

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. XII.



THEY had to hustle lively to hunt up a quorum for the last Council meeting. The members were, as a rule, late in arriving, and many of them absent, including Ald. Dodds. Cause, no doubt, the heat of the weather. It has been very warm for E. King since the "late unpleasantness."

"Now, then, occupy the time, brethren," said Ald. Lucas. "Can't we have some diversion—a song or something?"

"Cert," replied Ald. Gillespie.

"Ald Boustead and myself will, by special request, favor the company with a duet entitled, 'When Clarke has gone out of the Field.' Ald. Boustead, as senior wrangler of this Council, will lead off. Silence, now! Order!"

Ald. Boustead—

Oh, as soon as the Mayor has completed his term,
And three years, goodness knows, is enough,
My intention to run is unwavering and firm,
And I'm not to be scared by a bluff.
I give notice to-day that I'll never give way,
My place to no other I'll yield,
'Tis fairly my turn for to boss the concern
When Mayor Clarke has gone out of the field.

Ald. Gillespie—

Don't be quite so cock-sure you've a chance for the sit,
I've an eye on that lucrative post,
It don't show superior genius nor wit
To be reckoning minus your host.
And greatly I fear you're a bad financier,

Unfit so much power to wield,
The Mayoralty's mine, if to run I incline.

When Mayor Clarke has gone out of the field.

Mayor Clarke (entering unexpectedly)—
Your nice little castles are built in the air,

In vain are your wire-pulling schemes,
I haven't yet thought of surrendering the chair,

So your hopes are illusory dreams.
When my third term is passed, why should that be the last?

To the people I've often appealed,
Nor till they throw me out, will the time come to shout
That Mayor Clarke has gone out of the field.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Mayor, ascending the civic throne, "as we have at length a quorum, to business."

Then they settled down and worked assiduously through the programme. They passed a tax bill and authorized the issue of a million dollars worth of local improvement bonds, and, of course, put through the customary batch of local improvement by-laws.

ALD. CARLYLE
(St. Thomas) —

"Maister Chairman,
I see here an account
for \$17.50 for dinners
at the Albion hotel for the
arbitrators and property-
owners of Sher-

bourne Street. Wad ye ca' sic like an eatem a local improvement?"



ALD. SHAW—"This eat em, as the worthy alderman appropriately calls it, must come under that head. A good dinner generally goes to the spot, as it were, and therefore has a local character."

ALD. CARLYLE—"But it's no right that the people should pay for it. It's a bad system."

Ald. Shaw—

Just for a minute lend your ample ear,
And in a song I'll make the matter clear.

SONG.

When good King Arthur ruled the land,
And further back, I think,
The functions of the alderman
Included meat and drink.

And in those glorious bygone days
Had any catiff said:
"This junketing must be put down,"
Off would have gone his head.

Chorus—

And serve such miscreants right!
Let aldermen unite
And scout the rules, cheeseparing fools
Have made our lives to blight.

But in these late degenerate days
They've managed to abridge
Our good time-honored feeding ways
And dock our privilege.
Yet always when we get a chance
We'll eat at the expense
Of civic funds in spite of growls
From mean constituents.

Chorus—

Yes, serve such miscreants right!
Let aldermen unite
To eat and drink, whate'er folks think,
And all remonstrance slight.

Just think of Baxter's noble form,
How portly! How rotund!
Like alderman of olden time,
Grown fat on civic fund.



And such as he we all might be,
But now, alas, they plan
To stop the feed which is the meed
Of each true alderman.

Chorus—

'Twould serve such miscreants right
Did aldermen unite.
How would they like a civic strike
To gain our ancient right?

Then there was a long and lively contest over a resolution submitted by Ald. Gillespie to the effect that no further expenditure of money should be made by the Street Railway Committee without the sanction of the Council, which was finally adopted.



"ENGLAND'S Parliamentary tangle has attracted attention all the week long," says a cable despatch. It's no wonder that British legislators got into a tangle when they were tackling the license law—tangle-leg-islation, so to speak.

