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VOL. 5. NO. 16.

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA., CANADA, TUESDAY, DEC. 24 1907.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

# HEAVENLY HAL

MEDICINE HAT

The Last of a Series of Charity Performances Entitled

### FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES

Which Was Held on December 16 at 8 P. M., by the City Minstrels

called because there's no smokin; there

DRAMATIS PERSONAE-

Chief Nibs-The Mayor. Dough Handler-Ald. Tw-d. Gas Lighter-Ald, B-k-r. Water Wagon Driver (?)-Ald. P-nh-l-Sewer and Sidewalk Builder (nit)-Ald. McK-y. strator of Justice-Ald. H-nt. silent Member (not having gained his wind)—Ald. F-rst-r. Chorus—City Clerk, Selicitor, Engineer, Auditor, Superintendent Works, Chief of Police, City Treasurer (an honorary position), Janiton

PART I.

Opening - Chorus-When we ain't got no money, why we can't get along-The Bunch.

If you want to get any work done that costs mon, Don't apply to us please, it spoils our fun. The boys who stand in close with us, Are the boys who spend without a fuss. If you ain't got no money, why you needn't come along.

When we ain't got no money why we can't get along, etc.

Why, we ran so dog-gone close we couldn't pay our gas; The man who thinks we've dough for sewers must be an ass. We can't have beer for council nights,

smoke, nor chew, as are our rights— ain't got no money, why you needn't come along.

If you ain't got no money, why you needn't come along.

2.—Introductory Address—"The most Improved Methods of Making Mone Out of Gas Without the Banks Detecting It."—The Mayor.

I rise tonight, gemmen', to a point of order. I may not be in order, vethern, but in order that dis orderly city might be run to order, I man' it ordered to stop dis skin game. What am dis skin game you ask? Now, feller-searchers-for spondulks, I ax you. I ax you workers thoutages, look around you. Hear de barker on de streets yellin' 'fresh meat for sale, on'y four cents a pound.' Taste the meat—no don't taste it, loos I don' want you to buy it. But smell it afar off. Should it not bring more'n four cents? I answer myself—it should.

Please don' int rupt, Ald. P-nh-l-, till you've paid my bill. Mr. Mayor appeal t' you to let me get through without any alderman buttin' in.

What! You don't owe me anything! Well, I wish you did.

After you've smelt it, feller-wonderers -where -we'll-get -de-necessary, look for de skin. You can't find it. No sir, you can't find it. Point number one.

number one.

Then look at us butchers. We keep de best and only chickens in town, as long's no udder nigger steals 'em. Is dis 'gust body going to see chickens driv out by common cow-meat? No sir! I appeal to your bes' instincts. Chickens always, says I, and just as long as chickens is the meat, us niggers will be a great race—for chickens. Point number five.

I'm doin' de countin', Ald. P-nh-l-, not you.

I de market place were fixed up, dey could sell dere. But it isn't fixed up, and we haven't money enough to fix it up, an' I'm mighty glail we haven't, an' I don' want to have, an' what do we want a market place for anyway? No sir. Point number eighteen.

Again, and once more. Who eats de parts of de cattle dey don't sell?

I ax you dat, chicken-eaters? Again I ax you. But you all know who cats any old part of de cattle we kill. Yes sir, dat's a live question. I see by de contented looks on your faces and de size of your trouser bunds

by de contented looks on your faces and de size of your trouser bands that you know who eats all our animals. Yes sir! Point number thirty-And who pays for de front walks de peddlers wear out? Point number

one-two-ten.

Ald. P-nb-l- asks where's de skin-game. Co-operative-workers-with-everybody-yo-don'- want-to-offend, I'll tell-you.

Those peddlers skin the animals, skin the price, skin the butchers, and, if you fellers skin out of passing dis by-law, I'll give up my job and

4.—Duet—Wait Till the Clouds Roll By-Alds. B-k-r and Tw-d. People of this great city, The best one in the west-

The best one in the west Thereare lots of things we're plann-We're doing our level best. The gas is our pet hobby, Great things with it are nigh. But you'll have to wait some longer, Wait till the clouds roll by

We're going to have a cluster Of lights up on the tank. They'll see it up in Calgary,

That gas they all went wild about We piped there—twas a snap; We got much advertising And then turned off the tap.

