

LOCAL TOPICS IN RHYME

THE MAYOR AND ALD. MUNN.

I've got a little bit of sport,
Which to you I shall now report,
Of a row that occurred in the Alderman's court
Between the Mayor and Alderman Munn.

Munn said that the vote was not correct,
As his bosom heaved and his head erect—
"Count them again and you'll detect
A mistake," said Alderman Munn.

And now the Mayor, who looked severe,
Then began to domineer,
"I'm not agoing to stand this here,"
Says he to Alderman Munn.

"Perhaps you think that I'm a fool
And just come here to be your tool,
But you will find that's not my rule,
Mr. Mayor," says Alderman Munn.

"I've quite as much right, I think, to be heard
As anyone else upon this Board,
And from my duty I won't be deterred
By even Mayor Beaven," says Munn.

Alderman Miller at every turn
Moved that the "Council do now adjourn;"
But this suggestion they all did spurn,
And so did Alderman Munn.

Long raged the fray, to our delight,
And would have lasted half the night,
But Miller's "adjourn" came in all right
And shut up Alderman Munn.

But they only adjourned to have it out,
And from the rooms we could hear them shout,
And the Mayor was finally put to rout
By the gallant Alderman Munn.

CONFESSION AT CHRIST CHURCH.

There is serious alarm in the Church, I am
told,
About innovations that are thrust on the fold,
And the wrath of Low Churchmen 'tis plea-
sant to see
When they say that "confession" there never
will be.

They say if others want that they've got an
alternative—
They can join the R. C.'s and be thorough con-
servative,
They can have holy water and confession gal-
lore,
But in Christ Church Cathedral they're wanted
no more.

We neither want candles, nor tapers, nor in-
cense,
Nor to other religions give any offence;
But, when we go to our church to sing and to
pray,
We want to have it in the orthodox way.

Bishop Cridge, I am told, is simply adored
By the flock that attend the Church of our Lord,
Where they pray as they prayed before they
left home—
As the Church of England demands, and not
that of Rome.

And the people of Christ Church are loud in
their wall
At the scenes that occur in this temple of Baal,
And the might of the Priest, as if smote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the "Church of our
Lord."

Then stop this intoning, this sing song and
droning;
We don't need the confession in act of atoning;
We'll confess to the Lord, and to no one beside,
Who alone is our shield, our help and our guide.

The new Bishop's a-coming, and what will he
say
To this queer state of things since Hills went
away?
He'll find, I still think, after what has occurred,
That most have cleared out for the "Church of
our Lord."

Why can't parsons be honest in their holy
profession,
That never took vows to go in for confession,
Which, by doing, if I rightly interpret their
words,
They're usurping a power that alone is the
Lord's.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

WHO is to blame for the *contretemps*
that occurred at Beacon Hill last
Saturday? As I understand it, the Victoria
C.C. had invited the Navy to have a game of
cricket, and, on arrival on the ground,
found it was already in possession of base
ball fiends, who refused to move a little
further off when politely requested to do
so by Mr. Pooley. I never saw such a dog
in the manger lot; any ground would have
done them equally as well, but things are
coming to a pretty pass when the national
game of cricket is to give way to the
foreign game of base ball. Anyway,
whether they were right or wrong, they
might have remembered the Navy were
our guests, and any one with the ordinary
feelings of a gentleman would have given
way at once. I would suggest to the Park
Commissioners that base ball be relegated
to the other side of the Sound, where they
could get an audience to appreciate it, for
I don't think the freaks of this club on
Saturday last will tend to endear them to
the community. I hope the officers and
men of H.M.S. ships won't think we are
all members of base ball teams.

Not to be outdone by the Board of Trade,
the Ancient Order of L. O. A. F. E. R. S.
held their annual dinner at the Cafe de
Paris, one day last week. Monsieur An-
toine out-antoined himself, if I might use
the expression, to pander to the delicate
appetites of his guests. Punctually at
eight o'clock, the Grand Master of the
Order arrived, attended by his suit (the
only one he had) and secretary, etc.
Having wasted a full half hour, which was
spent in the bar waiting for the others to
arrive, they decided to go ahead with the
feed. But one word about the menu. It
was beautiful. The names of the different
kinds of grub were written in the French
language, which any one of any breeding
and refinement knows is the ordinary
court language, and having often been
presented at (the Police) court myself, of
course I was quite "ofay." The soups
consisted of Potage a la Lucullus, which
in English means a sort of pottage similar
to that which Esau sold his birthright
for. Another soup was Consomme Colbert
—of course, everybody knows what that is.
Of fish, we had Maitre d'Hotel, which
means the mother of the hotel, with
pomme de terre a l'Anglaise (the common
English spud). Of entrees, we had steake
tenderloine with sauce Bernaise (bear's
grease, I suppose) and potato a la Dr.
Bernado; veale tricaideare a la cunge
goode au marasquino; lambee a la menthe
(lamb only a month old); and other things
too numerous to mention. But the list is
not by any means ended; the last I went
in for was Tutti Frutti perdeen with some
chocolate eclairs. When the cloth had
been folded up and put away, the lacqueys
put the vin ordinaire on the table (anglice
rot gut). The secretary then got on his

pins in a very exhausted condition, after
this unwonted hard work, and proceeded
to read letters of apology from the follow-
ing, all of whom are past grand masters of
the Order: The Prince of Wales, the Gov.
General, Jim Corbett, the Archbishop of
Canterbury, Marmaduke Wood, Prince
Jerome Bonaparte, Christopher Columbus'
distinguished relative, and many others too
numerous to mention. After the usual
loyal and patriotic toasts had been dis-
posed of, the chairman got up to respond
on behalf of the Order. He alluded in feel-
ing terms to the many members who are
suffering from hard times, and to the envy
of the rich to their order, which he said
was in vogue long before the Tower of
Babel or the Pyramids were ever heard of,
in fact it was co-existent with the founda-
tion of the world. "The Jews," he con-
tinued, "have not been more persecuted
than we have; we have been driven from
every city and country under the sun, but
still we contrive to exist, and our numbers
instead of decreasing are increasing and
shall continue to thrive 'until the wicked
cease from troubling and the weary are at
rest.'" He instanced the case of several
martyrs to the cause, notably Marmaduke
Wood, or Marmy, as he was familiarly
called, having been driven from his coun-
try for his country's good. His eloquence
was brought to an abrupt conclusion by
the host wanting to know who was going
to pay for the dinner, and, as none of the
Order happened to have any money, the
meeting broke up in disorder and ad-
joined to their own rendezvous—Camp-
bell's Corner.

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That it delights the juvenile swell to be
seen smoking and drinking in public.
That the influence of the skirt dance has
its effect on the morals of the community.
That most successful doctors are those
who have had least to say about their
patients.
That a deal of nonsense is written about
the luxuries of the nineteenth century
hotel.
That women at the shops who push,
squeeze and shove are merely "inspecting
things."
That the number of people who live
upon audacity and nerve is simply enor-
mous.
That fashions become more and more
grotesque and trying to girls who are
not pretty.

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