

## THE MUNICIPAL SCAPEGOAT.

(BY A MEMBER OF THE RATEPAYER'S ASSOCIATION).

WHO has usurped the civic chair,  
And for four years continued mayor,  
To keep far better men from there?  
Ned Clarke.

Whose hair is of a fiery hue?  
Whose face is of high color too?  
Whose glossy plug is always new?  
Ned Clarke's.

Who piled our taxes mountain high?  
Who could a drainage scheme supply,  
Yet does that looked for boon deny?  
Ned Clarke.

Who lays out miles of vacant farms  
With pavements, drains and fire alarms,  
To bankrupt taxpayers in swarms?  
Ned Clarke.

Who brings about calamity  
And smiles and smiles in fiendish glee,  
The growth of city debt to see?  
Ned Clarke.

Who panders to the Orange vote?  
Who silenced Jumbo Campbell's throat?  
And does o'er prostrate freedom gloat,  
Ned Clarke.

Who is of jobbery the king,  
And patron of each civic ring,  
And doesn't know a single thing?  
Ned Clarke.

Who is it keeps our rents so low?  
Who empties houses by the row  
And makes collections very slow?  
Ned Clarke.

Who perpetrates those civic crimes  
Which cut our dollars down to dimes?  
Who is the cause of these hard times?  
Ned Clarke!!

## OBJECTED TO THE REFERENDUM.

THERE is an agitation on foot in favor of the adoption in this country of the Initiative and Referendum as it or they obtain in Switzerland. The unfamiliar sound of the words and the difficulty of pronouncing them except in a condition of absolute sobriety is one of the obstacles which the advocates of this reform may expect to encounter.

The other day Buzey, a politician of some local influence was holding forth on the situation, having imbibed just sufficient to make him feel comfortable and loquacious, but not enough to affect his speech so far as any ordinary language was concerned. He got along well enough until somebody asked him his opinion of the Initiative and Referendum.

"Well," he remarked in measured accents, "I think that the Initiarendum—no, I mean the Inferenshandum—is a good thing on general principles. If the Referish-andive—I mean the Iniferanshiendum—if the result of it would be to secure a greater consideration of those principles which are calculated to benefit the people, it seems to me that the public ought to support it. But then you see, if I understand this here Retcsisherfendive—this Interfesh—Reterfeshiatum—confound it, we don't want no such blamed thing as that, which a fellow can't get his tongue around after the first drink. It would give us away too often."



## IT SCARED HIM.

OFFICER—"Stop there, what are you running at that rate for?"  
JOHN SMITH—"I went into a place called Artgalry, an' after payin' twenty-five cents I went in, an' they made me give up me umbrella, so I took an' bolted in case they'd make me give up me clothes too!"

## A ROMANCE SPOILED.

THE cable brings us a pretty little romance in connection with the life of Mr. David Evans, the new Lord Mayor of London, who, we are told, married in his youth a beautiful chambermaid. The former servant-girl has now become lady mayoress, and notwithstanding her humble origin, possesses all the qualities necessary to sustain her position with the requisite grace and dignity, etc. This, as it stands, is a very pretty and touching story calculated to show that honor and wealth from no condition rise, that virtue is its own reward, that the poor ought to be content with their humble lot even though there is a haughty and ostentatious mortgage on it, or any other commonplace moral which you like to tag on to it. But why, oh why did the cable-fiend after thus having worked up our emotions of sympathy with the romantic lover and the fascinating chambermaid go and spoil it all by the prosaic statement "Her father was a plumber"? There's no romance in marrying a plumber's daughter. She was probably only chambermaiding for fun—pretending to be poor, and to earn her own living, just as we have read of other daughters of the wealthy classes, tired of a round of fashionable frivolities, occasionally doing. Young Evans knew what he was about, you may depend on it. No wonder that when he was shrewd enough to disregard appearances and capture an heiress he finally rose to be Lord Mayor.

## SCANDALOUS!

"THEY say that Dasher skipped with another man's wife."  
"How?"  
"When?"  
"Where?"  
"At the ball last evening."