The Empire shall bow, as to Fate."
But the Emperor smiled, "I've a question to ask,
And to one of your skill, my friend,
The answer should not be a difficult task.
On what class does my Empire depend?"

The Chancellor chuckled and drained his glass
Of lager, and slowly replied:
"We cannot foretell what may come to pass,
And one's guesses are often belied;
But this is a riddle I well understand,
And the answer I long have known,
The army that fights for the Fatherland
Is the strength that upholds thy throne."

Then the Emperor rose and he touched his crown,
The crown of his head I mean,
And said: "Not a soldier from Moltke down
To the drummer-lad, aged fifteen,
But has due respect and regard from me;
If they fight I will lead the van;
But my Empire's burden is borne," quoth he,
"On the back of the working-man."

Straight Biz,, he proceeded his drinks to mix,
His Highness proceeded to talk:
"Yes, we get the money and they get the kicks,
We ride, but they all have to walk;
And the truth at last has made itself known,
Human labor is not a jest,
And the back of the man that upholds my throne
Shall not break for the want of rest."

P. QUILL.

AT THE ART GALLERY.

FRED ("No. 39, Portrait of a Lady.")—Pollie Car-
bon that was, I declare, and a good likeness, too.
Do you notice that in whatever part of the hall you are
the eyes seem to be looking at you?"

REGGIE—"Therein consists the likeness. She was
always following you about with her eyes. Clever man,
the artist."

THE DEACON'S OPINIONS.

DEACON SHORTHORN says the nation's hired men
—public servants they call themselves, quotha!—
are a mean gang. He would not trust one of 'em to
drive a mooley cow to a pastor. Not worth their salt, let
alone wage. Too much jaw and too little work. When
he hears their slack on both sides it shows him how true
are the words of Scripture that all men are lawyers. He
takes no stock in politricks.

WHY is a lady's bustle like an editor's receptacle for
rejected manuscripts?—Because it's a waist basket.