A regulator at each house And a gas well, will be tried. We'll have lights thrown from kites

'Twill light the countryside Gas for autos, gas for trains, Our rivals will defy. They'll pray for gas-but wait! hold

on ! Wait till the clouds roll by They'll say things that are rank. 5.—Instrumental Duet—They've Shift ed Willie's Grave to Dig a Sewer.

Ald. McK-y and the Mayor.

6.—Bass Solo—In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye-Ald P-nh-1-.

There's a song that I now want to sing, It's a song that suits me best of all, Cause from it I won't gain anything.
I wouldn't have earned much this fall:

Chorus-In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye, They will pay all the Aldermen then. In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.
They will pay all the Aldermen then.

Now you see the kind of men we have got.
And how hard it was found to get these.
If we paid them we'd get quite a lot,
We'd have candidates up to our knees.

# There are some would have had a hard fight, If the pay had been up when we ran. But we want that pay right from tonight; Let us get it all in while we can.

Every night that I miss means a ten, And a ten isn't bad—I guess nit. I'm not going to miss it again

For a place where I can't smoke a bit.

think twenty a night would just suit, And we'd meet every night in the week. We could throw some cigars in to boot; There's no other position I'd seek. Chorus (everybody joining in.)

7.—Recitation—It's on the Map—Ald. McK-y.

Gentlemen: The recitation I am about to inflict upon you is entitled 'It's on the Map,' because those words should be added to the last of ach verse. The reasons for this will be obvious, It's a big bi-weekly question You ask of Public Works, They'll remember us for all

What have you done on sewers and Long after we are dead. walks ?' Your committee nothing shirks. The things we've done are monstrous

big;
We tackle any job.
We've no respect for anyone,
We fear not snob or mob. We've got twelve miles of sewer, There's fifty now near do The city hall is water tight, We've connected every house in town. We do all that for fun. The new street levels are all struck— We've settled that all right. Th' incinerators are just grand Not a cesspool is in use; We obey the health laws of the State; We're untouched by abuse. The spur line now is most complete,

Our factory sites are handy. We've got a thousand men empl The work they do is dandy. We've sidewalks laid on every stret. The hen that laid them can If anyone wants something more Be borrowed by the traffic bridge They can appeal to me. To lay another span. We've every blame thing known The sidewalk up the avenues The hill folk love to tread There's nothing else I see

Kindly, gentlemen, do not forget to add the words "It's on the Map" every time you think of a line.

S .- Song-Everybody Works but Pinance .- Ald. Tw-d.

As the great big thing in every move There are a lot of sewers we want, That's made in Medicine Hat.
Finance e'er takes a row of seats.
And a few more after that.
They can't do much without Finance
Wo've finance. We've flugers in it all, But things are changing very of We sleep through every call.

Chorus-(Ald. F-rst-r joining in) Everybody works but Finance,

It sits around all day. There's nothin' much that it can But smoke its pipe of clay. Public Works is diggling, Water works and pants.

Everybody works in this here town. But old Finance

But when that's done we lazy get; We stop ere we get round. The society for agriculture Beats us by a mile t we aren't in that class yet, thank Heaven!

We do our best-let's smile.

Their praises all may sing.

PART II.

Moved by the Mayor that the council resolve itself into a committee of the whole to discuss finance, everybody to be excluded. Ald. B-k-r's good udgment prevailed, and the reporters were allowed to remain.

SPECIAL OFFER.

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each taken separately for the ure happenings. Altogether the 24 double. By accepting this offer sub- Mail and Empire constitute a com-scribers get the two papers for the plete library, the regular price for price of one. which is One Dollar a year. The Weekly Mail and Empire is unquestionably the greatest weekly pub-THIS PAPER.

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The Agricultural Section is an accepted standard authority on all matters relating to the soil and its mext March.

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## Faith of Wee Annie

(By William Bullock in Pearson's.)

The roads are levelled just like glass, The hill streets all are graded; can drive out now on any street We've other towns clean faded The culverts all are nicely fixed: We've ditches for the spring; The crossings all are high and dry-The walls are clean and bright;

thinking of the next day—Christmas Day, if you blease. He was thinking of the next day—Christmas Day if you blease. He was thinking where was the good cheer to come from; the good cheer for Rosie, the good cheer for Annie, all of six years old and making bold becate of both Rosie and Annie, the good cheer for himself. Good cheer! Where was something strong on her himself. Good cheer! Where was something strong on her himself. Good cheer! Where was something strong on her himself, and drinking on the catches her by the arms, thoists her on his tattery knees and tells her to rattle on.

