

## THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

GRIP'S EVENINGS AT THE CITY HALL.—NO. I.



THE Toronto City Council on a field night is "as good as a play"—in fact better than a play, as there is no charge for admission. The Roman mobs who used to clamor for "bread and circusses" would have been entirely satisfied with the meeting on the 17th inst.—St. Patrick's Day more betoken—when the city fathers, inspired no doubt by the traditional hilarity of the anniversary, had a particularly enjoyable *seance*. The principal subject discussed was bread, and it was a circus.

Punctually at the appointed hour Mayor Clarke, resplendent in a wonderfully glossy tile and immaculate white kids, opened the ball.

Roll call, reading of minutes and other preliminaries. Then, settling down to business, several by-laws were rushed through all stages with a celerity sufficient to take your breath away.

"Is't-y'r-plesh-s' bill shall-b' read-first time-carried," says his Worship.

Then the clerk, in a similarly rapid and rather more indistinct tone, reads the title of the bill.

"Is't-y'r-plesh-s' bill shall be read second time-carried!" and so on.

The machine ran along slick and smooth till the bread by-law was reached. Then, to quote the Hibernian bard, "The rows and the ructions they began." Council in committee, Ald. Bell alleged to be in the chair.



Ald. Graham—  
I rise—

Chairman—  
'Tis quite superfluous to mention  
A fact quite obvious. I'm all attention.

Ald. Graham—  
I rise to—rise to—

Ald. Frankland—  
Say, this is surprising,  
He'll soon sloop over if he keeps on rising.

Ald. Graham—  
You are ill-bred if thus you keep sneering,  
Don't interrupt, the point I'm quickly nearing.

No floury speech do I propose to make,  
But to this clause I must exception take.

Ald. Hallam—  
In Hingland bread is always sold by weight.

Ald. Frankland—  
This isn't Hingland I beg leave to state.

Ald. Boustead—  
And furthermore, methinks it might be said  
We don't want any (H) alum in our bread.

Ald. Hallam—  
Now, prithee, gentle James, go sort of slow,  
Our Boustead liberties are dear, you know.



Ald. Vokes—

All this discussion is against the rule,  
Don't act like youngsters just let out of school.

Ald. Macdonald—

Bread is an article in much demand  
Among the bone and sinew of our land,  
A great philosopher years since has said  
There is much nutriment in wholesome bread.

Ald. Lindsay—

And if we pass intact this useful clause  
The act will win us honor and applause.

Ald. Graham—

Not thusly, friend 'tis practic'ly agreed  
'Tis a restriction which we dough not knead.

Ald. Macdonald—

But just consider ere you rashly pause,  
I mean—

Ald. Graham—

Oh pshaw, vote down the useless clause.

Ald. Carlyle—

Upon which point I beg to disagree.

Several Members—

With whom? With what? With which?  
With him? With me?

Chairman—

Is the clause carried? Ready for the question?

Ald. Macdonald—

Bread is a food that's easy of digestion.

Ald. Lucas—

'Tis well observed; it may be also said  
That bakers send their carts around with bread.

Ald. Frankland—

Which, if this by-law becomes law, entails  
Their also sending round their weights and scales.

Ald. Boustead—

A scaly practice which must not be borne,  
'Twould hold the city up to public scorn.

Ald. Moses—

Oh, never for a moment be it said  
The public's-corn should stain the people's bread.

Ald. Vokes—

Say, tell us how the question stands or where,  
And is there any chairman in the chair?

Several Members—

I move to strike out—order!—carried!  
—lost!  
What are we voting for?

Ald. Frankland—

I won't be bossed  
If there's a point on which I want my say,  
I'm going to shoot my mouth off yea or nay.  
It seems to me—as it must seem to each  
That what we want is liberty of speech,  
And if that liberty we should curtail  
What would the sordid price of bread avail?  
But if that liberty we should maintain—

Mayor Clarke—

Is this in order, sir, I ask again?

Ald. Hallam—

In Hingland, as I previously have said,  
The purchaser of bread can get it weighed,  
Does get it weighed, he buys it by the pound,  
Far the best way, as I have always found.

Ald. Macdonald—

A man who dickers in the hides of sheep  
You may depend will get his victuals cheap.

Ald. Hallam—

I won't take sauce from no such flippant jester  
Who trades in worthless real estate in Chester,

