

Still more conceited shall he rise,  
More vain from every snub he gets—  
The windy bullfrog still croaks on  
And ever after office frets.

(CHORUS.)—Oh, poor, deluded "Talking Jim,"  
Electors will not trust to him.

Thee, sage advice will never tame,  
Any attempt to shut thee down  
Does but arouse thy foolish pride,  
Although one hears all over town.

(CHORUS.)—Oh, get thee home pray, "Talking Jim,"  
Electors will have none of him.

To thee belongs the Royal Hotel,  
To thee belongs the Mayor's chair,  
Now, James, we pray thee stay at home,  
It will be better we declare.

(CHORUS.)—Than, going 'round as "Talking Jim,"  
Electors say, they're tired of him.

The Tories smile contemptuously,  
The Grits, they shake their heads and grin,  
The French Canadians silence keep;  
But all sects know he won't get in.

(CHORUS.)—Ha! ha! they laugh, its "Talking Jim,"  
No thanks, we know too much of him.

### Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

*Enter Mark Anthony, disguised as an Independent  
Elector—*

Friends, Albertans, Countrymen, lend me your  
ears;

I come to speak of Reilly and of Davis;  
The rubbish that men talk live after them,  
That is to say, a day or two—in newspapers;  
So let it be with Reilly. The last few years  
Have shown you Reilly is ambitious;  
If that were all it were small blame to him,  
But he is more, and that we all do know.  
And grievously shall Reilly answer for it.

Here, under leave of our true Premier  
(For John A. is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable men),  
Come I to speak for Davis.  
He is your friend, faithful and just to you,  
But Reilly says he has done nothing  
For his country, and Reilly he talks trash;  
He hath built railways, bridges, barracks,  
Courthouse, and, indeed, time is too short  
To tell you all that he hath done for Alta.:  
Did this in Davis seem the fruits of silence?  
When grievances were brought to him to better,  
He did his best to have them looked to and  
redressed,

Silence would have sat down with folded hands;  
Yet Reilly says he has done nothing,  
And Reilly he talks trash.  
You all do know that in his term of office  
He had large sums expended on the improvement  
Of the province of Alberta. Was this nothing?  
Yet Reilly says he has done nothing,  
And Reilly, as we also know, talks trash.  
I speak not to disprove what Reilly spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You trusted Davis once—not without cause;  
What cause withholds you then to vote for him  
again?

Oh, judgment thou art fled to aged bronchitis,  
And men have lost their reason, if they think to  
give

To Reilly, votes belonging Davis.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,  
I am no orator, as Reilly is;  
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man  
That loves to see fair play; and that they know  
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor rye,  
Action (with eye glasses), nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you what Davis *did*, what Reilly *didn't*,  
And leave yourselves to judge between the right  
man

And the wrong—the right being Davis  
And the wrong the talking Reilly.

### Mr. Reilly's Tactics

NATURALLY Mr. Reilly takes every opportunity to lessen the great opposition existing against him and his pretensions. The latest trick is to discredit the opposition of the *Prairie Illustrated*. At a meeting of his supporters on Thursday evening, in the Elite saloon, he endeavored to explain our opposition by saying that we had approached him and offered to sell the *Prairie Illustrated* at 50 cents on the dollar; and that he had refused and that we had been bought by somebody else. These statements of Mr. Reilly are contemptible lies. We NEVER offered to sell Mr. Reilly the paper at 50 cents on the dollar, consequently Mr. Reilly never refused; the paper has NOT been sold to anyone, the original promoters still being the proprietors, men whose honor neither Mr. Reilly nor any other man dare assail. What fate can a man, who sinks to such tricks as these, expect? Should Mr. Reilly wish, we have something more we can say, if necessary, to defend ourselves against his false accusations.

WE would offer our most sincere sympathy to our artist, Jack Innes, and Mrs. Innes, in the bereavement they have lately suffered, in the loss of their little boy, Percy; the little fellow endeared himself to all who knew him, by his sweet and sunny disposition. The parents have the sympathy of the whole town in their great grief.