"Misthress Flannigan."

"And Santy has a big furry ctat. When he meets a child that's cold and shivery he slips it in his pocket, and it's warm after that for a month that nocket. How long is a month that nocket. How long is a month that nocket. How long is and a day, daddy?"

"It's more than you could think, Annie." says Jimmy, not trusting himself, and quick to hear more. "Santy talks to no one but childer"

"All right, my angel, I'll be as good as gold," says Jimmy, for, to tell you the truth, Jimmy's mind was itchy for what was coming.
"The Chris'mas party the Misthress give us scholars was grand." aays Annie, her face shining like the sun at hay-making time. "First we had bread and jam and tay, and then we had more bread—but with currants in it—and after that the Misthress gathers us all about her knee and tells us ISTHRESS Mrs. Plannian, a widdy by the work of protectioned came the next. The Misthress factor by the work of have you know, came because Misthress Miss Wheezy, in Killwilly school before her, died of old age prought on by sourness that would hite you, and Santy Claus came because Misthress Miss Wheezy, in Killwilly school before her, died of old age prought on by sourness that would hite you, and Santy Claus cane because Misthress Flannigan left him no say atout it. Let's see.

It was Jimmy Ronan said that it there was a Mrs. Sany Claus her first name was Flannigan. And Jimmy are rest flannigan. And Jimmy are rest flannigan. And Jimmy are rest flannigan, and Jimmy was right, and Killwilly knew he was gright, and Killwilly knew he was gright, and Killwilly knew he was gright, and Killwilly knew house of the was dimensional to be a wedding in Killwilly knew house of the strange part of it was, Mrs. Rosie Ronan was not one bit upset. Oh no; she just ruffied her skirt and made answer: 'First we had bread and lam and tay, and the still puffing away again on his law small, in the was the hand son his whee and took and the still puffing, when who should come hut a first was hand the was think him was related to do not have a sun of the was think and the was think and her so man that over was born old end with white whisters is only fooling your "And the strange part of it was, Mrs. Rosie Roman was not one bit upset. Oh no; she just ruffied her skirt and made answer: 'First we had bread and lam and tay, and they make small put so the was think him was low the childress the same that him him self at the heart in a hut and the was think ing him was sittle alone by him self at the heart in her will be a wedding in Killwilly knew here were a particular man.'

Now to begin: 'Test we had bread and lam and tay, and they wen who should come had and lam and tay, and they aman that sitting there, and the mist may sub all the was think ing the provide and had and the wint the histhress is hand, and he was think ing the part on

Christmas Day.

Oh. the hard time it was! Rain from morning to night, and from night to morning! Why, part of the harvest was still lying in the fields, and it would lie there! There was nothing, or next to nothing on the hillside for man or beast. The rain! Would it never stop rain himself, and nuck to hear more. "Santy s a good man. He loves ev. Santy a good man. He loves ev. talks to us only when we're asleep, and it would lie there! There was nothing, or next to nothing on the hillside for man or beast. The rain! Would it never stop rain in Ireland? "Och, well, it's got to stop some time." said Jimmy to himself, and nuck to hear more. "Santy s a good man. He loves ev. like me and Katie Widdis and he ervived." He loves vou, daddy—but you're big and able to take care of wourself."

"Loves everbody?" says Jimmy, outling Annie off without thinking, nv. he never shows his face out of his house till every mother's hild is in bed. And when he comes here to stop some time." Said Jimmy to himself, and nuck to hear more. "Santy s a good man. He loves ev. like me and Katie Widdis and he ervived." Santy talks to no one but childer "Santy talks to us only when we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the morning, who we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the rooming, who we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the rooming, who we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the rooming, who we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the rooming, who we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the rooming, wourself."

"Loves everbody?" says Jimmy, to hillside for man or beast. The rain! which the Misthress Round stop with the Misthress Round addy—but to us only when we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the rooming, wourself."

"Loves everbody?" says Jimmy, to his house till avery mother's hild he high her fairly stories, and give the child-in in Ireland? "Och, well, it's got to stop some time." Said Jimmy to himself, and one here talks to us only when we're asleep, and cen't hear him. In the loves everbody?" says Jimmy, to himself, and the loves everbo



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